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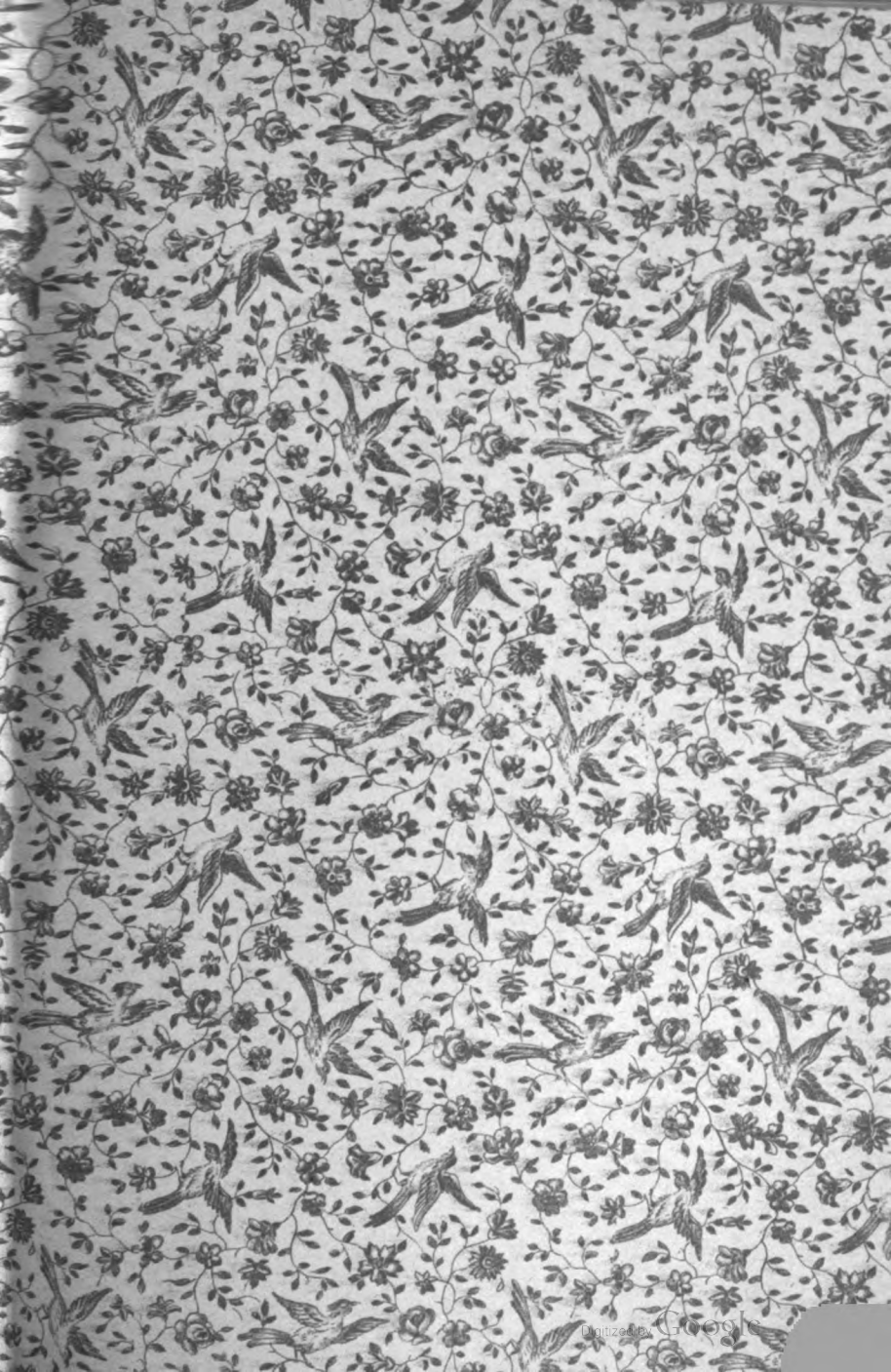
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AND

OTHER STORIES

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TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

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PREFACE.

THE short stories here presented form about one-half of the twelfth volume of Count Tolstoi's collected writings.¹ None of them dates back more than three years. They represent the latest phase in the evolution of the author's peculiar views,—an evolution which may be traced from Olénen in "The Cossacks," through Pierre Bezúkhof in "War and Peace," and Levin in "Anna Karénina," down or up to the idealized muzhík who lives by the sweat of his brow, does good for evil, makes no resistance to violence, and comes out victorious over every temptation of the grotesque and naïve Devil and his imps. With the exception of "The Death of Iván Ilyitch," which is a sombre and powerful study of the insidious progress of fatal disease, as well as a study in religious philoso-

¹ *Sochin'yéniya Gráfa L. N. Tolstávo: Proisvedéniya Posl'yédnikh godof.* Moskva: Tipografiya M. G. Volchaninova, 1886.

The remainder of the volume consists of "What Men Live By" (*Ch'yém Ljudi Zhivut*); two papers on the Revision, or Census, in Moscow, the second, "Thoughts suggested by the Revision," now translated into English under the title "What to do?" certain selections from "My Religion" passed by the censor, and here entitled "Wherein Happiness [consists]" (*V ch'yém Sitchast'ye*); and finally a paper written in 1875 on Popular Education (*O Narodnom Obrazovanii*).

phy, all of these fifteen tales were written as tracts for the people, illustrated in many cases with quaint wood-cuts. This form of composition was very likely suggested to Count Tolstoi by the popular tales that have been in vogue in Russia for three or four hundred years.

Such, for example, is the fifteenth-century "Story of Vasarga the Merchant," in which the child Mudro-muisl, or Wise Thought, solves the riddles of the wicked Tsar Nesmian. This *grim* but dull-minded tyrant treats Dmitri Vasarga hospitably; but when the guest, in reply to his question, "What is thy religion?" doughtily replies, "I am of the Christian religion, of the city of Kief, the little merchant Dmitri; and I believe in one God, — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," he is given one of these choices: to adopt the false religion of the grim tsar, and have great honor; to solve three riddles, or, if he fail to solve the riddles, and still stand firm, to go to prison, and starve to death. It is Mudro-muisl who saves his father's wealth and health. He puts the tyrant to shame, is *elected to the throne by a vote of the people*, who were Christian at heart in spite of their tsar, and, having released from the noisome dungeon the three hundred and thirty starving merchants who had been true to their faith, he establishes free trade, and becomes a prosperous and admirable prince, — a most suggestive and inspiring story for any nation that had lurking desires for democracy. Its moral is simply this: that

the ruler of a country, even though he be fortified on the throne with wealth and power, is, nevertheless, at the mercy of a little child who has the wit to control and utilize the sentiment of the whole people.

The story of Vasarga is four centuries old, and Russia has not even a constitution. Will Count Tolstoi's theories of non-resistance and communism, of the blessings of poverty and service, be in practice four hundred years hence?

These stories will be regarded both seriously and as curiosities, for it is impossible not to read between the lines. The only wonder is, that the censor who forbade "My Religion" should have allowed the *skazka* entitled "Iván Durák." The implication of criticism on the whole military system of Russia is not even covert. The question of regicide is plainly discussed in "A Candle." Though regicide itself is condemned, it is not dubious who is meant by the *prúdschik* of the story. Count Tolstoi's whole system of philosophy is concretely revealed in these allegorical tales: it is not necessary here to discuss the strength or weakness of his logic. But there are few who will not be touched by the moral which Count Tolstoi conveys by means of these curious tales.

In the translation of these stories, no attempt has been made to make smooth, easy reading: the effort has been rather to reproduce the crisp, sharp staccato of the Russian. When Count Tolstoi says, *On shol, shol*, the rendering is, *He went, went*; and the delib-

erate mixture of tenses, past and present, has been pretty carefully followed, so far as the rhythm of translation allowed.

Thus a certain flavor of the original has, it is hoped, been retained; though, of course, the style is crabbed, and will very likely invite criticism. The translator was confronted with the puzzling question of the use of Russian words in the text. The use of some words is certainly justified. *Muzhík*, or *moujíc*, *izbá*, *samo-var*, *vodka*, *dvornik*, and others, have been utilized so much in all works on Russia, that it would be affectation to translate them into peasant, hut, or cottage, tea-urn, brandy, hall-servant, or hostler. In other cases, a Russian word not difficult to pronounce stands for several words; as *khozyáin* for master of the house, *baba* for peasant-woman. So with diminutives; *bátíushka* is easier to say than little grandfather. Moreover, as in all Scotch stories, Scotch words are freely used, and unquestionably to advantage; so the moderate use of Russian words seems to be needed, especially where there is no exact equivalent. Thus, in the curious story, "The Godson," it seemed absurd to go on calling an old man a godson. The Russian word *kréstnik* is so near like our christened, having a like derivation, that it was adopted without much hesitation. A glossary of all the words employed in the text may not be found amiss. For the sake of some reader, who may like a little stronger flavor of the original, certain words and expressions are referred to

in foot-notes, especially where the same original is rendered in different ways. In nearly all cases the stress is indicated by accent-mark. Vowels have continental pronunciation. Y before a vowel makes a diphthong, as in *L-yof*.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1887.

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THE DEATH OF IVÁN ILYITCH.

(1884-1886.)

I.

IN the great hall of justice, while the proceedings in the Melvinsky suit were at a standstill, the members of the board and the prokuror held a re-union in Iván Yegoróvitch Shebek's private room, and the conversation turned on the famous Krasovsky suit. Feódor Vasilyévitch talked himself into a passion in pointing out the men's innocence; Iván Yegoróvitch maintained his side; but Piotr Ivánovitch, who had not entered into the discussion at first, took no part in it even now, and continued to fix his eyes on the copy of the *Vyédomosti* which had just been handed to him.

"Gentlemen!" said he, "so Iván Ilyitch is dead!"

"You don't say so!"

"Here! read for yourself," said he to Feódor Vasilyévitch, handing him the paper, which had not yet lost its odor of freshness.

Heavy black lines enclosed these printed words: "Praskovia Feódorovna Golovina, with heartfelt sorrow, announces to relatives and friends the death of her beloved husband, Iván Ilyitch Golovin, member of the Court of Appeal,¹ who departed this life on the

¹ *Sudyébnaya Paldáa.*

16th February, 1882. The funeral will take place on Friday, at one o'clock in the afternoon."

Iván Ilyitch had been the colleague of the gentlemen there assembled, and all liked him. He had been ill for several weeks, and it was said that his case was incurable. His place was kept vacant for him; but it had been decided, that, in case of his death, Aleksyéef might be assigned to his place, while either Vinnikof or Shtabel would take Aleksyéef's place. And so, on hearing of Iván Ilyitch's death, the first thought of each of the gentlemen gathered in the cabinet was in regard to the changes and promotions which might be brought about, among the members of the council and their acquaintances, in consequence of this death.

"Now, surely, I shall get either Shtabel's or Vinnikof's place," was Feódor Vasilyévitch's thought. "It has been promised me for a long time; and this promotion will mean an increase in my salary of eight hundred rubles, not to mention allowances."

"I must propose right away to have my brother-in-law transferred from Kaluga," thought Piotr Ivánovitch. "My wife will be very glad. Now it will be impossible for her to say that I have never done any thing for her relations."

"I have been thinking that he wouldn't get up again," said Piotr Ivánovitch aloud. "It is too bad."

"But what was the matter with him?"

"The doctors could not determine. That is to say, they determined it, but each in his own way. When I saw him the last time, it seemed to me that he was getting better. But I haven't been to see him since the Christmas holidays. I kept meaning to go."

"Did he have any property?"

"His wife had a little, I think. But a mere pittance."

"Well, we must go to see her. They live a frightful distance off."

"That is, from you. Every thing is far from you!"

"Now, see here! He can't forgive me because I live on the other side of the river," said Piotr Ivánovitch to Shebek, with a smile. And then they talked about the long distances in cities, till the recess was over.

Over and above the considerations caused by the death of this man, in regard to the mutations and possible changes in the court that might result from it, the very fact of the death of an intimate friend aroused in all who knew about it, as is ordinarily the case, a feeling of pleasure that "it is he, and not I, who am dead."

Each one said to himself, or felt, "Well, he is dead, and I am not." The intimate acquaintances, the so-called friends, of Iván Ilyitch involuntarily had these thoughts, and, also, that now it was incumbent upon them to fulfil the very melancholy duty of etiquette, in going to the funeral, and paying a visit of condolence to the widow.

Feódor Vasilyévitch and Piotr Ivánovitch had been more intimate with him than the others.

Piotr Ivánovitch had been his fellow in the law-school, and considered that he was under obligations to Iván Ilyitch.

Having, at dinner-time, informed his wife of Iván Ilyitch's death, and his reflections as to the possibility of his brother-in-law's transfer into their circle, Piotr Ivánovitch, not stopping to rest, put on his dress-coat, and drove off to Iván Ilyitch's.

At the door of Iván Ilyitch's residence stood a carriage and two izvoshchiks. At the foot of the stairs in the hallway by the hat-rack, pushed back against

the wall, was the brocaded coffin-cover, with tassels full of purified powdered camphor. Two ladies in black were taking off their shubkas. One whom he knew was Iván Ilyitch's sister: the other lady he did not know. Piotr Ivánovitch's colleague, Schwartz, was just coming down-stairs; and, as he recognized the newcomer, he stopped on the upper step, and winked at him as much as to say, "Iván Ilyitch was a bad manager: you and I understand a thing or two."

Schwartz's face, with its English side-whiskers, and his spare figure under his dress-coat, had, as always, an elegant solemnity; and this solemnity, which was forever contradicted by Schwartz's jovial nature, here had a peculiar piquancy, so Piotr Ivánovitch thought.

Piotr Ivánovitch gave precedence to the ladies, and slowly followed them up-stairs. Schwartz did not make any move to descend, but waited at the landing. Piotr Ivánovitch understood his motive. Without doubt, he wanted to make an appointment for playing cards that evening. The ladies mounted the stairs to the widow's room; and Schwartz, with lips gravely compressed and firm, and with mischievous eyes, indicated to Piotr Ivánovitch, by the motion of his brows, the room at the right, where the dead man was.

Piotr Ivánovitch entered, having that feeling of uncertainty, ever present under such circumstances, as to what would be the proper thing to do. But he knew that the sign of the cross never came amiss. As to whether he ought to make a salutation or not, he was not quite sure; and he therefore took a middle course. As he went into the room, he began to cross himself, and, at the same time, he made an almost imperceptible inclination. As far as he was permitted by the motion of his hands and head, he took in the appear-

ance of the room. Two young men, apparently nephews,— one, a *gymnazist*, — were just leaving the room, making the sign of the cross. An old woman was standing motionless ; and a lady, with strangely arched eyebrows, was saying something to her in a whisper. A hearty-looking, energetic sacristan¹ in a frock was reading something with an expression that forbade all objection. The dining-room muzhík, Gerásim, was sprinkling something on the floor, passing slowly in front of Piotr Ivánovitch. As he noticed this, Piotr Ivánovitch immediately became cognizant of a slight odor of decomposition.

Piotr Ivánovitch, at his last call upon Iván Ilyitch, had seen this muzhík in the library. He was performing the duties of nurse, and Iván Ilyitch was extremely fond of him.

Piotr Ivánovitch kept crossing himself, and bowing impartially toward the corpse, the sacristan, and the ikons that stood on a table in the corner. Then, when it seemed to him that he had made too many signs of the cross with his hand, he stopped short, and began to gaze at the corpse.

The dead man lay in the drapery of the coffin, as dead men always lie, a perfectly lifeless weight, absolutely unconscious, with stiffened limbs, with head forever at rest on the pillow ; and, like every corpse, his brow was like yellow wax, with spots on the sunken temples, and his nose so prominent as almost to press down upon the upper lip.

He had greatly changed, and was far more emaciated than when Piotr Ivánovitch had last seen him ; but, as in the case of all the dead, his face was more beautiful, especially more dignified, than it had been when he was

¹ *Diatchók.*

alive. On his face was an expression signifying that what he was required to do, that he had done, and had done it in due form. Besides this, there was in his expression a reproach or warning to the living. This warning seemed ill-judged to Piotr Ivánovitch, or at least was not applicable to him. There was something displeasing in it; and therefore Piotr Ivánovitch again crossed himself hastily, and, it seemed to him, too hastily, in an absurdly indecorous manner, turned around, and left the room.

Schwartz was waiting for him in the next chamber, standing with legs wide apart, and with both hands behind his back twirling his tall hat. Piotr Ivánovitch was cheered by the first glance at Schwartz's jovial, tidy, elegant figure. Piotr Ivánovitch comprehended that Schwartz was superior to these things, and did not give way to these harassing impressions. His appearance alone said, The incident of Iván Ilyitch's funeral should never serve as a sufficient reason for breaking into the order of exercises of the session; that is to say, nothing should hinder them that very evening from undoing and shuffling a pack of cards while the servant was putting down four fresh candles: as a general rule, there is no occasion to presuppose that this incident should prevent them from having a good time that evening, as well as any other. He even said this in a whisper to Piotr Ivánovitch, and proposed that they meet for a game at Feódor Vasilyévitch's. But it will be seen that it was not Piotr Ivánovitch's fate to play cards till late that evening.

Praskovia Feódorovna, a short woman, and stout in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, for her figure grew constantly wider and wider from her shoulders down, dressed in full mourning, with lace on her head,

and with the same extraordinary arched eyebrows as the lady who had been standing by the coffin, came out from her rooms with other ladies; and as she passed them at the door of the death-chamber, she said, "Mass will take place immediately. Please come in."

Schwartz, making a slight, indefinite bow, stood still, evidently undecided whether to accept or to decline this proposition. Praskovia Feódorovna, as soon as she recognized Piotr Ivánovitch, sighed, came quite close to him, took him by the hand, and said, "I know that you were a true friend of Iván Ilyitch's;" and she fixed her eyes upon him, awaiting his action to respond to her words.

Piotr Ivánovitch knew, that, just as in the other case it had been incumbent upon him to make the sign of the cross, so here he must press her hand, sigh, and say, "Why, certainly." And so he did. And having done so, he realized that the desired result was obtained, — that he was touched, and she was touched.

"Come," said the widow: "before it begins, I must have a talk with you. Give me your arm."

Piotr Ivánovitch offered her his arm; and they walked along to the inner rooms, passing by Schwartz, who winked compassionately at Piotr Ivánovitch.

His jovial glance said, "It's all up with your game of *vint*; but don't be concerned, we'll find another partner. We'll cut in when you get through."

Piotr Ivánovitch sighed still more deeply and grievously, and Praskovia Feódorovna pressed his arm gratefully.

When they entered her parlor, which had hangings of rose-colored cretonne, and was dimly lighted by a lamp, they sat down near a table, — she on a sofa, but

Piotr Ivánovitch on a low ottoman,¹ the springs of which were out of order, and yielded unevenly under his weight. Praskovia Feódorovna wanted to suggest to him to take another chair; but to make such a suggestion seemed out of place in her situation, and she gave it up. As he sat down on the ottoman, Piotr Ivánovitch remembered how, when Iván Ilyitch was decorating that parlor, he had asked his opinion about this very same rose-colored cretonne, with its green leaves. As the widow passed by the table in going to the divan, — the whole parlor was crowded with ornaments and furniture, — she caught the black lace of her black mantilla on the wood-work. Piotr Ivánovitch got up, in order to detach it; and the ottoman, freed from his weight, began to shake and jostle him. The widow herself was busy disengaging her lace; and Piotr Ivánovitch sat down again, flattening out the ottoman which had rebelled under him. But still the widow could not get free, and Piotr Ivánovitch again arose; and again the ottoman rebelled, and even creaked.

When all this was arranged, she took out a clean cambric handkerchief, and began to weep. The episode with the lace and the struggle with the ottoman had thrown a chill over Piotr Ivánovitch, and he sat with a frown. This awkward situation was interrupted by Sokólof, Iván Ilyitch's butler, with the announcement that the lot in the graveyard, which Praskovia Feódorovna had selected, would cost two hundred rubles. She ceased to weep, and, with the air of a martyr, looked at Piotr Ivánovitch, saying in French that it was very trying for her. Piotr Ivánovitch made a silent gesture, signifying his undoubted belief that this was inevitable.

¹ *Fig.*

"Smoke, I beg of you!" she said, with a voice expressive of magnanimity as well as melancholy. And she discussed with Sokólof the price of the lot.

As Piotr Ivánovitch began to smoke, he overheard her very circumstantially inquiring into the various prices of land, and finally determine upon the one which it suited her to purchase. When she had settled upon the lot, she also gave her orders in regard to the singers. Sokólof withdrew.

"I attend to every thing myself," she said to Piotr Ivánovitch, moving to one side the albums that lay on the table; and then, noticing that the ashes were about to fall on the table, she hastened to hand Piotr Ivánovitch an ash-tray, and continued, —

"It would be hypocritical for me to declare that grief prevents me from attending to practical affairs. On the contrary, though it cannot console me, yet it may divert my mind from my troubles."

Again she took out her handkerchief, as though preparing to weep; and suddenly, as though making an effort over herself, she shook herself, and began to speak calmly: —

"At all events, I have some business with you."

Piotr Ivánovitch bowed, not giving the springs of the ottoman a chance to rise up against him, since only the moment before they had been misbehaving under him.

"During the last days, his sufferings were terrible."

"He suffered very much?" asked Piotr Ivánovitch.

"Akh! terribly! During his last, not moments, but hours he did not cease to shriek. For three days and nights he shrieked all the time. It was unendurable. I cannot understand how I stood it. You could hear him through three doors! Akh! how I suffered!"

"And was he in his senses?" asked Piotr Ivánovitch.

"Yes," she said in a whisper, "to the last moment. He bade us farewell a quarter of an hour before he died, and even asked us to send Volodia out."

The thought of the sufferings of a man whom he had known so intimately, first as a jolly child¹ and school-boy, and then in adult life as his colleague, suddenly filled Piotr Ivánovitch with terror in spite of the unpleasant sense of this woman's hypocrisy and his own. Once more he saw that forehead, that nose nipping on the lip, and he felt frightened for himself.

"Three days and nights of horrible sufferings and death! Perhaps this may happen to me also, instantly, at any moment," he said to himself. And for an instant he felt panic-stricken. But immediately, though he himself knew not how, there came to his aid the common idea, that as this had happened to Iván Ilyitch, and not to him, therefore such a thing had no business to happen to him, and could not be possible; that as he thought so, he had fallen into a melancholy frame of mind, which was a foolish thing to do, as was evident by Schwartz's face.

In the course of these reflections, Piotr Ivánovitch became calm, and began with interest to ask for the details of Iván Ilyitch's decease, as though death were some accident peculiar to Iván Ilyitch alone, and absolutely remote from himself.

After speaking at greater or less length of the details of the truly terrible physical sufferings endured by Iván Ilyitch, — Piotr Ivánovitch listened to these details simply because Praskovia Feódorovna's nerves had been affected by her husband's sufferings, — the

¹ *Malchik*.

widow evidently felt that it was time to come to the point.

“Akh! Piotr Ivánovitch! how painful! how horribly painful! how horribly painful!” and again the tears began to flow. Piotr Ivánovitch sighed, and waited till she had blown her nose. When she had blown her nose, he said, “Believe me” . . . And again the springs of her speech were unloosed, and she explained what was apparently her chief object in seeing him: this matter concerned the problem of how she should make her husband’s death secure her funds from the treasury. She pretended to ask Piotr Ivánovitch’s advice about a pension; but he clearly saw that she had already mastered the minutest points, even those that he himself knew not, in the process of extracting from the treasury the greatest possible amount in case of death. But what she wanted to find out, was whether it were not possible to become the recipient of still more money.

Piotr Ivánovitch endeavored to devise some means to this effect; but having pondered a little, and out of politeness condemned our government for its niggardliness, he said that it seemed to him impossible to obtain more. Then she sighed, and evidently began to devise some means of getting rid of her visitor. He understood, put out his cigarette, arose, pressed her hand, and passed into the ante-room.

In the dining-room, where stood the clock that Iván Ilyitch had taken such delight in, when he purchased it at a *bric-à-brac* shop, Piotr Ivánovitch met the priest and a few more acquaintances who had come to the funeral; and he recognized Iván Ilyitch’s daughter, a pretty young lady, whom he knew. She was in full mourning. Her very slender figure seemed more slen-

der than usual. She had an appearance of melancholy, determination, almost of irritation. She bowed to Piotr Ivánovitch as though he were in some way to blame. Behind the daughter, with the same melancholy look, stood a rich young magistrate¹ of Piotr Ivánovitch's acquaintance, who, as he heard, was her betrothed. He bowed to them disconsolately, and was about to pass into the death-chamber, when he saw coming up the stairs the slender form of Iván Ilyitch's son, — a gymnasium student, and a striking image of Iván Ilyitch. It was the same little Iván Ilyitch whom Piotr Ivánovitch remembered at the law-school. His eyes were wet with tears, and had the faded appearance common to unhealthy boys of thirteen or fourteen. The boy, upon seeing Piotr Ivánovitch, started rudely and awkwardly to draw back. Piotr Ivánovitch nodded at him, and entered the death-chamber. The mass had begun: there were candles, groans, incense, tears, and sobs. Piotr Ivánovitch stood looking gloomily at his feet. He did not once glance at the corpse, and to the end did not yield to the softening influences; and he was one of the first to leave. There was no one in the ante-room. Gerásim, the butler,² rushed from the dead man's late room, tossed about all the fur robes with his strong hands, in order to find Piotr Ivánovitch's shuba, and handed it to him.

"Well, brother Gerásim," said Piotr Ivánovitch, so as to say something, "it's too bad, isn't it?"

"God's will. We shall all be there," said Gerásim, showing his close, white, peasant's teeth; and, like a man earnestly engaged in some great work, he opened the door with alacrity, called the coachman, helped Piotr Ivánovitch into the carriage, and then hastened

¹ *Sudyébnui slyédoratyel.*

² *Bufélnui mushk.*

back up the front steps, as though anxious to find something else to do.

It was particularly agreeable to Piotr Ivánovitch to breathe the fresh air, after the odor of the incense, of the dead body, and the carbolic acid.

“Where shall I drive to?” asked the coachman.

“It’s not too late. I’ll go to Feódor Vasilyévitch, after all.”

And Piotr Ivánovitch drove off. And, in fact, he found them just finishing the first rubber, so that it was convenient for him to cut in.

II.

THE history of Iván Ilyitch's past life was most simple and uneventful, and yet most terrible.

Iván Ilyitch died at the age of forty-five, a member of the Court of Justice. He was the son of a *tchinóvnik*, who had followed, in various ministries and departments at Petersburg, a career such as brings men into a position from which, on account of their long service and their rank, they are never turned adrift, even though it is plainly manifest that their actual usefulness is at an end; and consequently they obtain imaginary, fictitious places, and from six to ten thousand that are not fictitious, on which they live till a good old age.

Such was Ilyá Yefimovitch Golovin, privy councillor, the useless member of various useless commissions.

He had three sons: Iván Ilyitch was the second son. The eldest had followed the same career as his father's, but in a different ministry, and was already nearing that period of his service in which inertia carries a man into emoluments. The third son had made a flash in the pan. He had failed completely in several positions, and he was now connected with railroads; and his father and brothers not only disliked to meet him, but, except when it was absolutely necessary, even forgot that he existed.

A sister was married to Baron Gref, who, like his father-in-law, was a Petersburg *tchinóvnik*. Iván Ii-

ilyitch was *le phénix de la famille*, as they used to say. He was neither as chilly and accurate as the eldest brother, nor as unpromising as the youngest. He held the golden mean between them,—an intelligent, lively, agreeable, and polished man. He had studied at the law-school with his younger brother. The younger did not graduate, but was expelled from the fifth class; but Iván Ilyitch finished his course creditably. At the law-school, he showed the same characteristics by which he was afterwards distinguished all his life: he was capable, good-natured even to gayety, and sociable, but strictly fulfilling all that he considered to be his duty: duty, in his opinion, was all that is considered to be such by men in the highest station. He was not one to curry favor, either as a boy, or afterwards in manhood: but from his earliest years he had been attracted by men in the highest station in society, just as a fly is by the light;¹ he adopted their ways, their views of life, and entered into relations of friendship with them. All the inclinations of childhood and youth had passed away, not leaving serious scars. He gave way to sensuality and vanity, and, toward the last of his life, to the higher forms of liberality, but all within the proper limits which his nature faithfully prescribed for him.

He had, at the law-school, taken part in certain actions, which, at the time, seemed to him low, and, even while he was engaged in them, aroused in him deep scorn for himself. But afterwards, finding that these things had been done by men of high position, and were not considered by them disgraceful, he came to regard them, not indeed as worthy, but put them entirely out of his mind, and was not in the least troubled by the recollection of them.

¹ In Russian, the word for *light* and *society* is the same.

When Iván Ilyitch had graduated from the law-school with the tenth rank,¹ and received from his father some money for his uniform, he ordered a suit of Scharmer, added to his trinkets the little medal with the legend *respice finem*, bade the prince and principal farewell, ate a dinner with his schoolmates at Donon's, and furnished with new and stylish trunk, linen, uniform, razors, and toilet articles, and a plaid, ordered or bought at the very best shops, he departed for the province, through his father's recommendation, in the capacity of *tchinóvnik*, with a special message to the governor.

In the province, Iván Ilyitch at once got himself into the same sort of easy and agreeable position as his position in the law-school had been. He attended to his duties, pressed forward in his career, and at the same time enjoyed life in a cheerful and circum-spect manner. From time to time, delegated by his chiefs, he visited the districts, bore himself with dignity toward both his superiors and subordinates, and, without overweening conceit, fulfilled with punctuality and incorruptible integrity the duties imposed upon him, pre-eminently in the affair of the *raskólniks*.²

Notwithstanding his youth, and his tendency to be gay and easy-going, he was, in matters of state, thoroughly discreet, and carried his official reserve even to sternness. But in society he was often merry

¹ That is, as *Kollyézshki Sekretár*, corresponding to *Shtaps-Kapítán* in the army: the next rank in the *Tchin* would be titular councillor, — *titul-yárnul Sovyétnik*, — which confers personal nobility.

² Dissenters. The first body of *raskólniks*, called the "Old Believers," arose in the time of the Patriarch Nikon, who, in 1654, revised the Scriptures. A quarrel as to the number of fingers to be used in giving the blessing, and the manner of spelling Jesus, seems to have been the chief cause of the *raskól*, or schism. The Greek Church has now to contend with a host of different forms of dissent. — N. H. D.

and witty, and always good-natured, polite, and *bon enfant*,¹ as he was called by his chief and his chief's wife, at whose house he was intimate.

While he was in the province, he had maintained relations with one of those ladies who are ready to fling themselves into the arms of an elegant young lawyer. There was also a dressmaker; and there were occasional sprees with visiting flügel-adjutants, and visits to some out-of-the-way street after supper: but all dissipation of this sort was attended with such a high tone, that it could not be qualified by hard names; it all squared with the rubric of the French expression, *Il faut que jeunesse se passe*.²

All was done with clean hands, with clean linen, with French words, and, above all, in company with the very highest society, and therefore with the approbation of those high in rank.

In this way, Iván Ilyitch served five years, and a change was instituted in the service. The new tribunals were established: new men were needed.

And Iván Ilyitch was chosen as one of the new men.

Iván Ilyitch was offered the position of examining magistrate;³ and Iván Ilyitch accepted it, notwithstanding the fact that this place was in another government, and that he would be obliged to give up the connections that he had formed, and form new ones.

Iván Ilyitch's friends saw him off. They were photographed in a group: they presented him a silver cigarette-case, and he departed for his new post.

As an examining magistrate, Iván Ilyitch was just

¹ In French in the original.

² "A man must sow his wild oats."

³ *Sudyénnui Slyédovatyel*: see Anatole Leroy Beaulieu's *L'Empire des Tsars*, vol. II.

as *comme il faut*, just as circumspect, and careful to sunder the obligations of his office from his private life, and as successful in winning universal consideration, as when he was a *tchinóvnik* with special functions. The office of magistrate itself was vastly more interesting and attractive to Iván Ilyitch than his former position.

To be sure, it used to be agreeable to him, in his former position, to pass with free and easy gait, in his Scharmer-made uniform, in front of trembling petitioners and petty officials, waiting for an interview, and envying him, as he went without hesitation into the *nachalnik*'s private room, and sat down with him to drink a cup of tea, and smoke a cigarette; but the men who were directly dependent upon his pleasure were few, — merely *isprávniks*¹ and *raskólniks*, if he were sent out with special instructions. And he liked to meet these men, dependent upon him, not only politely, but even on terms of comradeship: he liked to make them feel that he, who had the power to crush them, treated them simply, and like friends. He had few such people there.

But now, as examining magistrate, Iván Ilyitch felt that all, all without exception, even men of importance, of distinction, all were in his hands, and that all he had to do was to write such and such words on a piece of paper with a heading, and this important, distinguished man would be brought to him in the capacity of accused or witness, and, unless he wished to ask him to sit down, he would have to stand in his presence, and submit to his questions. Iván Ilyitch never took undue advantage of this power: on the contrary, he tried to temper the expression of it. But

¹ Police captains.

the consciousness of this power, and the possibility of tempering it, furnished for him the chief interest and attractiveness of his new office.

In the office itself, especially in investigations, Iván Ilyitch was very quick to master the process of eliminating all circumstances extraneous to the case, and of disentangling the most complicated details in such a manner that the case would be presented on paper, only in its essentials, and absolutely shorn of his own personal opinion, and, last and not least, no necessary formality would be neglected. This was a new mode of doing things. And he was one of the first to be engaged in putting into operation the code of 1864.

When he took up his residence in a new city, as examining magistrate, Iván Ilyitch made new acquaintances and ties: he put himself on a new footing, and adopted a somewhat different tone. He held himself rather aloof from the provincial authorities, and took up with a better circle among the nobles of wealth and position dwelling in the city; and he adopted a tone of easy-going criticism of the government, together with a moderate form of liberalism and "civilized citizenship." At the same time, though Iván Ilyitch in no wise diminished the elegance of his toilet, yet he ceased to shave his chin, and allowed his beard to grow as it would.

Iván Ilyitch's life in the new city also passed very agreeably. The society which *fronded* against the government was good and friendly; his salary was larger than before; and, while he had no less zest in life, he had the additional pleasure of playing whist, a game in which, as he enjoyed playing cards, he quickly learned to excel, so that he was always on the winning side.

After two years of service in the new city, Iván Ilyitch met the lady who became his wife. Praskovia Feódorovna Mikhéli was the most fascinating, witty, brilliant young girl in the circle where Iván Ilyitch moved. In the multitude of other recreations, and as a solace from the labors of his office, Iván Ilyitch established sportive, easy-going relations with Praskovia Feódorovna.

At the time when Iván Ilyitch was a *tchinóvnik* with special functions, he had been a passionate lover of dancing; but now that he was examining magistrate, he danced only as an occasional exception. He now danced with the idea, that, "though I am an advocate of the new order of things, and belong to the fifth class, still, as far as the question of dancing goes, I can at least show that in this respect I am better than the rest."

Thus, frequently it happened that toward the end of the party, he danced with Praskovia Feódorovna; and it was principally at the time of these dances, that he made the conquest of Praskovia Feódorovna. She fell in love with him. Iván Ilyitch had no clearly decided intention of getting married; but when the girl fell in love with him, he asked himself this question: "In fact, why shouldn't I get married?" said he to himself.

The young lady, Praskovia Feódorovna, came of a good family belonging to the nobility;¹ far from ill-favored; had a small fortune. Iván Ilyitch might have aspired to a far more brilliant match, but this was an excellent one. Iván Ilyitch had his salary: "she," he hoped, "will have as much more. Good family; she is sweet, pretty, and a thoroughly well-bred woman." To say that Iván Ilyitch got married because he was

¹ *Dворянство.*

in love with his betrothed, and found in her sympathy with his views of life, would be just as incorrect as to say that he got married because the men of his set approved of the match.

Iván Ilyitch took a wife for two reasons: he gave himself a pleasure in taking such a wife; and, at the same time, the people of the highest rank considered such an act proper. And Iván Ilyitch got married.

From the wedding ceremony itself, and the first few days of their married life with its connubial caresses, their new furniture, their new plate, their new linen, every thing, even the prospects of an increasing family, was all that could be desired. So that Iván Ilyitch began to think that marriage not only was not going to disturb his easy-going, pleasant, gay, and always respectable life, so approved by society, and which Iván Ilyitch considered a perfectly natural characteristic of life in general, but was also going to add to it. But from the first months of his wife's pregnancy, there appeared something new, unexpected, disagreeable, hard, and trying, which he could not have foreseen, and from which it was impossible to escape.

His wife, without any motive, as it seemed to Iván Ilyitch, *de gaité de cœur*, as he said to himself, began to interfere with the pleasant and decent current of his life: without any cause she grew jealous of him, demanded attentions from him, found fault with every thing, and caused him disagreeable and stormy scenes.

At first Iván Ilyitch hoped to free himself from this unpleasant state of things by the same easy-going and respectable acceptance of life which had helped him in days gone by. He tried to ignore his wife's disposition, and continued to live as before in an easy and pleasant way. He invited his friends, he gave card-

parties, he attempted to make his visits to the club or to friends; but his wife began one time to abuse him with rough and energetic language, and continued persistently to scold him each time that he failed to fulfil her demands, having evidently made up her mind not to cease berating him until he was completely subjected to her authority — in other words, until he would stay at home, and be just as deeply in the dumps as she herself, — a thing which Iván Ilyitch dreaded above all.

He learned that married life, at least so far as his wife was concerned, did not always add to the pleasantness and decency of existence, but, on the contrary, disturbed it, and that, therefore, it was necessary to protect himself from such interference. And Iván Ilyitch tried to devise means to this end. His official duties were the only thing that had an imposing effect upon Praskovia Feódorovna; and Iván Ilyitch, by means of his office, and the duties arising from it, began the struggle with his wife, for the defence of his independent life.

When the child was born, and in consequence of the various attempts and failures to have it properly nursed, and the illnesses, real and imaginary, of both mother and child, wherein Iván Ilyitch's sympathy was demanded, but which were absolutely foreign to him, the necessity for him to secure a life outside of his family became still more imperative.

According as his wife grew more irritable and exacting, so Iván Ilyitch transferred the centre of his life's burdens more and more into his office. He began to love his office more and more, and became more ambitious than he had ever been.

Very soon, not longer than a year after his marriage,

Iván Ilyitch learned that a family life, while affording certain advantages, was in reality a very complicated and burdensome thing, in relation to which, if one would fulfil his duty, that is, to lead a respectable life approved by society, one must work out a certain system, just as in public office.

And such a system Iván Ilyitch secured in his matrimonial life. He demanded of family life only such conveniences in the way of home-dinners, a house-keeper, a bed, as it could furnish him, and, above all, that respectability in external forms which was in accordance with the opinions of society. As for the rest, he was anxious for pleasant amenities; and if he found them, he was very grateful. On the other hand, if he met with opposition and complaint, then he immediately took refuge in the far-off world of his official duties, which alone offered him delight.

Iván Ilyitch was regarded as an excellent magistrate, and at the end of three years he was appointed deputy-*prokurór*. His new functions, their importance, the power vested in him of arresting and imprisoning any one soever, the publicity of his speeches, his success obtained in this field, — all this still more attached him to the service.

Children came: his wife grew constantly more irritable and ill-tempered; but the regulation which Iván Ilyitch maintained toward family life, made him almost proof against her temper.

After seven years of service in one city, Iván Ilyitch was promoted to the office of *prokurór* in another government. They changed their residence: they had small means, and the place to which they moved did not suit his wife. Although his salary was larger than before, yet living was more expensive; moreover, two

of their children died : and thus family life became still more distasteful to Iván Ilyitch.

Praskovia Feódorovna blamed her husband for all the misfortunes that came upon them in their new place of abode. The majority of the subjects of conversation between husband and wife, especially the education of their children, led to questions which were productive of quarrels, so that quarrels were always ready to break out. Only at rare intervals came those periods of affection which distinguish married life, but they were not of long duration. These were little islands in which they rested for a time ; but then again they pushed out into the sea of secret animosity, which expressed itself by driving them farther and farther apart.

This alienation might have irritated Iván Ilyitch, if he had not considered that it was inevitable ; but now he began to look upon this situation not merely as normal, but even as a way of manifesting his activity in the family. The way consisted in withdrawing as far as possible from these unpleasantnesses, or of giving them a character of innocence and respectability ; and he attained this end by spending less and less time with his family ; but when he was to do so, then he endeavored to secure his situation by the presence of strangers.

But Iván Ilyitch's chief resource was his office. In the world of his duties was concentrated all his interest in life. And this interest wholly absorbed him. The consciousness of his power of ruining any one whom he might wish to ruin ; the importance of his position manifested outwardly when he came into court, or met his subordinates ; his success with superiors and subordinates ; and, above all, his skill in the conduct of

affairs, — and he was perfectly conscious of it, — all this delighted him, and together with conversations with his colleagues, dinners and whist, filled all his life. Thus, for the most part, Iván Ilyitch's life continued to flow in its even tenor as he considered that it ought to flow, — pleasantly and respectably.

Thus he lived seven years longer. His eldest daughter was already sixteen years old ; still another little child died ; and there remained a lad, a gimnazist, the object of their wrangling. Iván Ilyitch wanted to send him to the law school ; but Praskovia, out of spite toward him, selected the gymnasium. The daughter studied at home, and made good progress : the lad also was not at all backward in his studies.

III.

THUS seventeen years of Iván Ilyitch's life passed since the time of his marriage. He was already an old *prokurór*, having declined several transfers, in the hope of a still more desirable place, when there occurred unexpectedly an unpleasant turn of affairs which was quite disturbing to his peaceful life. Iván Ilyitch was hoping for the position of president¹ in a university city; but Hoppe got in ahead of him, and obtained the place. Iván Ilyitch became irritated, began to make recriminations, got into a quarrel with him and his next superior, who had showed signs of coolness, and in the subsequent appointments he was set aside.

This was in 1880. This year was the most trying of Iván Ilyitch's life. It happened, on the one hand, that his salary did not meet his expenses; on the other, that he was forgotten by all, and that what seemed to him a great, an atrocious injustice toward himself, was regarded by others as a perfectly natural thing. Even his father did not think it his duty to come to his aid. He felt that he was abandoned by all his friends, who considered that his position, worth thirty-five hundred rubles a year, was very normal and even fortunate. He alone knew, that with the consciousness of the injustice which had been done him, and with his wife's everlasting rasping, and with the debts which began to accumulate, now that he lived beyond his means — he alone knew that his situation was far from normal.

¹ *Predeyedátel.*

The summer of that year, in order to lighten his expenses, he took leave of absence, and went with his wife to spend the summer in the country at Praskovia Feódorovna's brother's.

In the country, relieved of his official duties, Iván Ilyitch for the first time felt not only irksomeness, but insupportable anguish; and he made up his mind that it was impossible to live in such a way, and that he must take immediate and decisive steps, no matter what they were.

After a long, sleepless night, which he spent walking up and down the terrace, Iván Ilyitch decided to go to Petersburg to bestir himself, and to get transferred into another ministry, so as to punish *them* who had not known how to appreciate him.

On the next day, notwithstanding all the protests of his wife and brother-in-law, he started for Petersburg.

He wanted only one thing, — to obtain a place worth five thousand rubles a year. He would not stipulate for any special ministry, any special direction, any form of activity. All that he needed was a place, — a place with a salary of five thousand rubles, in the administration, in the banks, on the railroads, in the institutions of the Empress Maria, even in the custom service; but the sole condition was the five-thousand salary, the sole condition to be relieved from the ministry, where they did not know how to appreciate him.

And lo! this trip of Iván Ilyitch's met with astonishing, unexpected success. At Kursk an acquaintance of his, F. S. Ilyin, came into the first-class car, and informed him of a telegram just received by the governor of Kursk to the effect that a change was about to be made in the ministry: in Piotr Ivánovitch's place would be appointed Iván Semyónovitch.

This probable change, over and above its significance for Russia, had a special significance for Iván Ilyitch, from the fact that by bringing up a new official Piotr Ivánovitch, and probably his friend Zakhár Ivánovitch, it was in the highest degree favorable for Iván Ilyitch. Zakhár Ivánovitch was a colleague and friend of Iván Ilyitch.

In Moscow the tidings were confirmed. And when he reached Petersburg, Iván Ilyitch sought out Zakhár Ivánovitch, and obtained the promise of a sure position in his old ministry, — that of justice.

At the end of a week he telegraphed his wife, —

“Zakhár Miller's place; at the first report, shall get nomination.”

Iván Ilyitch, thanks to this change of administration, suddenly obtained in his old ministry such an appointment as put him two grades above his colleagues, — five thousand salary, and thirty-five hundred for travelling expenses.

All his grievances against his former rivals and against all the ministry were forgotten, and Iván Ilyitch was entirely happy.

Iván Ilyitch returned to the country, jocund, contented, as he had not been for a long time. Praskovia Feódorovna also brightened up, and peace was re-established between them. Iván Ilyitch related how he was esteemed by every one in Petersburg; how all those who had been his enemies were covered with shame, and now fawned upon him; how they envied him his position, and especially how dearly every one in Petersburg loved him.

Praskovia Feódorovna listened to this, and made believe that she believed it, and did not contradict him in any thing, but only made plans for the arrangement

of their new life in the city where they were going. And Iván Ilyitch had the joy of seeing that these plans were his plans, that they coincided, and that his life, interrupted though it had been, was now about to regain its own character of festive pleasure and decency.

Iván Ilyitch came for only a short visit. On the 22d of September he was obliged to assume his duties; and, moreover, he needed time to get established in his new place, to transport all his possessions from the province, to buy new things, to give orders for still more, — in a word, to install himself as it seemed proper to his mind, and pretty nearly as it seemed proper to Praskovia Feódorovna's ideas.

And now, when all was ordered so happily, and when he and his wife were in accord, and, above all, lived together but a small portion of the time, they became better friends than they had been since the first years of their married life.

Iván Ilyitch at first thought of taking his family with him immediately; but the insistence of his sister-and brother-in-law, who suddenly manifested an extraordinary friendliness and brotherly love for Iván Ilyitch and his family, induced him to depart alone.

Iván Ilyitch took his departure; and the jocund disposition of his mind, arising from his success and his reconciliation with his wife, the one consequent upon the other, did not for a moment leave him.

He found admirable apartments, exactly coinciding with the dreams of husband and wife, — spacious, lofty reception-rooms in the old style; convenient, *grand-tious* library; chambers for his wife and daughter; study-room for his son, — all as though expressly designed for them. Iván Ilyitch himself took charge of

the arrangements. He selected the wall-papers; he bought the furniture, mostly antique, to which he attributed a specially *comme-il-faut-ish* style; hangings and all took form, and took form and approached that ideal which he had established in his conception.

When his arrangements were half completed, they surpassed his expectations. He perceived what a *comme-il-faut-ish*, exquisite, and far from commonplace, character all would have when completed. When he lay down to sleep, he imagined his drawing-room as it would be. As he looked about his parlor, still unfinished, he nevertheless saw the fireplace, the screen, the little *étagère*, and those easy-chairs scattered here and there, those plates and saucers on the walls, and the bronzes, just as they would be when all was in place.

He was delighted with the thought of how he should astonish Pasha (Praskovia) and Lizanka, who also had such good taste in these things. 'They never would look for this. Especially that he would have the thought of going and buying at such a low price these old things that give the whole an extraordinary character of gentility.'

In his letters he purposely represented every thing worse than it really was — so as to surprise them. All this so occupied him, that even his new duties, much as he enjoyed them, were not so absorbing as he expected. Even while court was in session, he had his moments of abstraction: he was cogitating as to what sort of cornices he should have for his curtains, — straight or matched. He was so interested in this, that often he himself took hold, re-arranged the furniture, and even rehung the curtains himself.

One time, when he was climbing on a pair of steps,

so as to explain to a dull-minded upholsterer how he wished a drapery to be arranged, he slipped and fell; but being a strong, dexterous man, he saved himself. He only hit his side on the edge of the frame. He received a bruise, but it quickly passed away. Iván Ilyitch all this time felt perfectly happy and well. He wrote, "I feel as though I were fifteen years younger."

He expected to finish in September, but circumstances delayed it till the middle of October. But it was all admirable: not only he himself said so, but all who saw it said the same.

In reality, it was exactly what is customary among those people who are not very rich, but who like to ape the rich, and therefore only resemble each other, — silken fabrics, mahogany, flowers, carpets, and bronzes, dark or shining, all that which all people of a certain class affect, so as to be comparable to all people of a certain class. And in his case, there was a greater resemblance, so that it was impossible to single out any thing for attention; but still, this to him was something extraordinary.

When he met his family at the railway station, he took them to their apartments, freshly put in order for them; and the lackey, in a white necktie, opened the door into the vestibule, ornamented with flowers; and then they went into the parlor, the library, and oh'ed and ah'ed with delight: and he was very happy; he showed them every thing, drank in their praises, and shone with satisfaction. On that very evening at tea, when Praskovia Feódorovna asked him, among other things, how he fell, he laughed, and illustrated in pantomime how he went head over heels, and scared the upholsterer. "I'm not a gymnast for nothing. Another man would have killed himself, but I just

struck myself here a little; when you touch it, it hurts; but it's already wearing off—it's a mere bruise."

And they began to live in the new domicile, in which, as always, after one has become fairly established, it was discovered that there was just one room too few; and with their new means, which, as always, lacked a little of being sufficient; about five hundred rubles additional, and it would have been well.

All went extraordinarily well at first, while still their arrangements were not wholly regulated, and there was still much to do,—buying this thing, giving orders for that, re-arranging, mending. Although there were occasional disagreements between husband and wife, yet both were so satisfied, and they had so many occupations, that no serious quarrel resulted. Still, when there was nothing left to arrange, they became a trifle bored, and felt that something was lacking; but now they began to form new acquaintances, new habits, and their lives became full.

Iván Ilyitch spent the morning at court, but returned home to dinner; and at first he was in excellent humor, although sometimes he was a little vexed by something or other in the household management. (Any kind of spot on the table-cloth, on the draperies, any break in the curtain-cords, irritated him. He had taken so much pains in getting things in order, that any kind of harm befalling was painful to him.)

But, on the whole, Iván Ilyitch's life ran on, as in his opinion life ought to run, smoothly, pleasantly, and decently.

He arose at nine o'clock, drank his coffee, read the paper, then donned his uniform, and went down to

court. There he instantly got himself into the harness to which he had been so long accustomed, — petitioners, inquiries at the chancery, the chancery itself, sessions public and administrative. In all this, it was necessary to devise means to exclude all those external concerns of life which forever tend to trespass upon the accuracy of conducting official duties; it was necessary that he should tolerate no relations with people except upon an official basis; and the cause for such relations must be official, and the relations themselves must be only official.

For example, a man comes, and wants to know something or other. Iván Ilyitch, as a man apart from his office, cannot have any relations with this man; but if the relationship of this man to the magistrate is such that it can be expressed on letterhead paper, then, within the limits of these relations, Iván Ilyitch would do all, absolutely all, in his power, and at the same time preserve the semblance of affable, philanthropical relations, — in other words, of politeness. The point where his official life and his private life joined was very strictly drawn. Iván Ilyitch had a high degree of skill in separating the official side from the other without confounding them; and his long practice and talent gave him such *finesse*, that he sometimes, as a virtuoso, allowed himself, by way of a jest, to confound the humanitarian and his official relations.

This act in Iván Ilyitch's case was played, not only smoothly, pleasantly, and decently, but also in a virtuoso manner. During the intervals, he smoked, drank tea, talked a little about politics, a little about affairs in general, a little about cards, and more than all about appointments; and when weary, but still conscious of his virtuosity, as of one who has well played his part,

like one of the first violins of an orchestra, he went home.

At home the mother and daughter had been receiving or making calls: the son was at the gymnasium, preparing his lessons with tutors; and he learned accurately whatever was taught him in the gymnasium. All was excellent.

After dinner, unless he had guests, Iván Ilyitch sometimes read a book which was being talked about; and during the evening he sat down to his work, — that is, read papers, consulted the laws, compared depositions, and applied the law to them.

This was neither tedious nor inspiriting. It was tedious when he had the chance to play *vint*; but if there was no *vint*, then it was far better than to sit alone or with his wife.

Very delightful to Iván Ilyitch were the little dinners to which he invited ladies and gentlemen holding high positions in society; and such entertainments were like the entertainments of people of the same class, just as his parlor was like all parlors.

One evening they even had a party; they danced, and Iván Ilyitch felt gay, and all was good; only a great quarrel arose between husband and wife about the patties and sweetmeats. Praskovia Feódorovna had her ideas about them; but Iván Ilyitch went to the expense of getting them all of an expensive confectioner, and he got a great quantity of patties; and the quarrel was because there was an extra quantity, and the confectioner's bill amounted to forty-five rubles.

The quarrel was sharp and disagreeable, inasmuch as Praskovia Feódorovna called him "Fool! Pig-head!" And he, putting his hands to his head in his vexation, muttered something about divorce.

But the party itself was gay. The very best society were present; and Iván Ilyitch danced with the Princess Trufonova, the sister of the well-known founder of the society called "*Unesi tui mayó góre.*"¹

Iván Ilyitch's official pleasures were the pleasures of self-love; his pleasures in society were pleasures of vanity; but his real pleasures were the pleasures of playing *vint*. He confessed, that after all, after any disagreeable event whatsoever that might befall his life, the pleasure which, like a candle, glowed brighter than all others, was that of sitting down — four good players, and partners who did not shout — to a game of *vint* (and always four, for it is very bad form to have five, even though you say, "I like it very much"), and have a reasonable, serious game (when the cards run well), and then to eat a little supper, and drink a glass of wine. And Iván Ilyitch used to go to sleep, especially after a game of *vint*, when he had won a little something (a large sum is disagreeable), and feel particularly happy in his mind.

Thus they lived. The circle of their friends consisted of the very best society: men of high position visited them, and young people came.

As far as their views upon the circle of their acquaintance were concerned, husband, wife, and daughter were perfectly unanimous. And tacitly they each in the same way pushed aside, and rid themselves of, certain friends and relatives, — the undesirable kind, who came fawning around them in their parlor decorated with Japanese plates on the wall. Very soon these undesirable friends ceased to flutter around them, and the Golovins had only the very best society.

Young men were attracted to Lízanka; and the

¹ "Take away my sorrow."

examining magistrate, Petrishchef, the son of Dmitri Ivánovitch Petrishchef, and the sole heir to his wealth, began to flutter around Liza so assiduously, that Iván Ilyitch already asked Praskovia Feódorovna whether it would not be a good plan to take a troika-ride together, or arrange some private theatricals.

Thus they lived. And thus all went along in its even course, and all was very good.

IV.

ALL were in good health. It was impossible to make ill health out of the fact that Iván Ilyitch sometimes complained of a strange taste in his mouth and an uneasiness in the left side of his abdomen.

But the fact remained that this unpleasant feeling kept growing more and more manifest: it did not as yet become painful, but it showed itself in the consciousness of a constant dull weight in his side, and in an irritable temper. This irritability, constantly increasing and increasing, began to disturb the pleasant, easy-going, decent life that had been characteristic of the Golovin family. The husband and wife began to quarrel more and more frequently; and before long their easy, pleasant relations were broken up, and even the decency was maintained under difficulties.

Scenes once more became very frequent. Once more, but quite infrequently, the little islands appeared, on which husband and wife could meet without an explosion. And Praskovia now said, not without justification, that her husband had a very trying nature. With her peculiar tendency to exaggeration, she declared that he had always had such a terrible disposition, that she deserved the profoundest pity for having endured this for twenty years.

It was indeed true that now he was the one that began the quarrels. His querulousness began always before dinner, and often, indeed, just as they sat down

to eat the soup. Sometimes he noticed that there was some nick in the dish ; sometimes the food did not suit him ; now his son rested his elbows on the table ; now it was the way his daughter dressed her hair. And he blamed Praskovia Feódorovna for every thing. At first Praskovia Feódorovna answered in kind, and said disagreeable things to him ; but twice, just as dinner was beginning, he broke out into such a fury that she perceived this to be an unhealthy state, which proceeded from the assimilation of food ; and she held her peace ; she did not reply, and merely hastened to finish dinner.

Praskovia Feódorovna regarded her meekness as a great merit. As she had made up her mind that her husband had a horrible disposition, and was making her life wretched, she began to pity herself. And the more she pitied herself, the more she detested her husband. She began to wish that he would die ; but she could not quite wish it, because then they would not have his salary any more. And this actually exasperated her still more against him. She regarded herself as terribly unhappy, from the very fact that his death could not relieve her : and she grew bitter, but concealed it ; and this concealed bitterness strengthened her hatred of him.

After one scene in which Iván Ilyitch was particularly unjust, and which he explained on the ground that his irritability was the result of not being well, she told him, that, if he was ill, then he ought to take some medicine ; and she begged him to go to a famous physician.

He went. Every thing was as he expected : every thing was done according to the usual way, — the having to wait ; and the pompous, *doctorial* air of importance, so familiar to him, the same as he himself

assumed in court; and the tapping and the auscultation; and the leading questions requiring answers predetermined, and apparently not heard; and the look of superlative wisdom which seemed to say, "You, now, just trust yourself to us, and we will do every thing; we understand without fail how to manage; every thing is done in the same way for any man."

Every thing was just exactly as in court. The airs that he put on in court for the benefit of those brought before him, the same were assumed by the famous doctor for his benefit.

The doctor said, "Such and such a thing¹ shows that you have such and such a thing in you; but if this is not confirmed according to the investigations of such and such a man, then you must suppose such and such a thing. Now, if we suppose such and such a thing, then" — and so on.

For Iván Ilyitch, only one question was momentous: Was his case dangerous, or not? But the doctor ignored this inconvenient question. From a doctor's point of view, this question was idle, and did not deserve consideration: the only thing to do was to weigh probabilities, — floating kidney, chronic catarrh, disease of the blind intestine.

There was no question of Iván Ilyitch's life, but there was a dispute between the kidney disease and bowel trouble; and this dispute, the doctor, in Iván Ilyitch's presence, settled in the most brilliant manner in favor of the bowel trouble, making a reserve in case an analysis of the urine should give new results, and then the case would have to be examined anew.

All this was exactly what Iván Ilyitch himself had done a thousand times in the same brilliant manner for

¹ To-to.

the benefit of the prisoner at the bar. Thus, even more brilliantly, the doctor made his *résumé*, and, with an air of still more joyful triumph, he gazed down upon the prisoner at the bar from over his spectacles. From the doctor's *résumé*, Iván Ilyitch came to the conclusion, that, as far as he was concerned, it was bad; but as far as the doctor, and perhaps the rest of the world, was concerned, it made no difference; but for him it was bad!

And this conclusion struck Iván Ilyitch with a painful shock, causing in him a feeling of painful pity for himself, and of painful wrath against this physician who showed such indifference to such a vital question.

But he said nothing: then he got up, laid some money on the table, and, with a sigh, said, —

“Evidently we sick men often ask foolish questions of you,” said he; “but, in general, is this trouble serious, or not?”

The doctor gave him a severe glance with one eye, through the spectacles, as though saying, —

“Prisoner at the bar, if you do not confine yourself to the limits of the questions put before you, I shall be constrained to take measures for having you put out of the audience-chamber.”

“I have already told you what I considered necessary and suitable,” said the doctor: “a further examination will complete the diagnosis;” and the doctor bowed him out.

Iván Ilyitch went out slowly, lugubriously took his seat in his sledge, and drove home. All the way he kept repeating all that the doctor had said, endeavoring to translate all those involved scientific phrases into simple language, and find in them an answer to the question, “Is it a serious, very serious, case for me,

or is it a mere nothing?" And it seemed to him that the sense of all the doctor's words indicated a very serious case. The aspect of every thing in the streets was gloomy. The *izvoshchiks* were gloomy; gloomy the houses, the pedestrians; the shops were gloomy. This pain, this obscure, dull pain, which did not leave him for a second, seemed to him, when taken in connection with the doctor's ambiguous remarks, to gather a new and more serious significance. Iván Ilyitch, with a new sense of depression, now took constant heed of it.

He reached home, and began to tell his wife. His wife listened: but while he was in the midst of his account, his daughter came in with her hat on; she was ready to go out with her mother. She sat down with evident disrelish to listen to this wearisome tale, but she was not detained long: her mother did not hear him out.

"Well," said she, "I am very glad; for now you will look out, and take your medicine properly. Give me the prescription, and I will send Gerásim to the apothecary's."

And she went to get dressed.

He could not get a long breath all the time that she was in the room, and he sighed heavily when she went out.

"Well,"¹ said he, "perhaps it's a mere nothing, after all."

He began to take his medicine, and to follow the doctor's prescriptions, which were somewhat modified after the urine had been analyzed. But it happened exactly as the result of the analysis, and the fact that he had to follow a new *régime*, that a certain amount

¹ Ну чтого.

of confusion arose. It was impossible to blame the doctor; but the fact was, the doctor's directions were not carried out. Either he had forgotten or neglected something, or he had concealed something from him.

But Iván Ilyitch nevertheless began pretty faithfully to follow the doctor's prescriptions, and in this way for the first part of the time he found consolation.

Iván Ilyitch's principal occupation, after he went to consult the doctor, consisted in carefully carrying out the doctor's prescription in regard to hygiene, and taking his medicine, and watching the symptoms of his malady, all the functions of his organism. Iván Ilyitch became chiefly interested in human disease and human health. When people spoke in his presence of those who were sick, of those who had died, of those who were recuperating, especially of diseases like his own, he would listen, endeavoring to hide his agitation, would ask questions, and make comparisons with his own trouble.

The pain did not diminish, but Iván Ilyitch compelled himself to feign that he was getting better. And he was able to deceive himself when there was nothing to irritate him. But the moment that he had any disagreeable scene with his wife, a rebuff in court, a bad hand at *vint*, then instantly he felt the full force of his malady: formerly he endured these rebuffs, hoping that "now I shall straighten out this wretched business, shall conquer, shall have success, win the next hand."

But now every little rebuff cut him right down, and plunged him in despair. He said to himself, —

"Here I was just beginning to get a little better, and the medicine was already helping me, and here this cursed bad luck or this unpleasantness" . . .

And he would break out against his bad luck, or against the people who brought him unpleasantness, and were killing him; and he realized how this fit of anger was killing him, but he could not control it.

It would seem that he must see clearly that this giving way to anger against circumstances and people confirmed his malady, and that, therefore, he ought not to notice disagreeable trifles; but he reasoned in precisely the opposite way. He said that he needed quiet: he took note of all that might disturb this quiet, and at every least disturbance his irritation broke out. His state was rendered worse by the fact that he read medical works, and consulted with doctors.

The progress of his disease was so gradual that he was able to deceive himself by comparing one evening with the next: there was little difference. But when he consulted with the doctors, then it seemed to him that it was growing worse, and very rapidly also. And notwithstanding that he constantly consulted with doctors.

During this month he went to another celebrity: the second celebrity said pretty much the same as the first, but he propounded his questions in a different way. And the consultation with this celebrity redoubled Iván Ilyitch's doubt and fear.

A friend of a friend of his — a very good doctor — gave an absolutely different definition of his malady; and notwithstanding the fact that he predicted recovery, his questions and hypotheses still further confused Iván Ilyitch, and increased his doubts.

A homœopathist defined his disease in a still different manner, and gave him some pellets; and Iván Ilyitch, without being suspected by any one, took them for a week. But at the end of the week, not perceiv-

ing that any relief came of them, and losing faith, not only in this, but in his former methods of treatment, he fell into still greater melancholy.

One time a lady of his acquaintance was telling him about cures effected by means of ikons. Iván Ilyitch surprised himself by listening attentively, and believing in the reality of the fact. This discovery frightened him.

“Is it possible that my faculties have reached such a degree of weakness?” he asked himself. “Nonsense! All rubbish! One must not give way to mere fancies. Now I’m going to select one physician, and rigorously follow his advice. That’s what I will do. That’s the end of it. I will not bother my brain, and till summer I will strictly carry out his prescription; and then the result will be seen. Now for an end to these hesitations.”

It was easy to say this, but impossible to carry it out. The pain in his side constantly troubled him, constantly seemed to grow worse, became incessant; the taste in his mouth became always more and more peculiar; it seemed to him that his breath was disagreeable, and his strength constantly failed him. It was impossible to deceive himself: something terrible, novel, and significant, more significant than any thing that had ever happened before in his life, was taking place in Iván Ilyitch. And he alone was conscious of it: those who surrounded him did not comprehend it, or did not wish to comprehend it, and thought that every thing in the world was going on as before.

This more than aught else pained Iván Ilyitch. His family, — especially his wife and daughter, who were in the very white-heat of visits, — he saw, did not comprehend at all, were vexed with him because he was

gloomy and exacting, as though he were to blame for it. Even though they tried to hide it, he saw that he was in their way, but that his wife had definitely made up her mind in regard to his trouble, and stuck to it, no matter what he might say or do.

This mental attitude was expressed in some such way as this: "You know," she would say to her acquaintance, "it is impossible for Iván Ilyitch to rigorously carry out the doctor's prescriptions, as all decent men would do. To-day he takes his drops, and eats what is ordered for him, and goes to bed betimes: to-morrow, all of a sudden, if I don't look out, he will forget to take his medicine, will eat sturgeon (though it is forbidden), yes, and sit up at *vint* till one o'clock."

"Well, now, when?" asks Iván Ilyitch, somewhat vexed. "Just once at Piotr Ivánovitch's."

"And last evening with Shebek."

"All right, — I could not sleep from pain." . . .

"Yes, no matter what it comes from: only you will never get over it in this way, and will keep on tormenting us."

Praskovia Feódorovna's settled conviction in regard to this disease, — and she impressed it upon every one, and upon Iván Ilyitch himself, — was that he was to blame for it, and this whole illness was a new indignity put upon his wife. Iván Ilyitch felt that this was involuntary on her part, but it was not on that account any easier for him to bear it.

In court Iván Ilyitch noticed, or thought that he noticed, the same strange behavior toward him. Now it seemed to him that he was regarded as a man who was soon to give up his place: again, his friends suddenly began to rally him about his gloominess, as though this horrible, strange, and unheard-of something

that was breeding in him, and ceaselessly sucking up his vitality, and irresistibly dragging him away, were a pleasant subject for raillery! Schwartz especially irritated him with his jocularities, his lively ways, and his *comme-il-faut-ness*, reminding Iván Ilyitch of himself as he had been ten years before.

Friends dropped in to have a game of cards. They sat down: they dealt, new cards were shuffled, diamonds were thrown on diamonds, — seven of them. His partner said, “No trumps,” and held up two diamonds. What more could be desired? It ought to have been a gay, proud moment, — a clean sweep.¹ And suddenly Iván Ilyitch was conscious of that pain, of that taste in his mouth, and it seemed to him barbarous that he should be able thus to rejoice in this hand. He looked at Mikhaïl Mikhaïlovitch, his partner, as he rapped the table with his big red hand, and courteously and condescendingly refrained from gathering up the tricks, but pushed them over to Iván Ilyitch that he might have the pleasure of counting them, without inconveniencing himself, without putting his hand out.

“What! does he think that I am so weak that I can’t put my hand out?” thinks Iván Ilyitch; forgets what were trumps; trumps his partner’s trick, and loses the sweep by three points. And what is more terrible than all, is that he sees how Mikhaïl Mikhaïlovitch suffers, and to him it is a matter of indifference. And it is terrible to think why it is a matter of indifference to him.

All see that it is hard for him, and say to him, —

“We can stop playing if you are tired. You rest a while.” . . .

Rest? No: he is not tired at all; they will finish

¹ *Shelóm.*

the rubber. All are gloomy and taciturn. Iván Ilyitch feels that he is the cause of their gloominess, and he cannot enliven it. They have supper, and then go home; and Iván Ilyitch is left alone, with the consciousness that his life is poisoned for him, and that he is poisoning the lives of others, and that this poison is not growing weaker, but is always working its way deeper and deeper into his being.

And with this consciousness, sometimes also with physical pain, sometimes with terror, he must needs go to bed, and frequently not sleep from anguish the greater part of the night. And in the morning he must needs get up again, dress, go to court, speak, write, and, unless he goes to ride, stay at home for those twenty-four hours, each one of which was a torture. And he must needs live thus on the edge of destruction alone, without any one to understand him and pity him.

V.

THUS passed one month and two. Before New-Year's his brother-in-law came to their city, and stopped at their house. Praskovia Feódorovna had gone out shopping. Iván Ilyitch was in court. When he came home, and went into his library, he found his brother-in-law there, a healthy, sanguine man, engaged in opening his trunk. He raised his head as he heard Iván Ilyitch's steps, and looked at him a moment in silence. This look revealed all to Iván Ilyitch. His brother-in-law opened his mouth to say "Akh!" and refrained. This motion confirmed every thing.

"What? Have I changed?"

"Yes . . . there is a change."

And though Iván Ilyitch tried to keep the conversation on his external appearance, his brother-in-law avoided the subject. Praskovia Feódorovna came in: his brother-in-law went to her room. Iván Ilyitch locked the door, and began to look at himself in the glass, first front face, then his profile. He took his portrait, and compared it with what he saw in the mirror. The change was immense. Then he bared his arm to the elbow, looked at it, pulled down his sleeve, sat down on the otomanka, and it became darker than night.

"It must not — it must not be!" said he to himself; jumped up, went to the table, opened a brief, began to read it, but could not. He opened the door,

went out into the parlor. The sitting-room door was shut. He tiptoed up to it, and began to listen.

"No, you exaggerate," Praskovia Feódorovna was saying.

"How do I exaggerate? Isn't it plain to you? He's a dead man. Look at his eyes: no light in them. . . . But what's the matter with him?"

"No one knows. Nikolaef" (this was another doctor) "says one thing, but I don't know about it. Leshchititsky" (this was the famous doctor) "says the opposite" . . .

Iván Ilyitch turned away, went to his room, lay down, and began to think: "kidney—a loose kidney!"

He recalled all that the doctors had told him,—how it was torn away, and how it was loose. And by an effort of his imagination he endeavored to catch this kidney, to stop it, to fasten it. "It takes so little," it seemed to him.

"No: I must make another visit to Piotr Ivánovitch." (This was the friend whose friend was a doctor.)

He rang, ordered the horse to be harnessed, and got ready to go out.

"Where are you going, *Jean*?" asked his wife, with a peculiarly gloomy and unusually gentle expression.

This unusual gentleness angered him. He looked at her grimly.

"I have got to go to Piotr Ivánovitch's."

He went to the friend who had the medical friend, and with him to the doctor's. He found him at home, and had a long talk with him.

As he examined the anatomical and physiological details of what, according to the doctor, was taking place in him, he comprehended it perfectly.

There was one mere trifle — the least bit of a trifle in the blind intestine. All that could be put to rights. Strengthen the force of one organ, weaken the activity of another — assimilation ensues, and all is set to rights.

He was a little late to dinner. He ate heartily, he talked gayly, but for a long time he was not able to make up his mind to go to work.

At last he went to his library, and immediately sat down to his labors. He read his briefs, and labored over them; but he did not get rid of the consciousness that he had before him an important, private duty, which he must carry out to a conclusion.

When he had finished his briefs, he remembered that this private duty was the thinking about the blind intestine. But he did not give in to it: he went to the sitting-room to tea. They had callers; there was conversation, there was playing on the pianoforte, and singing; the examining magistrate, the desirable match for their daughter, was there. Iván Ilyitch spent the evening, as Praskovia Feódorovna observed, more gayly than usual; but he did not for a moment forget that he had before him these important thoughts about the blind intestine.

At eleven o'clock he bade his friends good-night, and retired to his own room. Since his illness began, he had slept alone in a little room off the library. He went to it, undressed, and took a romance of Zola's; but he did not read it: he thought. And in his imagination the longed-for cure of the blind intestine took place. Assimilation, secretion, were stimulated: regulated activity was established.

"Yes, it is just exactly so," said he to himself.
"It is only necessary to help nature."

He remembered his medicine, got up, took it, lay on his back, waiting for the medicine to have its beneficent effect, and gradually ease his pain.

"Only take it regularly, and avoid unhealthy influences: even now I feel a little better, considerably better."

He began to punch his side: it was not painful to the touch.

"No, I don't feel it—already I feel considerably better."

He blew out the candle, and lay on his side. . . .
"The blind intestine becomes regulated, assimilates"—

And suddenly he began to feel the old, well-known, dull, lingering pain, stubborn, silent, serious; in his mouth the same well-known taste. His heart sank within him: his brain was in a whirl.

"My God! my God!" he cried, "again, again! and it will never cease!"

And suddenly the trouble presented itself to him absolutely in another guise.

"The blind intestine! the kidney!" he said to himself. "The trouble lies, not in the blind intestine, not in the kidney—but in life—and death! Yes, once there was life; but now it is passing away, passing away, and I cannot hold it back. Yes. Why deceive one's self? Is it not evident to every one, except myself, that I am going to die? and it is only a question of weeks, of days—maybe instantly. It was light, but now darkness. — Now I was here, but then I shall be there! Where?" A chill ran over him: his breathing ceased. He heard only the thumping of his heart.

"I shall not be, but what will be? There will be nothing. Then, where shall I be when I am no more? Will that be death? No, I will not have it!"

He leaped up, wished to light the candle, fumbled about with trembling hands, knocked the candle and candlestick to the floor, and again fell back upon the pillow.

"Wherefore? It is all the same," he said to himself, gazing into the darkness with wide-open eyes.

"Death! Yes, — death! And *they* know nothing about it, and wish to know nothing about it; and they do not pity me. They are playing." (He heard through the door the distant sound of voices and *ritornelles*.) "To them it is all the same . . . and they also will die. Little fools! I first, and they after me. It will be their turn also. But they are enjoying themselves! Cattle!"

Anger choked him. And he felt an insupportably heavy burden of anguish. "It cannot be that all must be exposed to this horrible terror." He lifted himself once more.

"No, it is not so at all. I must calm myself: I must think it all over from the beginning."

And here he began to reflect, —

"Yes, the beginning of the trouble. I hit my side, and I was just the same as before, one day and the next, only a little ache, then more severe, then the doctor, then low spirits, anxiety, the doctor again. And I am all the time coming nearer and nearer to the abyss. Less strength. Nearer, nearer! And how wasted I am! I have no light in my eyes. And death — and I thinking about the intestine! I am thinking only how to cure my intestine; but this is death! — Is it really death?"

Again fear fell upon him. He panted, bent over, tried to find the matches, hit his elbow against the table. It hindered him, and hurt him: he lost his

patience, pushed angrily against it with more violence, and tipped it over. And in despair, all out of breath, he fell back, expecting death instantly.

At this time the visitors were going. Praskovia Feódorovna was showing them out. She heard the table fall, and came in.

“What is the matter?”

“Nothing — I unintentionally knocked it over.”

She went out, and brought in a candle. He was lying heavily, and breathing quickly, like a man who has just run a verst: his eyes were fixed, gazing at her.

“What is it, *Jean*?”

“No-thing. I — knock - ed — over — Why say any thing? she will not understand,” he thought.

She did not in the least understand. She picked up the table, put the candle on it, and hurried out. She had to say good-night to her company.

When she came back, he was still lying on his back, locking up.

“What is the matter? Are you worse?”

“Yes.”

She shook her head, and sat down.

“Do you know, *Jean*, I think we had better send for Leshchititsky? don’t you?”

That meant, send for the celebrated doctor, and not mind the expense. He smiled bitterly, and said “No.”

She sat a moment, then came to him, and kissed him on the forehead.

He abhorred her, with all the strength of his soul, at that moment when she kissed him; and he had to restrain himself from pushing her away.

“Good-night! ¹ God give you pleasant sleep!”

“Yes.”

¹ Proshchai.

VI.

IVÁN ILYITCH saw that he was going to die, and he was in perpetual despair.

In the depths of his soul, Iván Ilyitch knew that he was going to die; but he not only failed to get used to the thought, but also simply did not comprehend it, could not comprehend it.

This form of syllogism which he had studied in Kiziveter's "Logic," — "Kai¹ is a man, men are mortal, therefore Kai is mortal," — had seemed to him all his life true only in its application to Kai, but never to himself. It was Kai as man, as man in general, and in this respect it was perfectly correct; but he was not Kai, and not man in general, and he had always been an entity absolutely, absolutely distinct from all others: he had been Ványa with mamma and papa, with Mitya and Volodya,² with his playthings, the coachman, with the nurse; then with Kátenka, with all the joys, sorrows, enthusiasms of childhood, boyhood, youth.

Was it Kai who smelt the odor of the little striped leather ball that Ványa loved so dearly? Was it Kai who kissed his mother's hand? and was it for Kai that the silken folds of his mother's dress rustled so? Was it he who made a conspiracy for the tarts at the Law School? Was it Kai who had been so in love? Was it Kai who had such ability in conducting the sessions?

¹ The typical being in logic, like our A. Kai means word.

² Diminutives respectively of Iván, Dmitri, and Vladimir.

"And Kai is certainly mortal, and it is proper that he should die; but for me, Ványa, Iván Ilyitch, with all my feelings, my thoughts, — for me, that is another thing, and it cannot be that I must take my turn and die. That would be too horrible."

This was the way that he felt about it: —

"If I were going to die, like Kai, then, surely, I should have known it; some internal voice would have told me; but nothing of the sort happened in me, and I myself, and my friends, all of us, perceived that it was absolutely different in our case from what it was with Kai. But now how is it?" he said to himself. "It cannot be, it cannot be, but it is! How is this? How understand it?"

And he could not understand it; and he endeavored to put away this thought as false, unjust, unwholesome, and to supplant it with other thoughts true and wholesome. But this thought, not merely as a thought, but, as it were, a reality, kept recurring and taking form before him.

And he summoned in place of this thought other thoughts, one after the other, in the hope of finding succor in them. He strove to return to his former course of reasoning, which hid from him of old the thought of death. But, strangely enough, all that which formerly hid, concealed, destroyed the image of death, was now incapable of producing that effect.

Iván Ilyitch came to spend the most part of his time in these attempts to restore the former current of feeling which put death out of sight. Sometimes he said to himself, —

"I will take up my duties again: they certainly kept me alive."

And he went to court, driving away every sort of

doubt. He joined his colleagues in conversation, and sat down, according to his old habit, pensively looking with dreamy eyes on the throng, and resting his two emaciated hands on the arms of his oak chair, leaning over, just as usual, toward his colleague, running through the brief, whispering his comments; and then, suddenly lifting his eyes, and sitting straight, he pronounced the well-known words, and began business.

But suddenly, right in the midst of it, the pain in his side, entirely disregarding the time of public business, began its simultaneous business. Iván Ilyitch perceived it, tried to turn his thoughts from it; but it took its course, and it¹ came up and stood directly before him, and gazed at him: and he was stupefied; the fire died out in his eyes, and he began once more to ask himself, —

“Is there nothing true save it?”

And his colleagues and subordinates saw with surprise and concern that he, this brilliant, keen judge, was confused, was making mistakes.

He shook himself, tried to collect his thoughts, and in a way conducted the session till it adjourned, and then returned home with the melancholy consciousness that he no longer had the ability, as of old, to separate between his judicial acts and what he wished to put out of his thoughts; that even in the midst of his judicial acts, he could not deliver himself from it. And what was worse than all, was the fact that it distracted his attention, not to make him do any thing, but only to make him look at it, straight in the eye, — look at it, and, though doing nothing, suffer beyond words.

And while attempting to escape from this state of things, Iván Ilyitch sought relief, sought other shelter;

¹ *Oná*; that is, death, or the thought of death.

and other shelter came along, and for a short time seemed to help him; but immediately they not so much failed, as grew transparent, as though it became visible through all, and nothing could hide it.

It happened in this latter part of the time that he went into the parlor which he had decorated, — that very parlor where he had met with the fall, for which he — as he had to think with bitterness and scorn — for the decoration of which he had sacrificed his life; because he knew that his malady began with that bruise: he went in, and saw that on the lacquered table was a scratch, as though cut by something. He sought for the cause of it, and found it in the bronze decoration of an album, which was turned up at the edge. He took the precious album, lovingly filled by him, and broke out in a passion against the carelessness of his daughter and her friends, who destroyed things so, who dog-eared photographs. He put this carefully to rights, and bent back the ornament.

Then the idea occurred to him to transfer this *établissement*,¹ album and all, to the other corner, where the flowers were. He rang for a servant. Either his wife or his daughter came to his help: they did not agree with him; they argued against the change: he argued, he lost his temper; but it was all serene, because he did not think about it; it did not appear.

But here, as he himself began to shift the things, his wife said, —

“Hold on! the men will attend to that: you will strain yourself again.”

And suddenly it gleamed through the shelter: he saw it. It gleamed: he was already hoping that it had disappeared, but involuntarily he watched for the pain

¹ In French in the original.

— there it was, all the time, always making its advance ; and he cannot forget it, and it clearly gazes at him from among the flowers. What is the purpose of it all ?

“ And it is true that here I have lost my life on that curtain as in a charge ! Is it possible ? How horrible and how ridiculous ! It cannot be ! It cannot be ! but it is.”

He went back to his library, went to bed, and found himself again alone with it. Face to face with it. But to do any thing with it—impossible ! Only to look at it, and grow chill !

NOTE. — “ The anatomy is so made sometimes that the kidney on each side may be so loose that it is said to be a ‘ floating ’ or, more rarely, ‘ wandering. ’ In three thousand post-mortem examinations, I have seen some three such cases. The kidney, so loose in its position sometimes, by getting in the wrong place disturbs the anatomy elsewhere ; and the surgeon cuts down upon it, and fastens it in its proper place. The spleen is very variable in its size, but does not wander. The blind intestine is the ‘ head ’ of the large gut just below where the small gut enters it.” — Dr. F. FERGUSON *in note to translator.*

VII.

How this came about in the third month of Iván Ilyitch's ill health, it was impossible to say, because it came about step by step imperceptibly; but it came about that his wife and daughter, and his son and the servants, and his acquaintances and the doctor, and chiefly he himself, knew that all the interest felt in him by others was concentrated in this one thing,—how soon he would vacate his place, would free the living from the constraint caused by his presence, and be himself freed from his sufferings.

He slept less and less: they gave him opium, and began to try hypodermic injections of morphine. But this did not relieve him. The dull distress which he experienced in his half drowsy condition, at first merely afforded the relief of change; but soon the pain came back as severe as ever, or even more intensified.

They prepared for him special dishes, according to the direction of the physicians; but these dishes always became more and more tasteless, more and more repugnant to him.

Special arrangements also had been made, so that he might perform the wants of nature; and each time it became more trying for him. The torture came from the uncleanness, the indecency of it, and the ill odor, from the knowledge that he required the assistance of another.

But from this very same disagreeable circumstance,

Iván Ilyitch drew a consolation. The muzhík — butler — Gerásim always came to set things to rights.

Gerásim was a clean, ruddy young muzhík, who had grown stout in the city inns. Always festive, always serene. From the very first, the sight of this man, always so neatly attired in his Russian costume, engaged in this repulsive task, made Iván Ilyitch ashamed.

Gerásim came in with light, buoyant steps, in thick boots, diffusing an agreeable odor of tar from his boots, and the freshness of the winter air. He wore a clean hempen apron and clean cotton shirt, with the cuffs rolled up on his bare, strong young arms; and not looking at Iván Ilyitch, evidently curbing the joy in life which shone in his face, so as not to offend the sick man, he approached him.

“Gerásim,” said Iván Ilyitch, in a weak voice.

Gerásim started, evidently fearing that he failed in some duty, and turned toward the sick man his fresh, good, simple young face, on which the beard was only just beginning to sprout.

“What can I do for you?”

“This, I am thinking, is distasteful to you. Forgive me. I am unable.”

“Do not mention it.”¹ And Gerásim’s eyes shone, and he showed his white young teeth. “Why should I not do you this service? It is for a sick man.”

And with expert, strong hands, he fulfilled his wonted task, and went out with light steps. After five minutes he returned, still walking with light steps.

Iván Ilyitch was still sitting in his arm-chair.

“Gerásim,” he said, “be good enough to assist me. Come herc.”

Gerásim went to him.

¹ *Pomilitsa-s.*

"Lift me up. It is hard for me alone, and I sent Dmitri away."

Gerásim went to him. In just the same way as he walked, he lifted him with his strong arm deftly, gently, and held him. With his other hand he adjusted his clothing, and then intended to let him sit down. But Iván Ilyitch requested him to help him to the sofa. Gerásim, without effort, and as though not exercising any pressure, supported him, almost carrying him, to the sofa, and set him down.

"Thank you. How easily, how well, you do it all!"

Gerásim again smiled, and was about to go. But Iván Ilyitch felt so good with him, that he wanted him to stay.

"Hold on! Please bring me that chair—no; that one there. Put it under my feet. It is easier for me when my feet are raised."

Gerásim brought the chair, put it down noiselessly, arranged so that it set even on the floor, and put Iván Ilyitch's legs on the chair. It seemed to Iván Ilyitch that he felt more comfortable while Gerásim was fixing his legs.

"It is better when my legs are up," said Iván Ilyitch. "Bring me that cushion."

Gerásim did this. Again he lifted his legs, and arranged it all. Again Iván Ilyitch felt better while Gerásim was fixing his legs. When he put them down, he felt worse.

"Gerásim," said he, "are you busy just now?"

"Not at all," said Gerásim, having learned of city people how to speak with gentlefolk.

"What have you more to do?"

"What have I more to do? Every thing has been done, except splitting wood against to-morrow."

"Then, hold my legs a little higher, can you?"

"Why not? Of course I can!"

Gerásim lifted his legs higher, and it seemed to Iván Ilyitch that in this position he felt no pain at all.

"But how about the wood?"

"Don't you bother yourself. We'll have time enough."

Iván Ilyitch bade Gerásim to sit down and hold his legs, and he talked with him. And, strangely enough, it seemed to him that he felt better while Gerásim was holding his legs.

From that time Iván Ilyitch conceived the idea of sometimes calling Gerásim, and making him hold his legs on his shoulders, and he liked to talk with him. Gerásim did this easily, willingly, simply, and with a goodness of heart that touched Iván Ilyitch. In all other people, good health, strength, vigorous life, affronted Iván Ilyitch; but Gerásim's strength and vigorous life did not affront Iván Ilyitch, but calmed him.

Iván Ilyitch's chief torment was a lie, — the lie somehow accepted by everybody, that he was only sick, but not dying, and that he needed only to be calm, and trust to the doctors, and then somehow he would come out all right. But he knew, that, whatever was done, nothing would come of it, except still more excruciating anguish and death. And this lie tormented him: it tormented him that they were unwilling to acknowledge what all knew as well as he knew, but preferred to lie to him about his terrible situation, and went and made him also a party to this lie. This lie, this lie, it clung to him, even to the very evening of his death; this lie, tending to reduce the strange, solemn act of his death to the same level as visits, curtains, sturgeon for dinner . . . it was horribly painful for Iván Ilyitch.

And strange ! many times, when they were playing this farce for his benefit, he was within a hair's-breadth of shouting at them, —

“Stop your foolish lies ! you know as well as I know that I am dying, and so stop henceforth your foolish lies ! ”

But he never had the spirit to do this. The strange, terrible act of his dissolution, he saw, was reduced by all who surrounded him to the grade of an accidental unpleasantness, often unseemly (when he was regarded as a man who came into the parlor and diffused about him a bad odor), and contrary to those principles of “propriety” which he had served all his life. He saw that no one pitied him, because no one was willing even to appreciate his situation. Only Gerásim appreciated his situation, and pitied him. And, therefore, Iván Ilyitch was contented only when Gerásim was present.

He was contented when Gerásim for whole nights at a time held his legs, and did not care to go to sleep, saying, —

“Don't you trouble yourself, Iván Ilyitch : I shall get sleep enough.”

Or when suddenly, using *thou* instead of *you*, would add, —

“If thou wert not sick . . . but since thou art, why not serve thee ? ”

Gerásim alone did not lie : in every way it was evident that he alone comprehended what the trouble was, and thought it unnecessary to hide it, and simply pitied his sick barin, who was wasting away. He even said directly when Iván Ilyitch wanted to send him off to bed, —

“We shall all die. Then, why should I not serve

you?" he said, meaning by this that he was not troubled by his extra work, for precisely the reason that he was doing it for a dying man, and he hoped, that, when his time came, some one would undertake the same task for him.

Besides this lie, or in consequence of it, Iván Ilyitch felt the greatest torment from the fact that no one pitied him as he longed that they would pity him. At some moments after long agonies he yearned more than all — although he would have been the last to confess it — he yearned for some one to pity him as a sick child is pitied. He longed to be caressed, to be kissed, to be wept for, as a child is caressed and comforted. He knew that he was a magistrate of importance, that his beard was turning gray, and that hence it was impossible; but nevertheless he longed for it. And in his relations with Gerásim, there was something that approached this. And, therefore, his relations with Gerásim comforted him.

Iván Ilyitch would like to weep, would like to be caressed, and had tears shed for him: and here comes his colleague, the member Shebek, and, instead of weeping and being caressed, Iván Ilyitch puts on a serious, stern, melancholy expression of countenance, and with all his energy speaks his opinions concerning the significance of a judgment of cassation, and obstinately stands up for it.

This lie surrounding him, and existing in him, more than all else poisoned Iván Ilyitch's last days.

VIII.

It was morning. It was morning merely because Gerásim had gone, and Piotr, the lackey, had come. He put out the candles, opened one curtain, and began noiselessly to put things to rights. Whether it were morning, whether it were evening, Friday or Sunday, all was a matter of indifference to him, all was one and the same thing. The agonizing, shooting pain, never for an instant appeased; the consciousness of a life hopelessly wasting away, but not yet departed; the same terrible, cursed death coming nearer and nearer, the one reality, and always the same lie, — what matter, then, here, of days, weeks, and hours of the day?"

"Will you not have me bring the tea?"

"He must follow form, and that requires masters to take tea in the morning," he thought; and he said merely, —

"No."

"Wouldn't you like to go over to the divan?"

"He has to put the room in order, and I hinder him: I am uncleanness, disorder!" he thought to himself, and said merely, —

"No: leave me!"

The lackey still bustled about a little. Iván Ilyitch put out his hand. Piotr officiously hastened to him: "What do you command?"

"The watch."

Piotr got the watch, holding it in his palm, and gave it to him.

“Half-past eight. They aren’t up yet?”

“No one at all. Vasili Ivánovitch” (that was his son) “has gone to school, and Praskovia Feódorovna gave orders to wake her up if you asked for her. Do you wish it?”

“No, it is not necessary. — Shall I not try the tea?” he asked himself. “Yes — tea — . . . bring me some.”

Piotr started to go out. Iván Ilyitch felt scared at being left alone. “How can I keep him? Yes, my medicine.”

“Piotr, give me my medicine. Why not? perhaps the medicine may help me yet.”

He took the spoon, sipped it.

“No, there is no help. All this is nonsense and delusion,” he said, as he immediately felt the familiar, mawkish, hopeless taste.

“No, I cannot have any faith in it. But this pain, — why this pain? Would that it might cease for a minute!”

And he began to groan. Piotr came back.

“Nothing — go! Bring the tea.”

Piotr went out. Iván Ilyitch, left alone, began to groan, not so much from the pain, although it was horrible, as from mental anguish.

“Always the same thing, and the same thing; all these endless days and nights. Would it might come very soon! What very soon? Death, blackness? No, no! Any thing rather than death!”

When Piotr came back with the tea on a tray, Iván Ilyitch stared long at him in bewilderment, not comprehending who he was, what he was. Piotr was abashed at this gaze; and when Piotr showed his confusion, Iván Ilyitch came to himself.

"Yes," said he, "the tea; very well, set it down. Only help me to wash, and put on a clean shirt."

And Iván Ilyitch began to perform his toilet. With resting-spells he washed his hands and face, cleaned his teeth, began to comb his hair, and looked into the mirror. It seemed frightful, perfectly frightful, to him, to see how his hair lay flat upon his pale brow.

While he was changing his shirt, he knew that it would be still more frightful if he gazed at his body; and so he did not look at himself. But now it was done. He put on his dressing-gown, wrapped himself in his plaid, and sat down in his easy-chair to take his tea. For a single moment he felt refreshed; but as soon as he began to drink the tea, again that taste, that same pain. He compelled himself to drink it up, and lay down, stretching out his legs. He lay down, and let Piotr go.

Always the same thing. Now a drop of hope gleams, then a sea of despair rises up, and always pain, always melancholy, and always the same monotony. It was terribly melancholy to the lonely man: he longs to call in some one, but he knows in advance that it is still worse when others are present.

"Even morphine again . . . I should forget. I will tell him, tell the doctor, to invent something else. It is impossible, impossible so."

One hour, two, passes in this way. But there! the bell in the corridor. Perhaps 'tis the doctor. Exactly: it is the doctor, fresh, hearty, portly, jovial, with that expression as if he said, "You may feel apprehension of something or other, but we will immediately straighten things out for you."

The doctor knows that this expression is not appropriate here; but he has already put it on once for all,

and he cannot rid himself of it—like a man who has put on his dress-coat in the morning, and gone to make calls.

The doctor rubs his hands with an air of hearty assurance.

“I am cold. A healthy frost. Let me get warm a little,” says he, with just the expression that signifies that all he needs is to wait until he gets warmed a little, and, when he is warmed, then he will straighten things out.

“Well, now, how goes it?”

Iván Ilyitch feels that the doctor wants to say, “How go your little affairs?” but that he feels that it is impossible to say so; and he says, “How did you spend the night?”

Iván Ilyitch looks at the doctor with an expression as though asking the question, “Are you never ashamed of lying?”

But the doctor has no desire to understand his question. And Iván Ilyitch *says*, —

“It was just horrible! The pain does not cease, does not disappear. If you could only give me something for it!”

“That is always the way with you sick folks! Well, now, it seems to me I am warm enough: even the most particular Praskovia Feódorovna would not find any thing to take exception to in my temperature. Well, now,¹ good-by.” And the doctor shakes hands with him.

And, laying aside his former jocularly, the doctor begins with serious mien to examine the sick man, his pulse and temperature, and the tappings, and the auscultation.

¹ *Nu-s.*

Iván Ilyitch knows certainly, and beyond peradventure, that all this is nonsense and foolish deception; but when the doctor, on his knees, leans over toward him, applying his ear, now higher up, now lower down, and with most sapient mien performs various gymnastic evolutions before him, Iván Ilyitch succumbs to him, as once he succumbed to the discourses of the lawyers, even when he knew perfectly well that they were deceiving him, and why they were deceiving him.

The doctor, still on his knees on the divan, was still performing the auscultation, when at the door were heard the rustle of Praskovia Feódorovna's silk dress, and her words of blame to Piotr because she had not been informed of the doctor's visit.

She comes in, kisses her husband, and immediately begins to explain that she had been up a long time; and only through a misunderstanding, she had not been there when the doctor came.

Iván Ilyitch looks at her, observes her from head to foot, and feels a secret indignation at her fairness, and her plumpness, and the propriety of her hands, her neck, her glossy hair, and the brilliancy of her eyes brimming with life. He hates her with all the strength of his soul, and her touch makes him suffer an actual paroxysm of hatred of her.

Her attitude toward him and his malady was the same as before. Just as the doctor had adopted an attitude toward his patients from which he could not depart, so she had adopted one toward him; namely, that he was not doing what he ought to do, and was himself to blame; and she liked to reproach him for this, and she could not change her attitude toward him.

"Now, just see! he does not heed, he does not take his medicine regularly; and, above all, he lies in a position that is surely bad for him, — his feet up."

She related how he made Gerásim hold his legs.

The doctor listened with a disdainfully good-natured smile. "What is to be done about it, pray? These sick folks are always conceiving some such foolishness. But you must let it go."

When the examination was over, the doctor looked at his watch; and then Praskovia Feódorovna declared to Iván Ilyitch, that, whether he was willing or not, she was going that very day to call in the celebrated doctor to come and have an examination and consultation with Mikhail Danilovitch (that was the name of their ordinary doctor).

"Now, don't oppose it, please. I am doing this for my own self," she said ironically, giving him to understand that she did it all for him, and only on this account did not allow him the right to oppose her.

He said nothing, and frowned. He felt that this lie surrounding him was so complicated that it was now hard to escape from it.

She did all this for him, only in her own interest; and she said that she was doing it for him, while she was in reality doing it for herself, as some incredible thing, so that he was forced to take it in its opposite sense.

The celebrated doctor, in fact, came about half-past eleven. Once more they had auscultations; and learned discussions took place before him, or in the next room, about his kidney, about the blind intestine, and questions and answers in such a learned form, that again the place of the real question of life and death, which now alone faced him, was driven away by the question

of the kidney and the blind intestine, which were not acting as became them, and upon which Mikhaïl Danilovitch and the celebrity were to fall instantly, and compel to attend to their duties.

The famous doctor took leave with a serious but not hopeless expression. And in reply to the timid question which Iván Ilyitch's eyes, shining with fear and hope, asked of him, whether there was a possibility of his getting well, it replied that it was impossible to foretell, but there was a possibility.

The look of hope with which Iván Ilyitch followed the doctor was so pathetic that Praskovia Feódorovna, seeing it, even wept, as she went out of the library-door in order to give the celebrated doctor his honorarium.

The raising of his spirits, caused by the doctor's hopefulness, was but temporary. Again the same room, the same pictures, curtains, wall-paper, vials, and his aching, pain-broken body. And Iván Ilyitch began to groan. They gave him a subcutaneous injection, and he forgot it.

When he came to himself, it was beginning to grow dusky. They brought him his dinner. He forced himself to eat a little *bouillon*. And again the same monotony, and again the advancing night.

About seven o'clock, after dinner, Praskovia Feódorovna came into his room, dressed as for a party, with her exuberant bosom swelling in her stays, and with traces of powder on her face. She had already that morning told him that they were going to the theatre. Sarah Bernhardt had come to town, and they had a *lozha* which he had advised their taking.

Now he had forgotten about that, and her toilet offended him. But he concealed his vexation when

he recollected that he himself had insisted on their taking a lozha, and going, on the ground that it would be an instructive, æsthetic enjoyment for the children.

Praskovia Feódorovna came in self-satisfied, but, as it were, feeling a little to blame. She sat down, asked after his health, as he saw, only for the sake of asking, and not so as to learn, knowing that there was nothing to learn, and began to say what was incumbent upon her to say, — that she would not have gone for any thing, but that they had taken the lozha; and that Elen and her daughter and Petrishchef (the examining magistrate, her daughter's betrothed) were going, and it was impossible to let them go alone, but that it would have been more agreeable to her to stay at home with him. Only he should be sure to follow the doctor's prescriptions in her absence.

"Yes — and Feódor Petróvitch" (the bridegroom) "wanted to come in. May he? And Liza?"

"Let them come."

The daughter came in, in evening-dress, with her fair young body, — her body that made his anguish more keen. But she paraded it before him, strong, healthy, evidently in love, and irritated against the disease, the suffering, and death which stood in the way of her happiness.

Feódor Petróvitch also entered, in his dress-coat, with curly hair *à la Cupoul*, with long, sinewy neck tightly incased in a white standing-collar, with a huge white bosom, and his long, muscular legs in tight black trousers, with a white glove on one hand, and with a *klak*.

Immediately behind him came the gymnazistik, in his new uniform, poor little fellow, with gloves on, and

with that terrible blue circle under the eyes, the meaning of which Iván Ilyitch understood.

He always felt a pity for his son. And terrible was his timid and compassionate glance. With the exception of Gerásim, Vása alone, it seemed to Iván Ilyitch, understood and pitied him.

All sat down: again they asked after his health. Silence ensued. Liza asked her mother if she had the opera-glasses. A dispute arose between mother and daughter as to who had mislaid them. It was a disagreeable episode.

Feódor Petróvitch asked Iván Ilyitch if he had seen Sarah Bernhardt. Iván Ilyitch did not at first understand his question, but in a moment he said, —

“No: have you seen her yet?”

“Yes, in ‘Adrienne Lecouvreur.’”

Praskovia Feódorovna said that she was perfectly splendid in it. The daughter disagreed with her. A conversation arose about the grace and realism of her acting, — the same conversation, which is always and forever one and the same thing.

In the midst of the conversation, Feódor Petróvitch glanced at Iván Ilyitch, and grew silent. The others glanced at him, and grew silent. Iván Ilyitch was looking around with gleaming eyes, evidently indignant at them. Some one had to break the silence. No one spoke; and a panic seemed to seize them all, lest suddenly this ceremonial lie should somehow be shattered, and the absolute truth become manifest to all.

Liza was the first to speak. She broke the silence. She wished to hide what all felt, but she simply betrayed it.

“One thing is certain, — *if we are going*, it is time,” she said, glancing at her watch, her father’s gift; and

giving the young man a sign, scarcely perceptible, and yet understood by him, she smiled, and arose in her rustling dress.

All arose, said good-by, and went.

When they had gone, Iván Ilyitch thought that he felt better: there was no more lie; it had gone with them, but the pain remained. Always this same pain: always this same fear made it impossible to lift it, to better it. It grew always and worse.

Again minute after minute dragged by, hour after hour, forever the same monotony, and forever endless, and forever more terrible — the inevitable end.

“Yes, send me Gerásim,” was his reply to Piotr’s question.

IX.

LATE at night his wife returned. She came in on her tiptoes, but he heard her: he opened his eyes, and quickly closed them again. She wanted to send Gerásim away, and sit with him herself. He opened his eyes, and said, —

“No, go away.”

“You suffer very much.”

“It makes no difference.”

“Take some opium.”

He consented, and drank it. She went.

Until three o'clock he was in a state of painful torpor. It seemed to him that they were forcing him cruelly into a narrow black sack, and deep; and they keep crowding him down, but cannot force him in. And this performance, horrible for him, is accompanied with anguish. And he is afraid, and yet wishes to fall through, and struggles against it, and yet tries to help.

And here suddenly he broke through, and fell . . . and awoke. There was Gerásim still sitting at his feet on the bed, dozing peacefully and patiently.

But he is lying there with his emaciated legs in stockings resting on his shoulders, the same candle with its shade, and the same never-ending pain.

“Go away, Gerásim,” he whispered.

“It's nothing: I will sit here a little while.”

“No, go away.”

He took down his legs, lay on his side on his hand,

and began to pity himself. He waited only until Gerásim had gone into the next room, and then he no longer tried to control himself, but wept like a child. He wept over his helplessness, over his terrible loneliness, over the hard-heartedness of men, over the hard-heartedness of God, over the absence of God.

"Why hast Thou done this? Why didst Thou place me here? Was it that Thou mightest torture me so horribly?"

He did not expect any reply; and he wept because there was none, and could not be one. The pain seized him again; but he did not stir, did not call. He said to himself, —

"There, now, again, now strike! But why? What have I done to Thee? Why is it?"

Then he became silent; ceased not only to weep, ceased to breathe, and became all attention: as it were, he heard, not a voice speaking with sounds, but the voice of his soul, the tide of his thoughts arising in him.

"What dost thou need?" was the first clear concept possible to be expressed in words which he heard.

"What dost thou need? What dost thou need?" he said to himself. "What? Freedom from suffering. To live," he replied.

And again he gave his attention, with such effort that already he did not notice his pain.

"To live? how live?" asked the voice of his soul.

"Yes, to live as I used to live — well, pleasantly."

"How didst thou live before when thou didst live well and pleasantly?" asked the voice.

And he began to call up in his imagination the best moments of his pleasant life. But, strangely enough, all these best moments of his pleasant life seemed to

nim absolutely different from what they had seemed then,—all, except the earliest remembrances of his childhood. There, in childhood, was something really pleasant, that would give new zest to life if it were to return. But the person who had enjoyed that pleasant existence was no more: it was as though it were the remembrance concerning some one else.

As soon as the period began which had produced the present *he*, Iván Ilyitch, all the pleasures which seemed such then, now in his eyes dwindled away, and changed into something of no account, and even disgusting.

And the farther he departed from infancy, and the nearer he came to the present, so much the less important and certain were the pleasures.

This began in the law school. There was still something even then that was truly good: then there was gayety, there was friendship, there were hopes. But in the upper classes these good moments became rarer.

Then, in the time of his first service at the governor's, again appeared good moments: these were the recollections of love for a woman. Then all this became confused, and the happy time grew less. The nearer he came to the present, the worse it grew, and still worse and worse it grew.

His marriage . . . so unexpected and disillusionizing, and his wife's breath and sensuality, hypocrisy! And this dead service, and these labors for money; and thus one year, and two, and ten, and twenty,—and always the same thing. And the longer it went, the more dead it became.

“It is as though all the time I were going down the mountain, while thinking that I was climbing it. So it was. According to public opinion, I was climbing the mountain; and all the time my life was gliding

away from under my feet. . . . And here it is already . . . die!

"What is this? Why? It cannot be! It cannot be that life was so irrational, so disgusting. But even if it is so, so disgusting and irrational, still, why die, and die in such agony? There is no reason.

"Can it be that I did not live as I ought?" suddenly came into his head. "But how can that be, when I did all that it was my duty to do?" he asked himself. And immediately he put away this sole explanation of the enigma of life and death as something absolutely impossible.

"What dost thou wish now?—To live? To live how? To live as thou livest in court when the usher¹ proclaims, 'The judgment is coming! the judgment is coming'?"²

"The judgment is coming—the judgment," he repeated to himself. "Here it is, the judgment. Yes; but I am not guilty," he cried with indignation. "What for?"

And he ceased to weep; and, turning his face to the wall, he began to think about that one thing, and that alone. "Why, wherefore, all this horror?"

But, in spite of all his thoughts, he received no answer. And when the thought occurred to him, as it had often occurred to him, that all this came from the fact that he had not lived as he should, he instantly remembered all the correctness of his life, and he drove away this strange thought.

¹ *Sudybnui pristaf.*

² *Sud idyót*,—a preliminary proclamation, like our *oyes*.

X.

THUS two weeks passed. Iván Ilyitch no longer got up from the divan. He did not wish to lie in bed, and he lay on the divan. And, lying almost all the time with his face to the wall, he suffered in solitude all those inexplicable sufferings, and thought in solitude always the same inexplicable thought.

“What is this? Is it true that this is death?”

And an inward voice responded, —

“Yes, it is true.”

“Why these torments?”

And the voice responded, —

“But it is so. There is no why.”

Farther and beyond this, there was nothing.

From the very beginning of his malady, from the time when Iván Ilyitch for the first time went to the doctor, his life was divided into two conflicting tendencies, alternately succeeding each other. Now it was despair, and the expectation of an incomprehensible and frightful death: now it was hope, and the observation of the functional activity of his body, so full of interest for him. Then before his eyes was the kidney, or the intestine, that, for the time being, failed to fulfil its duty. Then it was that incomprehensible, horrible death, from which it was impossible for any one to escape.

These two mental states, from the very beginning of his illness, kept alternating with one another. But

the farther the illness progressed, the more dubious and fantastical became his ideas about the kidney, and the more real his consciousness of approaching death.

He had but to call to mind what he had been three months before, and what he was now, to call to mind with what regularity he had been descending the mountain; and that was sufficient for all possibility of hope to be dispelled.

During the last period of this solitude through which he was passing, as he lay with his face turned to the back of the divan, — a solitude amid a populous city, and amid his numerous circle of friends and family, — a solitude deeper than which could not be found anywhere, either in the depths of the sea, or in the earth, — during the last period of this strange solitude, Iván Ilyitch lived only in the imagination of the past.

One after another, the pictures of his past life arose before him. They always began with the time nearest to the present, and went back to the very remotest, — to his childhood, and there they rested.

Iván Ilyitch remembered the stewed prunes which they gave him to eat that very day; then remembered the raw, puckery French prunes of his childhood, their peculiar taste, and the abundance of saliva caused by the stone. And in connection with these recollections of taste, started a whole series of recollections of that time, — his nurse, his brother, his toys.

“I must not think about these things: it is too painful,” said Iván Ilyitch to himself. And again he transported himself to the present, — the button on the back of the divan, and the wrinkles of the morocco. “Morocco is dear, not durable. There was a quarrel about it. But there was some other morocco, and some

other quarrel, when we tore father's portfolio, and got punished, and mamma brought us some patties."¹

And again his thoughts reverted to childhood; and again it was painful to Iván Ilyitch, and he tried to avoid it, and think of something else.

And again, together with this current of recollections, there passed through his mind another current of recollections about the progress and rise of his disease. Here, also, according as he went back, there was more and more of life. There was more, also, of excellence in life, and more of life itself. And the two were confounded.

"Just as this agony goes from worse to worse, so also all my life has gone from worse to worse," he thought. "One shining point, then, in the distance, in the beginning of life; and then all growing blacker and blacker, swifter and swifter, in inverse proportion to the distance from death," thought Iván Ilyitch.

And the comparison of a stone falling with accelerating rapidity occurred to his mind. Life, a series of increasing tortures, always sped swifter and swifter to the end, — the most horrible torture. "I am flying."

He shuddered, he tossed, he wished to resist it. But he already knows that it is impossible to resist; and again, with eyes weary of looking, but still not able to resist looking at what was before him, he stares at the back of the divan, and awaits, awaits this frightful fall, shock, and destruction.

"It is impossible to resist," he said to himself. "But can I not know the wherefore of it? Even that is impossible. It might be explained by saying that I had not lived as I ought. But it is impossible to acknowledge that," he said to himself, recollecting all

¹ *Proshki.*

the law-abidingness, the uprightness, the propriety of his life.

“It is impossible to admit that,” he said to himself, with a smile on his lips, as though some one were to see that smile of his, and be deceived by it.

“No explanation! torture, death . . . why?”

XI.

THUS passed two weeks. In these weeks, there occurred an event desired by Iván Ilyitch and his wife. Petrishchef made a formal proposal. This took place in the evening. On the next day, Praskovia Feódorovna went to her husband, meditating in what way to explain to him Feódor Petróvitch's proposition; but that very same night, a change for the worse took place in Iván Ilyitch's condition. Praskovia Feódorovna found him on the same divan, but in a new position. He was lying on his back: he was groaning, and looking straight up with a fixed stare.

She began to speak about medicines. He turned his glance upon her. She did not finish saying what she had begun, so great was the hatred against her expressed in that look.

"For Christ's sake, let me die in peace!" said he.

She wanted to go out; but just at this instant the daughter came in, and came near to wish him good-morning. He looked at his daughter as he had looked at his wife, and, in reply to her questions about his health, told her dryly that he would quickly relieve them all of his presence. Neither mother nor daughter said any thing more; but they sat a few moments longer, and then went out.

"What are we to blame for?" said Liza to her mother. "As if we had made him so! I am sorry for papa, but why should he torment us?"

At the usual time the doctor came. Iván Ilyitch answered "yes," "no," not changing his expression of exasperation; and at last he said, —

"Here, you know that you don't help any, so leave me!"

"We can appease your sufferings," said the doctor.

"You cannot even do that: leave me!"

The doctor went into the sitting-room, and advised Praskovia Feódorovna that it was very serious, and that there was only one means — opium — of appeasing his sufferings, which must be terrible.

The doctor said that his physical sufferings were terrible, and this was true; but more terrible than his physical sufferings were his moral sufferings, and in this was his chief torment.

His moral sufferings consisted in the fact that that very night, as he looked at Gerásim's sleepy, benevolent face, with its high cheek-bones, it had suddenly come into his head, "But how is it if in reality my whole life, my conscious life, has been wrong?"¹

It came into his head that what had shortly before presented itself to him as an absolute impossibility, — that he had not lived his life as he ought, — might be true. It came into his head that the scarcely recognizable, desires to struggle against what men highest in position considered good, — desires scarcely recognizable, which he had immediately banished, — might be true, and all the rest might be wrong. And his service, and his course of life, and his family, and these interests of society and office — all this might be false.

He endeavored to defend all this before himself. And suddenly he realized all the weakness of what he was defending. And there was nothing to defend.

¹ *Nyé to.*

"But if this is so," he said to himself, "and I am departing from life with the consciousness that I have wasted all that was given me, and that it is impossible to rectify it, what then?"

He lay flat on his back, and began entirely anew to examine his whole life.

When in the morning he saw the lackey, then his wife, then his daughter, then the doctor, each one of their motions, each one of their words, confirmed for him the terrible truth which had been disclosed to him that night. He saw in them himself, all that for which he had lived; and he saw clearly that all this was wrong, all this was a terrible, monstrous lie, concealing both life and death.

This consciousness increased, added tenfold to, his physical sufferings. He groaned and tossed, and threw off the clothes. It seemed to him that they choked him, and loaded him down.

And this is why he detested them.

They gave him a great dose of opium: he became unconscious, but at dinner-time the same thing began again. He drove them from him, and threw himself from place to place.

His wife came to him, and said, "Jean, darling,¹ do this for me (*for me!*). It cannot do any harm, and sometimes it helps. It is a mere nothing, you see. And often well people try it."

He opened his eyes wide.

"What? Take the sacrament? Why? It's not necessary. But, however" . . .

She burst into tears.

"Will you, my dear? I will get our priest. He is so sweet!"

"Excellent! very good," he continued.

¹ *Galubchik*; literally, little pigeon.

When the priest came, and confessed him, he became calmer, felt, as it were, an alleviation of his doubts, and consequently of his sufferings; and there came a moment of hope. He again began to think about the blind intestine and the possibility of curing it. He took the sacrament with tears in his eyes.

When they put him to bed after the sacrament, he felt comfortable for the moment, and once more hope of life appeared. He began to think of the operation which they had proposed.

“I want to live, to live,” he said to himself.

His wife came to congratulate him. She said the customary words, and added, —

“You feel better, don’t you?”

Without looking at her, he said, —

“Yes.”

Her hope, her temperament, the expression of her face, the sound of her voice, all said to him one thing, —

“Wrong! all that for which thou hast lived, and thou livest, is falsehood, deception, hiding from thee life and death.”

And as soon as he expressed this thought, his exasperation returned, and, together with his exasperation, the physical, tormenting agony; and with the agony, the consciousness of inevitable death close at hand. Something new took place: it seemed as if a screw were being driven into him, as if a shot were fired at him, and his breathing was constricted.

The expression of his face, when he said “yes,” was terrible. After he had said that “yes,” he looked straight into her face, and then threw himself on his face with extraordinary quickness for one in his weak state, and cried, —

“Go away! go away! leave me!”

XII.

From that moment began that shriek that did not cease for three days, and was so terrible, that, when it was heard two rooms away, it was impossible to hear it without terror. At the moment that he answered his wife, he felt that he was lost, that there was no return, that the end had come, absolutely the end, and the question was not settled, but remained a question.

"U! uu! u!" he cried in varying intonations. He began to shriek, "*N'yékhochú*" ("I won't"); and thus he kept up the cry on the letter *u*.

Three whole days, during which for him there was no time, he struggled in that black sack wherein an invisible, invincible power was thrusting him. He fought as one condemned to death fights in the hands of the hangman, knowing that he cannot save himself, and at every moment he felt, that, notwithstanding all the violence of his struggle, he was nearer and nearer to that which terrified him. He felt that his suffering consisted, both in the fact that he was being thrust into that black hole, and still more that he could not make his way through into it. What hindered him from making his way through was the confession that his life had been good. This justification of his life caught him, and did not let him advance, and above all tormented him.

Suddenly some force knocked him in the breast, in the side, still more forcibly compressed his breath: he

was hurled through the hole, and there at the bottom of the hole some light seemed to shine upon him. It happened to him as it sometimes does on a railway carriage when you think that you are going forward, but are really going backward, and suddenly recognize the true direction.

"Yes, all was wrong,"¹ he said to himself; "but that is nothing. I might, I might have done right. What is right (*to*)?" he asked himself, and suddenly stopped.

This was at the end of the third day, at the hour of his death. At this very same time the little student² noiselessly stole into his father's room, and approached his bed. The moribund was continually shrieking desperately, and tossing his arms. His hand struck upon the little student's head. The little student seized it, pressed it to his lips, and burst into tears.

It was at this very same time that Iván Ilyitch fell through, saw the light, and it was revealed to him that his life had not been as it ought, but that still it was possible to repair it. He was just asking himself "What is right?" and stopped to listen. Then he felt that some one was kissing his hand. He opened his eyes, and looked at his son. He felt sorry for him. His wife came to him. He looked at her. With open mouth, and with her nose and cheeks wet with tears, with an expression of despair, she was looking at him. He felt sorry for her.

"Yes, I am a torment to them," he thought. "I am sorry for them, but they will be better off when I am dead."

He wanted to express this, but he had not the strength to say it.

¹ *N'yé to.*

² *Gimnazistik.*

"However, why should I say it? I must do it."

He pointed out his son to his wife by a glance, and said, "Take him away. . . . I am sorry . . . and for thee."

He wanted to say also, "*Prosti*" ("Forgive"), but he said "*Propústi*" ("Let it pass"); and, not having the strength to correct himself, he waved his hand, knowing that he would comprehend who had the right.

And suddenly it became clear to him, that what oppressed him, and was hidden from him, suddenly was lighted up for him all at once, and on two sides, on ten sides, on all sides.

He felt sorry for them: he felt that he must do something to make it less painful for them. To free them, and free himself, from these torments, "How good and how simple!" he thought.

"But the pain," he asked himself, "where is it? — Here, now,¹ where art thou, pain?"

He began to listen. "Yes, here it is! Well, then,² do your worst, pain!"

"And death? where is it?"

He tried to find his former customary fear of death, and could not.

"Where is death? What is it?"

There was no fear, because there was no death.

In place of death was light!

"Here is something like!" he suddenly said aloud. "What joy!"

For him all this passed in a single instant, and the significance of this instant did not vary.

For those who stood by his side, his death-agony was prolonged two hours more. In his breast something bubbled up, his emaciated body shuddered. Then

¹ *Nu ka.*

² *Nu chionh.*

more and more rarely came the bubbling and the rattling. "It is all over," said some one above him.

He heard these words, and repeated them in his soul.

"It is over! death!" he said to himself. "It does not exist more." He drew in one more breath, stopped in the midst, stretched himself, and died.

IF YOU NEGLECT THE FIRE, YOU DON'T PUT IT OUT.

"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?"

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.

Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants.

And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents.

But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made.

The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt.

But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellowservants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest.

And his fellowservant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all.

And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt.

So when his fellowservants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done.

Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me:

Shouldest not thou also have had compassion on thy fellowservant even as I had pity on thee?

And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him.

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses." — MATT. xviii. 21-35.

IVÁN SHCHERBAKÓF, a peasant, lived in the country. He lived well. He had perfect health, he was the best workman in the village, and he had three sons grown

up: one was married, one was engaged, and the third was a lad who was just beginning to tend the horses and plough. His old wife, Ivánova, was a clever *baba*, and a good housekeeper; and the daughter-in-law was peaceful and industrious. All that Iván had to do was to live with his family. The only idle mouth in his household was his infirm old father. (For six years he had been lying on the oven, suffering from asthma.) Iván had plenty of every thing: he had three horses and a colt, a cow with a calf, and fifteen sheep. The *babas* not only mended their husbands' clothes, but made them, and also worked in the field: the *muzhíks* worked like true peasants. The old grain held out till the new came. They paid their taxes, and supplied all their necessities, with their oat-crop. All Iván had to do was to live with his children.

But in the next *dvor* lived Iván's neighbor, Gavriilo, a cripple, the son of Gordyéi Ivánof. And a quarrel arose between them.

As long as the old Gordyéi was alive, and Iván's father was manager, the *muzhíks* lived like exemplary neighbors. If the *babas* needed a sifter or a tub, or the *muzhíks* needed a corn-cloth or a new wheel, they would send from one yard to the other, and, like good neighbors, accommodate each other. If a calf broke into the threshing-floor, they would drive it out, and only say, "Look out, don't let him come in again: we have not moved the corn yet." But as for hiding or locking things up, either the threshing-floor or the shed, or quarrelling, such things never happened.

Thus they got along while the old folks were alive. But when the next generation took the reins, a new state of things came about.

The whole trouble arose from a trifle.

A little hen belonging to Iván's daughter-in-law took to laying early in the season. The young wife began to collect the eggs for Easter. Every day she went after the eggs to the wagon-box that stood in the shed. But the children, it seems, scared the hen, which flew over the fence into the neighbor's yard, and there began to lay. The young woman heard the little hen cackling: she thinks, "I haven't time now: I must clean up the izbá¹ against the holidays. I'll go and get it by and by. In the evening she went to the shed, to the wagon-box: not a sign of an egg. The molodáika began to ask her mother-in-law and her brother-in-law if they had taken any out. "No," say they, "we haven't." But Taraska, the smallest brother-in-law, says, —

"Your bantam has been laying over in the next yard. She was cackling over there, and she came flying back from there."

And the molodáika looked at her bantam: she was sitting next the cockerel on the roost; her eyes were already shut; she was just going to sleep. And she would have asked her where she had been laying, if the hen could only have answered. And the molodáika went over to her neighbors. The old woman came to the door.

"What do you want, mólodka?"

"Well," says she, "báushka,² my little bantam flew over into your yard to-day. I wonder if she didn't lay an egg?"

"We haven't seen it at all. Our own hens, thank God, have been laying this long time. We gathered up our own, but we don't need other folks's. We, my

¹ Peasant's cottage.

² Báushka, for bábushka, old woman or grandmother.

little girl, never go into strangers' yards to collect eggs."

This was an insult to the *molodáika*; she said things that she ought not: the neighbor replied in the same way, and the *babas* began to berate each other. Ivánof's wife came out after water, and she also put in her word. Gavrílo's wife rushed out of the room, began to blame her neighbor: she recalled things that had happened, and added things that had never happened. A regular thunder-storm ensued.

All screamed at once, and tried to say two words at a time. Yes, and the words were all bad: "You are such and such," "you are a thief," "you are a trollop," "you starve your old father-in-law," "you are a beast."

"And you mean little beggar that you are, you made a hole in my sieve!" — "And you've got our bucket-yoke.¹ I want it back again." They caught hold of the bucket-yoke, spilt the water, tore off each other's shawls, and began to fight.

Just here Gavrílo came in from the field, and took his baba's part. Iván and his son rushed over, and they all fell in a heap. Iván was a strong *muzhík*, and threw them all in different directions. He tore out a handful of Gavrílo's whiskers. A crowd collected, and it was hard to separate them.

This was the beginning of it.

Gavrílo wrapped up his bunch of whiskers in a piece of writing-paper, and brought suit in the district court.

"I did not grow it," says he, "for the sake of letting that pigheaded Vánka pull it out."

And his wife kept telling her neighbors that now they would get Iván into a scrape, send him to Siberia; and so the quarrel went on.

¹ *Koromutelo*, the yoke which is used for carrying water.

From the very first day the old man, as he lay on the oven, tried to pacify them; but the young people would not listen to him. He said to them, —

“Children, you are acting foolishly; and it was from a piece of foolishness that the whole thing started. Just think, the whole trouble is about an egg! Suppose the children did pick up the little egg. Why, let them have it.¹ One egg isn't worth much. God has plenty for all. Well, suppose she did say a bad word; you ought to have corrected it; you ought to have taught her to say better things. Well, you've had your fight—we are all sinners! Such things happen. Now go and make it up, and all will be forgotten! But, if you act out of spite, things will go from bad to worse for you.”

The younger ones did not listen: they thought the old man was talking nonsense, and was only grumbling, as old men are apt to do.

Iván did not give in to his neighbor.

“I did not pull his whiskers,” says he, “he pulled them himself; but his son tore out all my eye-hooks, and tore the shirt off my back. Just look at it!”

And Iván also went to court. The case was tried before the magistrate and at the district court. While they were at law, a bolt was missing from Gavrílo's telyéga. Gavrílo's babas accused Iván's son of stealing it.

“We ourselves saw him go by the window,” they said, “on his way to the telyéga; and the godmother said that he stopped at the tavern, and tried to sell the bolt to the tavern-keeper.”

Another suit was begun; and at home every day, there was a new quarrel, a new fight. The little children,

¹ Literally, “*Nu!* God be with them!”

imitating their elders, quarrelled ; and the babas, when they met at the river, did not pound so much with their paddles as they clacked with their tongues, and all to no good.

At first the muzhíks only accused each other, but in course of time they actually began to steal whatever happened to be lying round. And the women and children also learned to do the same. Their lives grew constantly worse and worse.

Iván Shcherbakóf and Gavrílo the cripple had their cases tried before the commune, and in the district court, and before the justice of the peace, until all the judges were weary of it : either Gavrílo had Iván fined and put into jail, or Iván would do the same to Gavrílo. And the more harm they did to each other, the angrier they became. When dogs get to fighting, the more they tear each other, the more desperate they become. If some one pounds the dog from behind, he thinks it is the other dog that is biting, and grows madder still. So it was with these muzhíks. They went ahead with their lawsuits : either one or the other would get punished by fine or arrest ; and for all that, their hearts were filled with still greater hatred.

“Just wait ! I’ll get even with you yet !”

Thus their affairs dragged on for six years. Still the old man on the oven kept saying the same thing. He used to try to reason with them : —

“What are you doing, children ? Drop all these doings ; don’t neglect your business, and don’t bear malice ; it will be much better. For the angrier you get, the worse it becomes.”

They pay no attention to the old man.

On the seventh year it came to pass that at a wedding, Iván’s daughter-in-law insulted Gavrílo in the

presence of the people. She began to accuse him of horse-stealing. Gavrílo was drunk; he could not control his temper, and he struck the baba; he hit her so hard that she was confined to her bed for a whole week, for she was a rather stout baba. Iván was glad of the occurrence, and he went for a warrant at the magistrate's.

"Now," thinks he, "I shall square accounts with my neighbor: he shall not escape prison or Siberia." But again Iván lost his case. The magistrate did not accept his petition: the baba was examined; when the baba got up, there were no marks at all on her. Iván went to the justice of the peace, and the latter transferred the case to the district court. Iván began to bother the volost: he drank up two or three gallons of mead with the secretary and the elder,¹ and he succeeded in having Gavrílo sentenced to be whipped. They read the sentence to Gavrílo in court. The secretary read it:—

"The court has decided that the peasant Gavrílo Gordyéef is to be punished with twenty lashes in presence of the court."

Iván also listens to the sentence, and looks at Gavrílo:—"Now, what will become of him?" Gavrílo listened to it, turned as white as a sheet, turned around, and went out into the ante-chamber. Iván followed him, started to go to his horse; but he heard Gavrílo saying,—

"All right," says he: "he will lash my back; it will burn: but something worse may happen to him."

Iván heard these words, and immediately turned to the judges.

"Just judges! he has threatened to set my house

¹ *Starshind.*

on fire! Listen: he said it in the presence of witnesses!"

Gavrilo was called back.

"Is it true you said so?"

"I said nothing. Lash me, since you have the power. It seems that I am the only one to suffer, though I am right; but he's allowed to do any thing."

Gavrilo wanted to say more, but his lips and cheeks began to tremble. And he turned his face to the partition. Even the judges were frightened as they looked at Gavrilo. "Now," they think, "suppose he actually makes up his mind to do some harm to his neighbor or himself." And the little old judge began to speak:—

"See here, brothers! you had better make up your minds to become friends again. You, brother Gavrilo, did you do right in striking the stout baba? It is fortunate for you that God spared her, else what a sin you would have committed. Was it right? Confess, and ask his pardon, and he will forgive you. Then we'll change the sentence."

When the secretary heard it, he said, "This cannot be done, because, according to the 117th article, there was no peaceful settlement; but the judge's sentence was passed, and the sentence must be carried out."

But the judge did not heed the secretary. "Your tongue has itched to speak long enough. There is only one article, and that is the first, Remember God; and God has commanded that you become reconciled." And again the judge tried to persuade the muzhiks, but his words were in vain. Gavrilo paid no heed to his words.

"I am almost fifty years old," he says. "I have a married son, and I was never beaten in all my life; but now this pig-headed Vanka has brought me under the

lash, and yet I am to ask his forgiveness, am I? Well — it will — let Vanka look out for me!”

Gavrilo's voice trembled again: he could talk no longer. He turned around and went out.

It was ten versts from the court-house to the door, and it was late when Iván went home. The babas had already gone to get the cattle. He unharnessed his horses, put things away, and went into the house. There was no one in the izbá. The children had not yet returned from the field, and the babas were after the cattle. Iván went in, sat down on the bench, and became lost in thought.

He remembered how the sentence was read to Gavrilo, and how he turned pale, and faced the partition; and his heart felt oppressed. He imagined himself in the same position, about to receive the punishment of lashes. And he began to pity Gavrilo. And he heard the old man coughing on the oven, then shifting from side to side, stretching out his legs, and then clambering down to the floor. The old man clambered down, dragged himself to the bench, and sat down. The old man found it hard to drag himself to the bench; he coughed and coughed; and when his coughing-fit was over, he leaned his elbows on the table, and says, —

“Well, was he sentenced?”

Iván says, —

“Sentenced to twenty lashes.”

The old man shook his head.

“You are doing wrong, Iván!” says he. “Akh! wrong! Not to him, but to yourself, you are doing wrong. Now, suppose they lash his back: will it do you any good?”

“He won't do it any more,” said Iván.

"What won't he do any more? Is he doing any thing worse than you do?"

"Do you want to know what he has done to me?" asked Iván. "Why, he nearly killed the baba, and even now he threatened to set the house on fire! Why must I beg his pardon for it?"

The old man sighed, and said, —

"This whole free world is open for you, Iván, to come and go upon; and because I have been lying on the oven for these last few years, you must think that you see all, and I see nothing. No, young man, you see nothing at all: anger has blinded your eyes. The faults of others are before you, but your own are behind your back. You say he did wrong: if he were the only man to do wrong, then there would be no wickedness in the world. Does wrong arise among people on account of one man? There must be two in a quarrel. You can see his sins, but you can't see your own. Had he been the only one to do wrong, and you had done right, there would have been no quarrel. Who pulled out his beard? Who threw down his hay-rick? Who dragged him around in the courts? And yet you blame him for every thing! Your own life is wrong, and that is bad. That isn't the way I used to live, brother: that isn't what I taught you. Is that the way that the old man — his father — and I used to live? How did we live? Like good neighbors. If he was out of flour, the baba would come — 'Uncle Frol, we are out of flour.' — 'Just go to the closet, young woman, and get what you need.' He had no one to tend to the horses — 'Go, Ványatka,¹ and take care of his horses.' And whatever I am short of, I go to him — 'Uncle Gordyëi, I need such and such a thing.' — 'Take it, uncle Frol!' And so it used to

¹ Diminished diminutive of Iván.

go with us. And it used to be the same nice way with you. And how is it now? Now, a soldier was telling about Plevna: well, your quarrel is worse than that of Plevna. Is this living? It's a sin! You are a muzhík, you are master of a house. You will have to answer for it. What are you teaching your babas and children to do? To fight like dogs! The other day, Taraska, that dirty-nosed rascal, was abusing aunt Arina and her mother's memory, and his own mother was enjoying it. Is that good? You'll have to answer for it. Just think about your soul. Ought things to go on this way? You give me a word — I give you two back: you give me a slap — I give back two. No, my dear. Christ went about on earth, but he did not teach us fools such things. If a word is said to you, hold your peace: his own conscience will accuse him. That is the way he taught us, bátiushka. If any one slap you, turn the other cheek: 'Here, strike, if I am worth it.' And his conscience will prick him. He will be disarmed, and will hear what you have to say. That is the way He commanded us, but not to be stiff-necked. Why don't you say something? am I not telling you the truth?"

Iván is silent — he is listening.

The old man had a fit of coughing; raised some phlegm, and began to speak again.

"Do you think that what Christ taught us is wrong? It was intended for us for our good. Think about your earthly life: has it been good, or bad, for you since this Plevna began between you? Just count up how much you have lost by these lawsuits, your travelling expenses, and all you have spent in eating. Those sons of yours are growing like young eagles: you ought to be living and enjoying life, and 'climb the mountain;'

and here you are losing what you have! And why is it? It is all for nothing! All because of your pride! You ought to go with your children, and work in the field, and do the planting yourself; but the Devil drives you off, either to the judge or to the pettifogger. You are late in getting up, you don't plant at the right time, and *mátushka* Earth does not bring forth her fruit. Why were there no oats this year? When did you sow them? When you came from town! And what did you gain? You got up to your neck! Ekh! you foolish fellow! just attend to business. Work with your boys in the field and in the house: and if any one insults you, then forgive them in God's name; and you will be far better off, and your heart will feel much easier."

Iván said nothing.

"Just see here, Ványa! Listen to me: I am an old man. Go and harness the roan, go right back to court again, have all your cases dismissed, and in the morning go to Gavrílo, beg his forgiveness in God's name, invite him to the house, — to-morrow is a holiday (this happened to be Christmas Eve), — light the *sam-ovarchik*,¹ bring out a bottle, and clear up all the sins so that they may not happen again, and tell the *babas* and the children to do the same."

Iván sighed, and thinks, "The old man says right," and his heart softened: only he does not know how to begin, how to become reconciled now.

And the old man began again, as though he read his thoughts.

"Go ahead, Ványa! don't put it off. Put out the fire when it first begins; but when it burns up, it is hard to do it."

¹ Little tea-urn.

The old man started to say something more, but he did not finish: the babas came into the izbá, and it sounded like a convention of crows. All the news had reached them, — how Gavrílo had been sentenced to be lashed, and how he had threatened to set their house on fire. They had heard every thing, and they made their own additions; and they had already succeeded in getting into a quarrel with Gavrílo's babas, in the pasture.

They began to tell how Gavrílo's daughter-in-law had threatened to set the marshal on them. The marshal, it seems, takes Gavrílo's part. He will reverse the whole case: and the school-teacher, it seems, had written a second petition to the tsar himself, against Iván, and put in the petition all the things, about the bolt, and about the garden, and half of the farm would now be given to them. As Iván listened to their speeches, his heart grew hard again, and he changed his mind about becoming reconciled with Gavrílo.

The farmer always has many things to do about his dvor. Iván did not care to talk to the babas, so he got up and left the izbá: he went to the threshing-floor and to the shed. Before he had finished his work, and returned to the door, the little sun was already set: the boys, too, had come in from the field. They were preparing to plough for the spring-corn. Iván met them, asked them about their work; he helped them put away their tools, laid aside the torn horse-collar; he was going also to put away the poles under the shed, but it had already become quite dark.

Iván left the poles till the next day, but he fed the cattle: he opened the gates, and let Taraska take his horses to the pasture for the night, and shut them again, set up the gate-pole. "Now for supper and bed,"

thought Iván, as he picked up the torn collar, and went into the izbá.

By this time he had forgotten all about Gavrílo, and all that his father had said to him. He had scarcely taken hold of the door-knob, and entered the vestibule, when he heard his neighbor from behind the fence scolding some one in a hoarse voice. "Who in the Devil is Gavrílo pitching into now?"

"He ought to be killed!"

When Iván heard these words, all his former anger against his neighbor arose in him. He stood for a while and listened while Gavrílo was scolding. When Gavrílo became quiet, Iván went into the izbá. He entered the izbá. The izbá was lighted up. The molo-dáika was sitting in one corner with her spinning-wheel, the old woman was getting supper, the oldest son was twisting cloth around his *lapti*.¹ The second one was sitting by the table with a little book. Taráska was going out for the night.

In the izbá, all had been pleasant, comfortable, if it had not been for this bad neighbor.

Iván came in angry, pushed the cat from the bench, scolded the babas because the slop-pail wasn't in the right place. Iván felt blue; he sat down, frowned, and began to mend the horse-collar; and Gavrílo's words kept rising in his mind, how he threatened him at court, and how he just now shouted in a hoarse voice about some one, "He ought to be killed!"

The old woman prepared supper for Taraska: he ate it, put on his sheep-skin shubyónka, his kaftan, put on

¹ *Lapti* are the wooden sandals worn by the peasants of Great Russia and White Russia instead of boots; the leg being wrapped up in rags or cloths, and fastened with strings. One of the Russian poets sings, "*Staranie sapogi, lapki gulaiut*;" — "Away with boots, let the *lapti* have full sway;" that is, the peasant will sometime have his share in the world's fun."

his belt, took some bread, and went out to his horses. His older brother intended to see him out; but Iván rose, and went to the front steps. It was already dusky on the street; it was beginning to grow quite dark; the clouds covered the sky, and a wind sprung up. Iván descended the steps, helped his son to mount, stirred up the little colt, then he stood for a while looking and listening as Tariska galloped down through the village, as he greeted the other boys, and as they all went out of hearing distance. Iván stood long at the gate, and Gavriló's words did not leave his mind: "Something worse may happen to you."

"He would not take pity on himself," thought Iván. "Every thing is dried up, and there is a wind besides. He might get in from the rear, start a fire, and all would be up with us: the villain might burn us up, and not get caught. Now, if I could only catch him, he would not get off so easy."

And thus it occurred to Iván not to go back by the front way; but he went straight into the street, and hid in a corner behind the gate.

"No, I'll go round the dvor. Who knows what he's up to now?"

And Iván crept quietly alongside of the gates. Just as he turned around the corner, and looked in the direction of the fence, it seemed to him that he saw something move in the corner, as though some one stuck his head out, and then hid again.

Iván stood still, and held his breath. He listened, and strained his eyes; all was quiet; only the wind was rustling the little leaves on the twigs, and whistling in the straw-heap. Sometimes it was as dark as a pocket.¹ And then, again, his eyes got accustomed to

¹ Literally, "as though an eye were taken out."

the darkness ; and Iván could see the whole corner, and the soklia-plough, and the sloping roof. He stood for a while, and gazed, but there was no one to be seen.

“It must have been a deception,” thought Iván : “still, I will make a turn around.” And he went stealthily alongside the shed. Iván crept softly, in his sabots, so that he himself could not hear his own steps. He reached the corner, and lo ! at the very farther end something near the plough flashed up and instantly vanished again. A pang seized Iván’s heart, and he stood still. He had scarcely stopped before a brighter light flashed up in the same place, and a man with a cap on was plainly seen squatting down with his back turned, and was trying to kindle a bundle of straw that he held in his hand.

Iván’s heart began to flutter like a bird ; and he braced himself up, and advanced with long steps, but so cautiously that he himself could not hear them.

“Now,” says he to himself, “I’ve got him now : I’ve caught him in the very act.”

But before Iván had gone two more steps, suddenly something flared up brightly, — brightly, but in an entirely different place ; and it was no small fire, either : and the straw blazed up under the pent-roof, and began to spread toward the house ; and then Gavrílo was seen standing in the light.

Like a hawk on a sparrow, Iván threw himself on the cripple.

“I’ll choke the life out of him ! he won’t escape me this time,” he says to himself. But the cripple must have heard his steps : he looked around, and, in spite of his lameness, leaped like a rabbit toward the shed.

"You sha'n't escape!" shouted Iván, and he flew after him.

But just as he was about to get him by the collar, Gavriło slipped from under his hand, and Iván caught him by the coat-tail. The coat-tail tore out, and Iván fell. Iván leaped to his feet. "Help! Catch him!" And he started after him again.

But, by the time he got to his feet, Gavriło was already at his own dvor; but Iván caught up with him, even then. But, as he tried to lay hands on him, something struck him on the head, as though a stone had hit his temple. It was Gavriło, who had picked up an oak stave; and when Iván came up to him, he struck him on the head with all his force.

Iván saw stars; every thing grew dark; he staggered, and fell senseless. When he came to, Gavriło was gone; it was as light as day; in the direction of his yard, there was a noise like a machine, a crackling and roaring. Iván turned around, and saw that the back-shed was already gone, that the side-shed was on fire, and the flame and smoke and burning straw were drifting toward the izbá.

"What does this mean? Heavens and earth, *bratsui!*"¹ exclaimed Iván, lifting his hand, and slapping his thigh. "All it needs, is to pull down the pent-roof, and trample it out. What does it mean, *bratsui?*" he repeated.

He tried to shout, but he had no breath: his voice stuck in his throat. He tried to run, but his feet refused to move: they tripped each other up. He merely walked and staggered: again his breath failed him. He stood for a moment, got his wind, and then started again. While he was making his way round

¹ *Bratsui*, literally brothers.

to the shed, and getting to the fire, the side-shed also burned to the ground, and the corner of the izbá and the gates caught fire. The flames poured up from the izbá, and all entrance to the door was cut off. A great crowd gathered, but nothing could be done. The neighbors were carrying out their own effects, and driving their cattle out of their yards.

After Iván's dvor had burned up, Gavrílo's took fire: the wind arose, and carried the fire across the street. Half the village was destroyed.

From Iván's house the old man was rescued with difficulty, and his people rushed out with only the clothes they had on. Every thing else was burned, with the exception of the horses, that had gone to the night-pasture. All the cattle were destroyed. The poultry were burned on their roosts: the telyégas, the ploughs, the harrows, the women's boxes, the corn and wheat in the granary, every thing was destroyed.

Gavrílo's cattle were rescued, and a few of his effects were removed in safety.

The fire lasted all night long. Iván stood by his dvor, and gazed, and kept repeating, "What does this mean? Heavens and earth! All it needs, is to pull it down, and trample it out."

But, when the ceiling of his izbá fell in, he crept up close to the fire, caught hold of a burning beam, and tried to pull it out. The babas saw him, and began to call him back; but he pulled the beam out, and went back after another, but staggered, and fell into the fire.

Then his son dashed in after him, and pulled him out. Iván's beard and hair were burned off, his clothes were scorched, his hands were ruined, and yet he did not notice it. "He has lost his wits from grief," said the crowd.

The fire began to die down ; and Iván still stood in the same place, and kept repeating, "Heavens and earth ! Only pull it down !"

In the morning the stárosta sent his son after Iván.

"Uncle Iván, your father is dying : he wants you to come and say good-by."

Iván had forgotten all about his father, and did not comprehend what they said to him.

"What father?" says he : "wants whom?"

"He wants you to come and bid him good-by : he is dying in our izbá. Come, let us go, uncle Iván," said the village elder's son, and took him by the hand. Iván followed the stárosta's son.

The old man, when he was rescued, was surrounded by burning straw, and was badly burned. He was taken to the stárosta's, at the farther end of the village. That part of the village was not burned.

When Iván came to his father, there was no one in the izbá except a little old woman, — the stárosta's wife, — and some children on the oven. All the rest were at the fire. The old man was lying on the bench with a little candle in his hand, and was gazing at the door. When his son entered, he started. The old woman went to him, and told him that his son had come. He asked him to come nearer. Iván approached, and the old man said, —

"Well, Ványatka," he said, "I told you so. Who burned up the village?"

"He, bátíushka," said Iván. "I myself caught him at it. Right before my eyes he touched off the roof. All I needed to do, was to pull out the bunch of burning straw, trample it down, and it would never have happened."

"Iván," said the old man, "my death has come : you, too, will have to die. Whose sin is it?"

Iván looked at his father, and said nothing. He could not utter a word.

"Tell me in God's presence! Whose sin was it? What did I tell you?"

Only at this moment Iván came to himself, and comprehended all. He began to snuffle with his nose, and said, —

"Mine, bátiushka!" and he fell on his knees before his father, began to weep, and said, —

"Forgive me, bátiushka : I am guilty before you and before God."

The old man waved his hands, took the candle in his left, and pointed with his right to his forehead ; tried to cross himself, but failed to lift it high enough, and stopped short.

"Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!" he said, and then he looked sternly at his son.

"But Vánka, Vánka!"

"What is it, bátiushka?"

"What ought you to do now?"

Iván kept on weeping.

"I don't know, bátiushka," he said. "How are we going to live now, bátiushka?"

The old man shut his eyes, moved his lips, as though trying to gather his strength ; and then he opened his eyes again, and said, "You will get along ! if you live with God — you will get along."

The old man stopped speaking, and smiled, and said, "Look, Ványa ! don't tell who set the fire. Hide your neighbor's sin, and God will forgive two sins."

The old man took the candle in both his hands, held

them crossed on his breast, sighed, stretched himself, and died.

Iván did not expose Gavrílo, and no one knew who set the fire.

And Iván's heart grew soft toward Gavrílo, and Gavrílo was surprised because Iván did not tell any one about him. At first Gavrílo was afraid of him, but afterwards he got accustomed to it. The muzhíks ceased to quarrel, their families also. While they were rebuilding, both families lived in one dvor; and when the village was restored, and the dvors were put at a greater distance apart, Iván and Gavrílo again became neighbors in one nest.

And Iván and Gavrílo lived in neighborly fashion, just as the old men used to live. And Iván Shcherbakóf remembers the old man's advice, and God's proof that a fire ought to be quenched at the beginning.

And if any one does him harm, he does not try to retaliate, but he tries to arrange things; and if any one calls him a bad name, he does not try to outdo him in his reply, but he tries to teach him not to say bad things; and thus he teaches his babas and children; and thus Iván Shcherbakóf reformed, and began to live better than before.

WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS ALSO.

1885.

IN the city lived Martuin Avdyéitch, a shoemaker. He lived in a basement, in a little room with one window. The window looked out on the street. Through the window he used to watch the people passing by: although only their feet could be seen, yet by the boots Martuin Avdyéitch recognized their owners. Martuin Avdyéitch had lived long in one place, and had many acquaintances. Few pairs of boots in his district had not been in his hands once and again. Some he would half-sole, some he would patch, some he would stitch around, and occasionally he would also put on new uppers. And through the window he quite often recognized his work. Avdyéitch had plenty to do, because he was a faithful workman, used good material, did not make exorbitant charges, and kept his word. If he can finish an order by a certain time, he accepts it: if not, he will not deceive you, — he tells you so beforehand. And all knew Avdyéitch, and he was never out of work.

Avdyéitch had always been a good man; but as he grew old, he began to think more about his soul, and get nearer to God. Martuin's wife had died when he was still living with his master. His wife left him a boy three years old. None of their other children had

lived. All the eldest had died in childhood. Martuin at first intended to send his little son to his sister in the village, but afterwards he felt sorry for him : he thought to himself, " It will be hard for my Kapitoshka to live in a strange family. I shall keep him with me."

And Avdyéitch left his master, and went into lodgings with his little son. But, through God's will, Avdyéitch had no luck with children. As Kapitoshka grew older, he began to help his father, and would have been a delight to him, but fell sick, went to bed, suffered a week, and died. Martuin buried his son, and fell into despair. So deep was this despair, that he began to complain of God. Martuin fell into such a melancholy state, that more than once he prayed to God for death, and reproached God because he did not take away him who was an old man, instead of his beloved only son. Avdyéitch also ceased to go to church.

And once a little old man, a fellow-countryman, came from Troïtsa (Trinity) to see Avdyéitch : for seven years he had been absent. Avdyéitch talked with him, and began to complain about his sorrows.

" I have no more desire to live," he said : " I only wish I was dead. That is all I pray God for. I am a man without any thing to hope for now."

And the little old man said to him,—

" You don't talk right, Martuin : we must not judge God's doings. The world moves, not by your skill, but by God's will. God decreed for your son to die,—for you—to live. Consequently, it is for the best. And you are in despair, because you wish to live for your own happiness."

" But what shall one live for?" asked Martuin.

And the little old man said, " We must live for God, Martuin. He gives you life, and for his sake you

must live. When you begin to live for him, you will not grieve over any thing, and all will seem easy to you."

Martuin kept silent for a moment, and then says, "But how can one live for the sake of God?"

And the little old man said, "Christ has taught us how to live for God. You know how to read? Buy a Testament, and read it: there you will learn how to live for God. Every thing is explained there."

And these words kindled a fire in Avdyéitch's heart. And he went that very same day, bought a New Testament in large print, and began to read. At first Avdyéitch intended to read only on holidays; but as he began to read, it so cheered his soul that he used to read every day. At times he would become so absorbed in reading, that all the kerosene in the lamp would burn out, and still he could not tear himself away. And so Avdyéitch used to read every evening. And the more he read, the clearer he understood what God wanted of him, and how one should live for God; and his heart constantly grew easier and easier. Formerly, when he lay down to sleep, he used to sigh and groan, and always think of his Kapitoshka; and now he only exclaimed, "Glory to thee! glory to thee, Lord! Thy will be done."

And from that time Avdyéitch's whole life was changed. In other days he, too, used to drop into a saloon, as a holiday amusement, to drink a cup of tea; and he was not averse to a little brandy either. He would take a drink with some acquaintance, and leave the saloon, not intoxicated exactly, yet in a happy frame of mind, and inclined to talk nonsense, and shout, and use abusive language at a person. Now he left off this sort of thing. His life became quiet

and joyful. In the morning he sits down to work, finishes his allotted task, then takes the little lamp from the hook, puts it on the table, gets his book from the shelf, opens it, and sits down to read. And the more he reads, the more he understands, and the brighter and happier it is in his heart.

Once it happened that Martuin read till late into the night. He was reading the Gospel of Luke. He was reading over the sixth chapter; and he was reading the verses, "And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." He read further also those verses, where God speaks: "And why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? Whosoever cometh to me, and heareth my sayings, and doeth them, I will shew you to whom he is like: he is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

Avdyéitch read these words, and joy filled his soul. He took off his spectacles, put them down on the book, leaned his elbows upon the table, and became lost in thought. And he began to measure his life by these words. And he thought to himself, —

"Is my house built upon the rock, or upon the sand?

'Tis well if on the rock. It is so easy when you are alone by yourself; it seems as if you had done every thing as God commands: but when you forget yourself, you sin again. Yet I shall still struggle on. It is very good. Help me, Lord!"

Thus ran his thoughts: he wanted to go to bed, but he felt loath to tear himself away from the book. And he began to read further in the seventh chapter. He read about the centurion, he read about the widow's son, he read about the answer given to John's disciples, and finally he came to that place where the rich Pharisee desired the Lord to sit at meat with him; and he read how the woman that was a sinner anointed his feet, and washed them with her tears, and how he forgave her. He reached the forty-fourth verse, and began to read, —

"And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon, Seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet: but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss: but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint: but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." He finished reading these verses, and thought to himself, "*Thou gavest me no water for my feet, thou gavest me no kiss. My head with oil thou didst not anoint.*"

And again Avdyéitch took off his spectacles, put them down upon the book, and again he became lost in thought.

"It seems that Pharisee must have been such a man as I am. I, too, apparently have thought only of myself, — how I might have my tea, be warm and

comfortable, but never to think about my guest. He thought about himself, but there was not the least care taken of the guest. And who was his guest? The Lord himself. If he had come to me, should I have done the same way?"

Avdyéitch rested his head upon both his arms, and did not notice how he fell asleep.

"Martuin!" suddenly seemed to sound in his ears.

Martuin started from his sleep: "Who is here?"

He turned around, glanced toward the door—no one.

Again he fell into a doze. Suddenly he plainly hears, —

"Martuin! Ah, Martuin! look to-morrow on the street. I am coming."

Martuin awoke, rose from the chair, began to rub his eyes. He himself does not know whether he heard those words in his dream, or in reality. He turned down his lamp, and went to bed.

At daybreak next morning, Avdyéitch rose, made his prayer to God, lighted the stove, put on the *shchi*¹ and the *kasha*,² put the water in the samovar, put on his apron, and sat down by the window to work.

Avdyéitch is working, and at the same time thinking about all that had happened yesterday. He thinks both ways: now he thinks it was a dream, and now he thinks he really heard a voice. "Well," he thinks, "such things have been."

Martuin is sitting by the window, and does not work as much as he looks through the window: when any one passes by in boots that he does not know, he bends down, looks out of the window, in order to see, not only the feet, but also the face. The *dvornik*³ passed by in

¹ Cabbage-soup.

² Gruel.

³ House-porter.

new *valenki*;¹ the water-carrier passed by; then came alongside of the window an old soldier of Nicholas's time, in an old pair of laced felt boots, with a shovel in his hands. Avdyéitch recognized him by his felt boots. The old man's name was Stepánuitch; and a neighboring merchant, out of charity, gave him a home with him. He was required to assist the *dvornik*. Stepánuitch began to shovel away the snow from in front of Avdyéitch's window. Avdyéitch glanced at him, and took up his work again.

"Pshaw! I must be getting crazy in my old age," said Avdyéitch, and laughed at himself. "Stepánuitch is clearing away the snow, and I imagine that Christ is coming to see me. I was entirely out of my mind, old dotard that I am!" Avdyéitch sewed about a dozen stitches, and then felt impelled to look through the window again. He looked out again through the window, and sees Stepánuitch has leaned his shovel against the wall, and is either warming himself, or resting. He is an old, broken-down man: evidently he has not strength enough, even to shovel the snow. Avdyéitch said to himself, "I will give him some tea: by the way, the samovar must be boiling by this time." Avdyéitch laid down his awl, rose from his seat, put the samovar on the table, made the tea, and tapped with his finger at the glass. Stepánuitch turned around, and came to the window. Avdyéitch beckoned to him, and went to open the door.

"Come in, warm yourself a little," he said. "You must be cold."

"May Christ reward you for this! my bones ache," said Stepánuitch.

Stepánuitch came in, and shook off the snow, tried

¹ Felt boots.

to wipe his feet, so as not to soil the floor, but staggered.

"Don't trouble to wipe your feet. I will clean it up myself: we are used to such things. Come in and sit down," said Avdyéitch. "Drink a cup of tea."

And Avdyéitch filled two glasses, and handed one to his guest; while he himself poured his tea into a saucer, and began to blow it.

Stepánuitch finished drinking his glass of tea, turned the glass upside down,¹ put upon it the half-eaten lump of sugar, and began to express his thanks. But it was evident he wanted some more.

"Have some more," said Avdyéitch, filling both his own glass and his guest's. Avdyéitch drinks his tea, but from time to time keeps glancing out into the street.

"Are you expecting any one?" asked his guest.

"Am I expecting any one? I am ashamed even to tell whom I expect. I am, and I am not, expecting some one; but one word has impressed itself upon my heart. Whether it is a dream, or something else, I do not know. Don't you see, brother, I was reading yesterday the gospel about Christ, the *Bdtiushka*;² how he suffered, how he walked on the earth. I suppose you have heard about it?"

"Indeed I have," replied Stepánuitch: "but we are people in darkness; we can't read."

"Well, now, I was reading about that very thing,—how he walked upon the earth: I read, you know, how he comes to the Pharisee, and the Pharisee did not treat him hospitably. Well, and so, my brother, I was reading, yesterday, about this very thing, and was thinking to myself how he did not receive Christ, the

¹ A custom among the Russians.

² Little father.

Bátiuska, with honor. If, for example, he should come to me, or any one else, I think to myself, I should not even know how to receive him. And he gave him no reception at all. Well! while I was thus thinking, I fell asleep, brother, and I hear some one call me by name. I got up: the voice, just as though some one whispered, says, 'Be on the watch: I shall come to-morrow.' And this happened twice. Well! would you believe it, it got into my head? I scold myself — and yet I am expecting him, the Bátiuska."

Stepánuitch shook his head, and said nothing: he finished drinking his glass of tea, and put it on the side; but Avdyéitch picked up the glass again, and filled it once more.

"Drink some more for your good health. You see, I have an idea, that, when the Bátiuska went about on this earth, he disdained no one, and had more to do with the simple people. He always went to see the simple people. He picked out his disciples more from among our brethren, sinners like ourselves from the working-class. He, says he, who exalts himself, shall be humbled, and he who is humbled shall become exalted. You, says he, call me Lord, and I, says he, wash your feet. Whoever wishes, says he, to be the first, the same shall be a servant to all. Because, says he, blessed are the poor, the humble, the kind, the generous." And Stepánuitch forgot about his tea: he was an old man, and easily moved to tears. He is sitting listening, and the tears are rolling down his face.

"Come, now, have some more tea," said Avdyéitch; but Stepánuitch made the sign of the cross, thanked him, turned up his glass, and arose.

"Thanks to you," he says, "Martuin Avdyéitch,

for treating me kindly, and satisfying me, soul and body."

"You are welcome; come in again: always glad to see a friend," said Avdyéitch.

Stepánuitch departed; and Martuin poured out the rest of the tea, drank it up, put away the dishes, and sat down again by the window to work, to stitch on a patch. He is stitching, and at the same time looking through the window. He is expecting Christ, and is all the while thinking of him and his deeds, and his head is filled with the different speeches of Christ.

Two soldiers passed by: one wore boots furnished by the Crown, and the other one, boots that he had made; then the master¹ of the next house, passed by in shining galoshes; then a baker with a basket passed by. All passed by; and now there came also by the window a woman in woollen stockings and wooden shoes. She passed by the window, and stood still near the window-case.

Avdyéitch looked up at her from the window, sees it is a strange woman poorly clad, and with a child: she was standing by the wall with her back to the wind, trying to wrap up the child, and she has nothing to wrap it up in. The woman was dressed in shabby summer clothes: and from behind the frame, Avdyéitch hears the child crying, and the woman trying to pacify it; but she is not able to pacify it. Avdyéitch got up, went to the door, ascended the steps, and cried, "Hey! my good woman!"² The woman heard him and turned around.

"Why are you standing in the cold with the child? Come into my room, where it is warm: you can manage it better. Right in this way!"

¹ *Khorýdin.*

² *Umnitca ah!*

The woman was astonished. She sees an old, old man in an apron, with spectacles on his nose, calling her to him. She followed him. They descended the steps, entered the room: the old man led the woman to his bed.

"There," says he, "sit down, my good woman, nearer to the stove: you can get warm, and nurse the child."

"I have no milk for him. I myself have not eaten anything since morning," said the woman; but, nevertheless, she took the child to her breast.

Avdyéitch shook his head, went to the table, brought out the bread and a dish, opened the oven-door, poured into the dish some cabbage-soup, took out the pot with the gruel, but it was not done yet; so he filled the dish with *shchi* only, and put it on the table. He got the bread, took the towel down from the hook, and put it upon the table.

"Sit down," he says, "and eat, my good woman; and I will mind the little one. You see, I once had children of my own: I know how to handle them."

The woman crossed herself, sat down at the table, and began to eat; while Avdyéitch took a seat on the bed near the infant. Avdyéitch kept smacking and smacking to it with his lips; but it was a poor kind of smacking, for he had no teeth. The little one still cries. And it occurred to Avdyéitch to threaten the little one with his finger: he waves, waves his finger right before the child's mouth, and hastily withdraws it. He does not put it to its mouth, because his finger is black, and soiled with wax. And the little one looked at his finger, and became quiet: then it began to smile, and Avdyéitch also was glad. While the woman is eating, she tells who she is, and whither she was going.

"I," says she, "am a soldier's wife. It is now seven months since they sent my husband away off, and no tidings. I lived out as cook; the baby was born; no one cared to keep me with a child. This is the third month that I have been struggling along without a place. I ate up all I had. I wanted to engage as a wet-nurse — no one would take me — I am too thin, they say. I have just been to the merchant's wife, where lives our *bábotchka*,¹ and so they promised to take us in. I thought this was the end of it. But she told me to come next week. And she lives a long way off. I got tired out; and it tired him, too, my heart's darling. Fortunately, our landlady takes pity on us for the sake of Christ, and gives us a room, else I don't know how I should manage to get along."

Avdyéitch sighed, and said, "Haven't you any warm clothes?"

"Now is the time, friend, to wear warm clothes; but yesterday I pawned my last shawl for a twenty-kopek piece."²

The woman came to the bed, and took the child; and Avdyéitch rose, went to the little wall, and succeeded in finding an old coat.

"Na!" says he: "it is a poor thing, yet you may turn it to some use."

The woman looked at the coat, looked at the old man; she took the coat, and burst into tears: and Avdyéitch turned away his head; crawling under the bed, he pushed out a little trunk, rummaged in it, and sat down again opposite the woman.

And the woman said, "May Christ bless you, *diédushka*!³ He must have sent me himself to your

¹ Little grandmother.

² *Dvagrivennul*, silver, worth sixteen cents.

³ Little grandfather.

window. My little child would have frozen to death. When I started out, it was warm, but now it is terribly cold. And he, Bátisushka, led you to look through the window, and take pity on me, an unfortunate."

Avdyéitch smiled, and said, "Indeed, he did that! I have been looking through the window, my good woman, not without cause." And Martuin told the soldier's wife his dream, and how he heard the voice, — how the Lord promised to come and see him that day.

"All things are possible," said the woman. She rose, put on the coat, wrapped up her little child in it; and, as she started to take leave, she thanked Avdyéitch again.

"Take this, for Christ's sake," said Avdyéitch, giving her a twenty-kopek piece: "redeem your shawl." She made the sign of the cross. Avdyéitch made the sign of the cross, and went with her to the door.

The woman left. Avdyéitch ate some shchi, washed some dishes, and sat down again to work. While he works he still remembers the window: when the window grew darker, he immediately looked out to see who was passing by. Both acquaintances and strangers passed by, and there was nothing out of the ordinary.

But here Avdyéitch sees that an old apple-woman has stopped right in front of his window. She carries a basket with apples. Only a few were left, as she had nearly sold them all out; and over her shoulder she had a bag full of chips. She must have gathered them up in some new building, and was on her way home. One could see that the bag was heavy on her shoulder: she wanted to shift it to the other shoulder. So she lowered the bag upon the sidewalk, stood the basket with the apples on a little post, and began to shake down the splinters in the bag. And while she was shaking

her bag, a little boy in a torn cap came along, picked up an apple from the basket, and was about to make his escape; but the old woman noticed it, turned around, and caught the youngster by his sleeve. The little boy began to struggle, tried to tear himself away; but the old woman grasped him with both hands, knocked off his cap, and caught him by the hair.

The little boy is screaming, the old woman is scolding. Avdyéitch lost no time in putting away his awl; he threw it upon the floor, sprang to the door,—he even stumbled on the stairs, and dropped his eyeglasses,—and rushed out into the street.

The old woman is pulling the youngster by his hair, and is scolding, and threatening to take him to the policeman: the youngster defends himself, and denies the charge. “I did not take it,” he says: “what are you licking me for? let me go!” Avdyéitch tried to separate them. He took the boy by his arm, and says,—

“Let him go, *bábushka*; forgive him, for Christ’s sake.”

“I will forgive him so that he won’t forget till the new broom grows. I am going to take the little villain to the police.”

Avdyéitch began to entreat the old woman:—

“Let him go, *bábushka*,” he said: “he will never do it again. Let him go, for Christ’s sake.”

The old woman let him loose: the boy tried to run, but Avdyéitch kept him back.

“Ask the *bábushka*’s forgiveness,” he said, “and don’t you ever do it again: I saw you taking the apple.”

With tears in his eyes, the boy began to ask forgiveness.

“Nu! that’s right; and now, here’s an apple for

you." Avdyéitch got an apple from the basket, and gave it to the boy. "I will pay you for it, *bábushka*," he said to the old woman.

"You ruin them that way, the good-for-nothings," said the old woman. "He ought to be treated so that he would remember it for a whole week."

"Eh, *bábushka*, *bábushka*," said Ardyéitch, "that is right according to our judgment, but not according to God's. If he is to be whipped for an apple, then what do we deserve for our sins?"

The old woman was silent.

Avdyéitch told her the parable of the *khozyáin* who forgave a debtor all that he owed him, and how the debtor went and began to choke one who owed him.

The old woman listened, and the boy stood listening.

"God has commanded us to forgive," said Avdyéitch, "else we, too, may not be forgiven. All should be forgiven, and the thoughtless especially."

The old woman shook her head, and sighed.

"That's so," said she; "but the trouble is, that they are very much spoiled."

"Then, we, who are older, must teach them," said Avdyéitch.

"That's just what I say," remarked the old woman. "I myself had seven of them, — only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to relate where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "Here," she says, "my strength is only so-so, and yet I have to work. I pity the youngsters — my grandchildren — how nice they are! No one gives me such a welcome as they do. *Aksintka* won't go to any one but me. (*Bábushka*, dear *bábushka*, loveliest") — and the old woman grew quite sentimental.

"Of course, it is a childish trick. God be with him," said she, pointing to the boy.

The woman was just about to lift the bag upon her shoulder, when the boy ran up, and says, "Let me carry it, *bábushka* : it is on my way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the bag on the boy's back.

Side by side they both passed along the street. And the old woman even forgot to ask Avdyéitch to pay for the apple.

Avdyéitch stood motionless, and kept gazing after them ; and he heard them talking all the time as they walked away. After Avdyéitch saw them disappear, he returned to his room ; he found his eye-glasses on the stairs, — they were not broken ; he picked up his awl, and sat down to work again.

After working a little while, it grew darker, so that he could not see to sew : he saw the lamplighter passing by to light the street-lamps.

"It must be time to make a light," he thought to himself ; so he fixed his little lamp, hung it up, and betook himself again to work. He had one boot already finished ; he turned it around, looked at it : "Well done." He put away his tools, swept off the cuttings, cleared off the bristles and ends, took the lamp, put it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He intended to open the book at the very place where he had yesterday put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place ; and the moment Avdyéitch opened the Testament, he recollected his last night's dream. And as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard some one stepping about behind him. Avdyéitch looked around, and sees — there, in the dark corner, it seemed as though

people were standing: he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear, —

“Martuin — ah, Martuin! did you not recognize me?”

“Who?” uttered Ardyéitch.

“Me,” repeated the voice. “It’s I;” and Stepán-uitch stepped forth from the dark corner; he smiled, and like a little cloud faded away, and soon vanished.

“And this is I,” said the voice. From the dark corner stepped forth the woman with her child: the woman smiled, the child laughed, and they also vanished.

“And this is I,” continued the voice; both the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped forward; both smiled and vanished.

Avdyéitch’s soul rejoiced: he crossed himself, put on his eye-glasses, and began to read the Evangelists where it happened to open. On the upper part of the page he read, —

“For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in.” . . .

And on the lower part of the page he read this: —

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me” (St. Matthew, chap. xxv.).

And Avdyéitch understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received him.

A CANDLE.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." — MATT. v. 38, 39.

THIS affair took place in the days when there were masters. There used to be all kinds of masters. There were those who remembered God, and that they must die, and took pity on people; and there were dogs, — excuse the use of the term. But there was nothing worse than the overseers,¹ who had risen from serfdom. As it were, out of the mud, they became princes! And they made life worse than any thing else.

There happened to be such a prikáshchik on a proprietor's estate. The peasants worked their share for the estate. There was plenty of land, and the land was good — there was water, and meadows, and woodland. There was enough, and to spare, for barin and muzhíks; but the barin made one of his house-serfs from another estate the prikáshchik.

The prikáshchik took the power on his hands, and sat upon the necks of the muzhíks. He himself had a family, — a wife, and two married daughters, — and he had made money. He might easily have lived without sin; but he was a covetous man, and fell into sin.

¹ Nachalnika.

He began to compel the muzhíks to work on the barin's estate more than their regular day's work. He started a brick-yard: he wore out all the peasants, both babas and muzhíks, and sold the bricks.

The muzhíks went to complain to the proprietor at Moscow, but they had no success. He dismissed the muzhíks without any thing, and did not curb the prikáshchik's power. The prikáshchik learned that the muzhíks had been to complain of him, and he began to vent his spite. The muzhíks were worse off than before. There happened to be false men among the muzhíks, who used to carry stories about each other. And all the people were in a ferment, and the prikáshchik kept growing worse and worse.

As time went on, the prikáshchik became so bad that the people came to fear him worse than a terrible wild beast. When he passed through the village, all would keep out of his way as from a wolf, hiding wherever they could, so as to keep away from his eyes. The prikáshchik saw it; and the fact that they were afraid of him, made him still more angry. He persecuted the people, both by blows and hard work; and the muzhíks suffered terribly at his hands.

There were times when such evil-doers were put out of the way, and the muzhíks began to plan some such way of escape. They would meet in some retired spot, and the boldest among them would say, —

“Must we go on suffering forever from our persecutor? — We are lost anyhow — to kill such a man is no sin.”

The muzhíks were one time gathered in the forest: it was before Holy Week. The prikáshchik had sent them out to clear up the proprietor's forest. They gathered at dinner, and began to talk.

"How can we live now?" they said. "He will destroy us root and branch. He tortures us with work: neither we nor the babas have any rest day or night any more. The least thing not to his mind, and he finds fault, he lashes us. Semyón died under his whip, Anísim was tortured in the stocks. What else can we expect? He will come here this evening; he will be making trouble again; let's just pull him off from his horse, give him a blow with the axe, and that'll be the end of it. We'll bury him somewhere like a dog, and there'll be no clew. Only one condition: we must all stand together — not peach."

Thus spoke Vasili Minaef. He was more than all the rest incensed against the prikáshchik, who had whipped him every week, robbed him of his wife, taking her as his cook.

Thus talked the muzhíks: in the evening the prikáshchik came; he was on horseback: as soon as he came, he began to find fault with their work. He discovered a little linden in the pile.

"I," says he, "did not tell you to cut the lindens. Who cut it down? Confess, or I'll lash you all!"

He began to inquire in whose pile the linden was. They told him it was Sidor's. The prikáshchik beat Sidor's face till it bled. Then he lashed Vasíli Tatar fashion because his pile was small: then he started home.

In the evening the muzhíks met again, and Vasíli was the spokesman.

"Ekh! What people you are! Not men, but sparrows! 'We'll stand together, we'll stand together!' but when it comes to the point, all rush under the pent-roof. Thus sparrows try to fight a hawk: 'Don't peach, don't peach, we'll stand together!' But when

he swooped down on us, all scattered in the grass! And so the hawk caught the one he wanted, carried it off. The sparrows hopped out: '*Cheeveek! cheeveek!*' There is one missing! 'Who is gone?' Vánka, eh! That's his road, let him go! He deserves it. The same way with you. If you ain't going to peach, then don't peach. When he seized Sídor, you should have clubbed together, and put an end to him. But still it is, 'Don't peach, don't peach! we'll stand together!' But when he swooped down, all flew into the bushes!"

Thus they spoke more and more often, and at last the muzhíks determined to do away with the prikáshchik. On Good Friday the prikáshchik announced to the muzhíks that they must be ready to plough for the barin at Easter, so as to sow the oats. This seemed to the muzhíks an insult; and on Good Friday they gathered at Vasíli's, in the back-yard, and began to talk again.

"Since he has forgotten God," say they, "and wants to do such things, we must really kill him. We are ruined anyway."

Piotr Mikhyéef also came with them. Piotr Mikhyéef was a peace-loving muzhík, and did not agree with the muzhíks. Mikhyéef came, heard their talk, and says, —

"You are meditating a great sin, brethren. To destroy a soul is a great crime. To destroy another man's soul is easy, but how about your own? He does wrong: it is bad for him. Brethren, we must bear it."

Vasíli was angry at these words. "He keeps repeating the same thing over and over," says he: "'It's a sin to kill a man! You know it is a sin to kill such a man,' says he. It is a sin to kill a good man, but even God has commanded to kill such a dog. You must

kill a mad dog, out of pity for men; and not to kill him, would be a greater sin. Why does he ruin people? But though we should suffer for it, we ought to do it for others. People will thank us. And to get rid of such spittle! He is ruining everybody. You talk nonsense, Mikhyéitch. Why, it would be less of a sin than for all to go to work on Easter Sunday. You yourself would not go."

And Mikhyéitch replied, —

"Why not go?" he asked. "They will send us, and I am going to plough. Not for myself. But God knows whose sin it is, only we should not forget him. I, brethren," says he, "don't speak my own thoughts. If we had been commanded to do evil for evil, there would have been a law from God to that effect; but just the opposite is commanded us. You will do evil, but it will come back upon you. It is wicked to kill a man. His blood will stick in your soul. Kill a man — you stain your own soul with blood. You think, 'I have killed a bad man.' You think, 'I have destroyed a pest.' On the contrary, look, you have been led into doing a much worse sin to yourself. Yield to fate, and fate will yield to you."

And so the muzhiks did not agree: they were divided by their thoughts. Some have the same opinion as Vasilyef: others coincide with the views of Piotr, that they should not attempt the sin, but bear it.

The muzhiks were celebrating the first of the holidays, Sunday. At evening comes the village elder,¹ with police from the master's country-seat, and they say, —

"Mikhaïl Semyónovitch, the overseer,² has given

¹ *Starosta.*

² *Prikschik.*

orders that all the muzhíks prepare on the morrow to plough in the oat-field.

The village elder went round with the police through the village, gave the orders for all to go out and plough the next day, calling to this one on the river, this one from the high-road. The muzhíks wept, but dared not disobey. In the morning they came with their ploughs,¹ began to plough.

At church the early morning-mass is going on, the people everywhere are celebrating the festival: our muzhíks are ploughing!

Mikhaíl Semyónovitch, the overseer, woke up not very early, and rode over to the farm: his people were dressed, and had on their finery — his wife, his widowed daughter (she had come for the festival); a workman harnessed for them the little telyéga; they went off to mass; they returned; the serving-woman put on the samovar; Mikhaíl Semyónovitch came in; they began their tea-drinking.

After Mikhaíl Semyónovitch had drunk enough tea, he lighted his pipe, called the village elder.

“Well, then,² did you set the muzhíks to ploughing?”

“I did, Mikhaíl Semyónovitch.”

“What! did all go?”

“All went: I myself set them at it.”

“Setting them at work is all very well, but are they ploughing? Go out and look, and tell them that I am coming after dinner to see if they have been ploughing a desyátin to every two ploughs, and ploughing it well, besides. If I find any mistake, I sha’n’t hear to any festival.”

“All right.”

Sothí.

² *Na tchto mol.*

And the village elder had started, but Mikhail Semyónovitch called him back: he hesitates, wants to say something, but knows not how.

He hesitated and hesitated, and now he says, —

“ Now, here, I want you to listen to what those villains are saying about me. Who is grumbling, and what he says, — tell me all about it. I know those villains; they don't like to work; unless I punch 'em in the side, they would be wandering about. They like to gormandize and have holidays, but they don't think that you'll put off the ploughing. Now, then, you just listen to their talk, what any one says, and just report it to me. I must know about it. Go along and notice, and tell me all, and don't hide any thing.”

The village elder turned round, went off, mounted his horse, and rode off to the muzhiks in the field.

The overseer's wife had heard her husband's talk with the village elder, and came to her husband, and began to question him. The prikáshchitsa was a peace-loving woman, and her heart was tender. Where it was possible, she restrained her husband, and stood up for the muzhíks.

She came to her husband, and began to question him: —

“ My dear Míshenka,”¹ says she, “ on the great day, the festival of the Lord, don't commit a sin; for Christ's sake, let the muzhíks off!”

Mikhail Semyónovitch did not take his wife's words: he only began to laugh at her.

“ It's a long time, isn't it,” says he, “ since you had a little taste of the whip, that you dare mix yourself up with other people's affairs?”

¹ Diminutive of Mikhail.

"Míshenka, my love, I had a bad dream about you : heed me ; let the muzhíks off !"

"And I, too, have something to say," says he : "if you give me much of your sauce, the whip will bring you to reason. Look out !" Semyónovitch got angry, thrust his lighted pipe into his wife's teeth, pushed her away, ordered dinner brought him.

Mikhaíl Semyónovitch ate some cold meat, a pirog, cabbage-soup with pork, roast shoat, vermicelli cooked in milk ; he drank some cherry-winé, tasted a sweet pie, called up the cook, set her to performing some songs ; and he himself took his guitar, and began to play the accompaniments.

Mikhaíl Semyónovitch is sitting in a gay frame of mind, belches, thrums on the strings, and jests with the cook.

The village elder came in, bowed low, and began to report what he had seen in the field.

"Well, then,¹ are they ploughing? Are they finishing their stint?"

"They have already done more than half of the ploughing."

"None left undone?"

"I did not see any ; they plough very well ; they are afraid."

"Well, does the ground turn up well?"

"The ground turns up easily, as the poppy has been scattered."

The overseer was silent.

"Well, and what do they say about me? do they revile me?"

The stárosta began to stammer, but Mikhaíl Semyónovitch bade him tell the whole truth. "Tell me all :

¹ *Nu ichto.*

you won't be speaking your own words, but somebody else's. If you tell the truth, I will reward you; but if you deceive me, look out! I will pickle you! Yay, Kátrusha, give him a glass of vodka to keep his courage up."

The cook came, offered him the brandy. The village elder thanked her, drank it up, wiped his lips, and began to speak:—

"All the same," thinks he, "'tisn't my fault that they don't praise him. I will tell the truth, since he tells me to." And the stárosta plucks up courage, and begins to speak:—

"They grumble, Mikhaíl Semyónovitch, they grumble."

"Yes; but what do they say? Tell me."

"They say just one thing: 'He does not believe in God.'"

The prikáshchik sneered.

"Who says that?"

"They all say it. They say, 'He has sold himself to the Devil.'"

The prikáshchik laughs.

"That," says he, "is excellent: now tell me individually who says that. Does Váska say so?"

The stárosta did not want to tell on his own people, but there had been a quarrel between Vasíli and the stárosta for a long time.

"Vasíli," says he, "scolds worse than any one else."

"Yes: what does he say? Speak it out."

"But it is terrible to tell—even to tell it. He says, 'You won't escape a violent death.'"

"Ay! the brave fellow! I suppose he's dawdling round! He won't kill me—his hands won't reach

me! Just wait!" says he, "Váska! we'll be quits with you! Now, how about Tishka? That dog also, I suppose?"

"Yes: they all speak bad."

"Yes; but what do they say?"

"Well, they say something abominable."

"What was abominable? Don't be afraid to tell."

"Well,¹ they say that your belly will break open, and your bowels gush out."

Mikhail Semyónovitch was delighted: he burst into a horse-laugh.

"We will see whose does first! Who says that? Tishka?"

"No one said any thing good: all growl, all are full of threats."

"Well,² but how about Pétrushka Mikhyéef? What does he say? The gobbler! he growls also, I suppose?"

"No, Mikhailo Semyónovitch. Pyotra does not complain."

"What does he?"

"He is the only one of all the muzhíks that says nothing. He is a clever muzhík. I wondered at him, Mikhail Semyónovitch."

"But why?"

"At what he did; and all the muzhíks wondered at him."

"But what did he do?"

"Yes, it was very queer. I tried to get near him. He is ploughing on the desyátin on Turkin height. I tried to get near him. I hear him singing something: he is carrying something gingerly, carefully; and on his plough, between the handles, something is shining."

¹ *Da.*

² *Nu.*

“Well?”

“It is exactly like a little fire, shining. I come nearer; I look; a little wax candle — cost five kopeks — is stuck on to the cross-bar, and is burning; and the wind doesn’t blow it out. And he, in his clean shirt, goes up and down, ploughing, and singing Sunday songs. And his cuffs are turned up, and he shakes, and the candle doesn’t go out. He shook before me, turned the club, lifted the plough, and all the time the candle burns, and doesn’t go out.”

“And what did he say?”

“Well,¹ he didn’t say any thing, only looked at me, crossed himself, and began to sing again.”

“But what did you say to him?”

“I did not speak: but the muzhíks came up, and they began to make sport of him; here they say, ‘Mikhyéitch, in an age of sin, you won’t get off by praying because you ploughed on Sunday.’”

“What did he say?”

“He only said, ‘On earth, peace, good will to men.’ Again he took hold of the plough, started up the horse, and sang in a low voice; but the candle burns, and doesn’t go out.”

The overseer ceased to make ridicule, laid down the guitar, hung his head, and fell into thought.

He kept sitting there, and sitting there; then he sent out the cook and the stárosta, and went to the curtain; lay down on the bed, and began to sigh, began to groan, as though a cart-load of sheaves lay on him. His wife came to him, began to talk with him: he did not reply to her. Only he said, —

“He has conquered me. Now it’s my turn.”

His wife began to say to him, “Yes, go and let

¹ *Da.*

them off. Perhaps there's no harm. No matter what you have done, don't be afraid; for what is there to be afraid of now?"

"I am lost," he said: "he has conquered me;" and he kept repeating, "He has conquered, conquered!"

His wife shouted to him, —

"Go ahead! let the muzhíks go, then it will be all right. Go ahead, I will saddle the horse."

She got out the horse; and the prikáshchitsa urged her husband to go out to the field, and let the muzhíks go.

Mikhaíl Semyónovitch mounted his horse, and rode out to the field. He came to the neighborhood; a baba opened the gate for him; he rode into the village. As soon as the people saw the prikáshchik, all the people hid themselves from him, one in a door, another in a corner, another in a garden.

The prikáshchik rode through the whole village: he came to other horse-gates. The gates were shut, and he could not open them on horse-back. He shouted, the prikáshchik shouted for some one to open for him, but no one came. Getting down from his horse, he opened the gate himself, and tried to mount again. He lifted his foot to the stirrup, tried to swing himself into the saddle; but the horse took fright at a pig, sprang against the paling: and the man was heavy; he could not spring into the saddle, and was thrown on his belly against the paling. There was only one sharp pole that stood out above the fence, and this was higher than the others. And he fell on his belly straight on this pole. And it ripped open his belly, and he fell on the ground.

The muzhíks came hurrying from the ploughing; they

were saying sharp things : as their horses turn into the gate, the muzhíks see that Mikhail Semyónovitch is lying on his back, his arms stretched out, and his eyes fixed, and his insides gushed out over the ground, and his blood making a pool — the earth would not drink it.

The muzhíks were frightened ; they drive the horses : only Piotr Mikhyéitch dismounts, goes to the overseer, sees that he is dead, closes his eyes, harnesses the telyéga, helps the dead man's son to put him in a box, and carries him to the manor-house.

The barin learned about all these things, and forgave the muzhíks their tax.

And the muzhíks learned that God's power works not by sin, but by goodness.

TWO OLD MEN.

I.

"The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.

Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews.

But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him." — JOHN iv. 19-23.

Two old men resolved to worship God in ancient Jerusalem. One was a rich muzhík; his name was Yefím Tarásuitch Shevelef: the other was not a rich man, — Yeliséi Bodrof.

Yefím was a sedate muzhík; did not drink vodka, nor smoke tobacco, nor take snuff. All his life long he had never used a bad word, and he was a strict and upright man. Two terms Yefim had served as stárostá, and had come out without a deficit.¹

His family was large, — two sons and a married grandson, — and all lived together. As for himself, he was hale, long-bearded, erect, and, though he was in his seventh decade, his beard was only beginning to grow gray.

¹ The stárostá, or starshina, is president of the village council, and held accountable for the taxes levied on the mir, or commune.

Yeliséï was a little old man, neither rich nor poor: in former times he had gone about doing jobs in carpentry; but now, as he grew old, he began to stay at home, and took to raising bees. One of his sons had gone away to work, the other was at home. Yeliséï was a good-natured and jolly man. He used to drink vodka, and take snuff, and he liked to sing songs; but he was a peaceable man, and lived amicably with his family and his neighbors. As to his person, Yeliséï was a short, darkish little muzhík, with a curly beard; and like his name-saint, Elisha the prophet, he was entirely bald.

The old men had long ago promised and agreed to go together, but Tarásuitch had never found the leisure: his engagements had never come to an end. As soon as one was through with, another began: first the grandson got married; then they expected the younger son from the army; and then, again, he planned to build a new izbá.

One festival day the old men met, and were sitting in the sun.

"Well," says Yeliséï, "when shall we set out, and fulfil our promise?"

Yefím knit his brow.

"We must wait a while," says he. "This year it'll come hard for me. I am engaged in building this izbá. I counted on spending about a hundred rubles; but I'm already on the third, and it isn't finished yet. You see, that'll take till summer. In the summer, if God grants, we will go without let or hindrance."

"According to my idea," says Yeliséï, "we ought not to put it off: we ought to go to-day. It's the very time—spring."

"Time, certainly : but this work is begun ; how can I leave it?"

"Haven't you any one? Your son will attend to it."

"How attend to it? My eldest son is not to be trusted — he gets drunk."

"We shall die, old friend : they'll have to live without us. Your son must learn."

"That's so ; but I should like, with my own eyes, to see this job finished !"

"Ekh! my dear man, you will never get all you want done. Only the other day at my house, the babas were cleaning house, fixing up for Easter. And both are necessary, but you'd never get through. And my oldest daughter-in-law, a sensible baba, says, 'Thank the Lord,' says she, 'Easter is coming : it doesn't wait for us, else,' says she, 'they would never get done never finish it all.'"

Tarásuitch was lost in thought.

"I have put a good deal of money," says he, "into this building ; and we can't go on this journey with empty hands. It won't take less than one hundred rubles."

Yeliséï laughed out, —

"Don't make a mistake, old friend," says he : "you have ten times as much property as I have. And you talk about money ! Only say when shall we go? I haven't any thing, but I'll get some."

Tarásuitch also smiled. "How rich you seem!" says he ; "but where will you get it?"

"Well, I'll scrape some up at home — that'll be something : and for the rest, — I'll let my neighbor have ten of my hives. He has been after them for a long time."

"This is going to be a good swarming-year: you'll regret it."

"Regret it? No, old friend. I never regretted any thing in my life except my sins. There is nothing more precious than the soul!"

"That's so. But it's not pleasant when things aren't right at home."

"But how will it be with us if our souls are not right? Then it will be worse. But we have made a vow — let us go! I beg of you, let us go!"

II.

AND Yeliséi talked over his crony. Yefim thought about it, and thought about it; and in the morning he came to Yeliséi: "Well, then,¹ let us go," says he. "You are right. In death and in life, God rules. Since we are alive, and have strength, we must go."

At the end of a week the old men had made their preparations.

Tarásuitch had money in the house. He took one hundred rubles for his journey: two hundred he left for the old woman.

Yeliséi also was ready. He sold his neighbor the ten bee-hives. And the bees that would swarm from the ten hives, also he sold to the neighbor. He received, all told, seventy rubles. The thirty rubles remaining in the house, he took from its hiding-place. The old woman gave him all that she had saved up against her funeral: the daughter-in-law gave hers.

Yefim Tarásuitch gave all his commands to his oldest son, — what meadows to rent out, and where to put manure, and how to finish and roof in the izbá. He thought about every thing, he fore-ordered every thing.

But Yeliséi only directed his old woman to hive the young swarms of bees that he had sold, and give them to his neighbor without any trickery; but about household affairs, he did not have any thing to say: "If any thing comes up, let them attend to it. You people at home² do as you think best."

¹ *Tchto-sh.*

² *Khozyáeva.*

The old men were now ready. The folks baked a lot of flat-cakes,¹ sewed some bags, cut new leg-wrap-pers:² they put on new boots, took some extra bast-shoes (*lapti*), and set forth. The folks kept them company to the common pasture, wished them good-by, and the old men set out on their journey.

Yeliséi set out in good spirits; and as soon as he left the village, he forgot all about his cares. His only thoughts were how to please his companion, how not to say a single churlish word to any one, and how to go in peace and love to the (Holy) Places and return home. Yeliséi walks along the road, and all the time he either whispers a prayer, or calls to memory some saint's life which he knows. And if he meets any one on the road, or comes to any halting-place, he makes himself useful and as agreeable as possible to every one, and even says a word in God's service. He goes his way rejoicing. One thing Yeliséi cannot do. He intended to give up snuff-taking, and he left his snuff-box; but it was melancholy. A man on the road gave him some. And now and again he drops behind his companion, so as not to lead him into temptation, and takes a pinch of snuff.

Yefím Tarásuitch also gets along well — sturdily: he does nothing wicked, and he says nothing churlish, but he is not easy in his mind. He cannot get out of his mind his household affairs. He keeps thinking of what is doing at home. Had he forgotten to give his son some commands? and is his son doing as he was told? If he sees any one by the road planting potatoes, or spreading manure, he would think, "Is my son doing what I told him?" He was almost ready to turn round and show him how, and even do it himself.

¹ *Leptyóshki*.

² *Onúichl*. Strips of cloth used by the muzhiks instead of stockings.

III.

FIVE weeks the old men had been journeying; their home-made lapti were worn out, and they had been obliged to buy new ones; and they came to the land of the Top-Knots (Little Russia). From the time that they left home, they had paid for lodging and meals; but now that they had come among the Top-Knots, the people began to vie with each other in giving them invitations. And they gave them shelter, and fed them, and would not take money from them, but even put bread, and sometimes flat-cakes, into their bags for the journey. Thus the old men journeyed nearly seven hundred (versts). They passed through this government, and came to a famine-stricken place.

As for taking them in, they took them in; and they would not take pay for lodging, but they could no longer feed them. And they did not always let them have bread; and, again, it was not always to be obtained at all. The year before, so the people said, nothing had grown. Those who were rich had been ruined, and forced to sell out; those who lived in medium style had come down to nothing; but the poor had either gone away altogether, or had come upon the commune,¹ or had almost perished in their homes. All winter they had been living on husks and pig-weed.

One time the old men put up at a little place; they bought fifteen pounds of bread; and, having spent the

¹ *Mir*.

night, they started off betimes, so as to get as far as possible before the heat of the day. They went ten versts, and reached a little river: they sat down, filled their cups with water, moistened the little loaves, and changed their shoes. They sat some time resting. Yeliséi got out his little snuff-horn. Tarásuitch shook his head at him.

"Why," says he, "don't you throw away that nasty stuff?"

Yeliséi wrung his hands. "The sin is too strong for me," says he: "what can you do?"

They got up, and went on their way. They went half a score of versts farther. They came to a great village: they went right through it. And already it had grown hot. Yeliséi was dead with fatigue; he wanted to rest, and have a drink: but Tarásuitch does not halt. Tarásuitch was the stronger in walking, and it was rather hard for Yeliséi to keep up with him.

"I'd like a drink," says he.

"All right. Get a drink. I don't want any."

Yeliséi stopped.

"Don't wait," says he: "I'm only going to run in for a minute here, at this hut, and get a drink. I'll overtake you in a jiffy."

"All right."

And Yefím Tarásuitch proceeded on his way alone, and Yeliséi turned back to the hut.

Yeliséi went up to the hut. The hut was small, and plastered with mud: below, it was black; above, white. The clay was peeling off; long, apparently, since it had been mended: and the roof in one place was broken through. The way to the hut led through the dvor. Yeliséi went into the dvor, and sees, lying on a pile of earth, a thin, beardless man, in shirt and drawers

— in Little Russian fashion. The man evidently had lain down when it was cool, but the sun beat straight down upon him. And he lies there, and is not asleep. Yeliséi shouted to him; asked him for a drink. The man made no reply.

“Either he’s sick or he’s ugly,” thought Yeliséi, and he went to the door. He hears children crying in the hut. Yeliséi rapped with the ring: “Masters.”¹ No reply. He rapped again on the door with his staff: “Christians!”²

No one moved. “Servants of God!” No one answers. Yeliséi was about to proceed on his way, but he listens: some one seems to be groaning behind the door.

“Can some misfortune have befallen these people? Must look and see.”

And Yeliséi went into the hut.

¹ *Ахосыдева.*

² *Kraabchénuie*; literally, Ye baptized!

IV.

YELISÉÏ turned the ring—it wasn't locked. He opened the door, and passed through the little vestibule. The door to the hut stood open; at the left was an oven; straight ahead was the corner; in the corner, the shrine, a table; by the table, a bench; on the bench, an old woman, in a single shirt, with dishevelled hair, is sitting, resting her head on the table. At her elbow an emaciated little boy, pale as wax, with a distended belly, is tugging at the old woman's sleeve, and screaming at the top of his voice, asking for something.

Yeliséi went into the hut. In the hut, the air was stifling; he looks; behind the oven, on a shelf, a woman is lying. She lies on her back, and does not look up; only moans, and sometimes stretches out her leg, sometimes draws it up again. And she throws herself from side to side, and the stench arising from her shows that she has been shamefully neglected. The old woman raised her head, and looked at the man.

"What do you want?" says she. "What do you want? We hain't got nothing for you."¹

Yeliséi understood what she said: he went up to her. "I am a servant of God," says he: "I come to get a drink."

"Hain't got any, hain't got any. Hain't got any thing to get it in. Go away!"

¹ She speaks in the staccato Malo Russian dialect: *Choro tobi trebat . . . Nyé ma, Choloritche, nitichoro! tobi for tityé; ma for mu; choloritche for chelovyék (man).*

Yeliséi began to question her. "Tell me,¹ isn't there any one of you well enough to take care of the woman?"

"Hain't got any one — the man in the dvor is dying, and we are here."

The boy had ceased crying when he saw the stranger; but when the old woman spoke, he began to tug again at her sleeve: "Bread, granny, bread!" and began screaming again.

Yeliséi was going to ask more questions of the old woman, when the muzhík came stumbling into the hut: he went along the wall, and was going to sit on the bench, but failed of it, and fell into the corner at the threshold. And he did not try to get up: he tried to speak. One word he speaks — then breaks off, is out of breath, speaks another: —

"Sick," — says he, "and starving. — Here — he — is — dying — starvation."

The muzhík indicated the boy with his head, and burst into tears.

Yeliséi shook off his sack from his shoulders, freed his arms, set the sack on the floor, then lifted it to the bench, and began to undo it. He undid it, took out bread, a knife, cut off a slice, gave it to the muzhík. The muzhík would not take it, but pointed to the boy and to the girl. "Give it to them, please."

Yeliséi held it out to the boy. The malchik smelt the bread, stretched himself up, seized the slice with both hands, and buried his nose in the slice. A little girl crept out from behind the oven, and stared at the bread. Yeliséi gave her some also. He cut off still another chunk, and gave it to the old woman. The old woman took it, tried to chew it.

¹ *Chlosh.*

“Would you bring some water?” she said: “their mouths are parched. I tried,” says she, “yesterday, or to-day, — I don’t remember which, — to get some. I fell, couldn’t get there; and the bucket is there yet, unless some one has stolen it.”

Yeliséi asked where their well was. The old woman gave him the directions. Yeliséi went and found the bucket, brought water, gave the people some to drink.

The children were still eating bread and water, and the old woman ate some too; but the muzhík refused to eat.

“It makes me sick at my stomach.” His baba, who did not notice any thing at all, or come to herself, only tossed about on the loft.

Yeliséi went to the village, bought at the shop some millet, salt, flour, butter, looked round for a hatchet. He split up some wood, — began to kindle up the oven. The little girl began to help him. Yeliséi boiled some porridge and kasha, fed the people.

V.

THE muzhík ate a little, and the old woman ate ; but the little girl and the little boy licked the bowl clean, and lay down to sleep locked in each other's arms.

The muzhík and the old woman began to relate how all this had come upon them.

" We weren't rich, even before this," say they ; " but when nothing grew, we had to give all we had for food last autumn. We parted with every thing : then we had to go begging among our neighbors and kind people. At first they gave to us, but then they sent us away. Some would have gladly given to us, but they had nothing. Yes, and we were ashamed to beg : we got in debt to every one, both for money and flour and bread. I tried to get work," said the muzhík, " but there was no work. People everywhere were wandering about to work for something to eat. You'd work one day, and you'd go about for two hunting for work. The old woman and the little girl had to go a long way off begging. Not much was given them : no one had any bread to spare. And so we lived, hoping we'd get along somehow till new crops came. But then they stopped giving at all, and then sickness came on. Things were just as bad as they could be. One day we had something to eat, but the next two nothing. We began to eat grass. Yes, perhaps it was from eating grass, or something of the sort, that my baba got sick. My baba became sick, and I haven't any

strength," says the muzhík. "There was no way of curing us."

"I was the only one," says the old woman, "who kept up; but without eating, I lost my strength, and got puny. And the little girl got puny, and lost heart. We sent her to the neighbors, but she wouldn't go. She crept into the corner, and wouldn't come out. Day before yesterday a neighbor came round, yes, and she saw that we were starving, and were sick; but she turned round and went off. Her husband had left her, and she hadn't any thing to feed her little children with. . . . And so here we lay, — waiting for death."

Yeliséi listened to their talk, changed his mind about going to rejoin his companion that day, and spent the night there.

In the morning Yeliséi got up, did the chores as though he were master of the house. He and the old woman kneaded the bread, and he kindled the fire. He went with the little girl to the neighbors', to get what they needed; for there was nothing to be found — nothing at all; every thing had been disposed of; there was nothing for domestic purposes, and no clothing. And Yeliséi began to lay in a supply of what was needed. Some he himself made, and some he bought. Thus Yeliséi spent one day, spent a second, spent also a third.

The little boy got better, began to climb up on the bench, to caress Yeliséi. But the little girl became perfectly gay, helps in all things. And she keeps running after Yeliséi: "Grand-dad, dear little grand-daddy!"¹ And the old woman also got up, and went among the neighbors. And the muzhík began to walk,

¹ *Didu, didúryu*, Malo Russian for *dyédya, dyédushka*.

supporting himself by the wall. Only the baba still lay unconscious; but even she, on the third day, came to herself, and began to ask for something to eat. "Well,"¹ thinks Yeliséi, "I didn't expect to spend so much time: now I'll be going."

¹ *Nu.*

VI.

On the fourth day, meat-eating was allowed for the first time after the fast; and Yeliséi thinks, "Come, now, I will feast with these people. I will buy them something for the Saints' day,¹ and toward evening I will go." Yeliséi went to the village again, bought milk, white flour, lard. He and the old woman boiled and baked; and in the morning Yeliséi went to mass, came home, ate meat with the people. On this day the baba also got up, and began to creep about. And the muzhík had shaved, put on a clean shirt, — the old woman had washed it out, — and gone to the village to ask mercy of a rich muzhík. Both meadow and corn-land had been mortgaged to the rich muzhík. So he went to ask if he would not give him the meadow and corn-land till the new crops.

The khozyáin returned toward evening, gloomy and in tears. The rich muzhík would not have pity on him: "He says, 'bring your money.'"

Again Yeliséi falls into thought.

"How will he live now?" thinks he. "The men will be going out to mow: he has nothing. His hay-field is mortgaged. The rye is ripening; the men are beginning to harvest it (our good *mátushka* has come up well this year), but these won't have any thing: their field² has been mortgaged to the rich muzhík. If I go away, they'll all go wrong again."

¹ St. Peter and St. Paul; July 11 (June 29, O.S.).

² *Desydtina*.

And Yeliséi was all broken up by these thoughts, and did not take his departure that evening: he waited till morning. He went out into the dvor to sleep. He said his prayers, lay down, and can't sleep. "I must go—here I have been spending so much money and time—and I'm sorry for these people. You can't give to everybody, evidently. I meant to get them some water, and give them a slice of bread; but just see how it has taken me! Now—I must redeem their meadow and their field. And when I've redeemed their field, I must buy a cow for the children, and a horse to carry the muzhík's sheaves. There you are in a pretty pickle, brother Yeliséi Kuzmitch! You're anchored here, and you don't get off so easy!"

Yeliséi got up, took his kaftan from under his head, unfolded it, found his snuff-horn, took a pinch of snuff, tried to clear up his thoughts; but no, he thought and he thought, but could not think it out. He must go; but he pitied these people. And what to do, he knew not. He folded up his kaftan for a pillow, and lay down again. He lay and he lay, and the cocks were already singing when he finally fell into a doze. Suddenly, something seemed to wake him up. He sees himself, as it were, all dressed, with his sack and his staff; and he has to go into a gate, but the gate is so nearly shut that only one person can get through at a time. And he goes to the gate, and got caught on one side by his sack: he tried to detach it, and got caught on the other side by his leg-wrapper; and the leg-wrapper untied. He tried to detach it, but he was not caught by the wattle after all; but that little girl holds him, crying, "Grand-dad, dear little grand-daddy, bread!"¹ He looked down at his leg, and to his leg-wrapper the

¹ *Didu, didúryu, kálíba.*

little boy is clinging : the old woman and the muzhík are gazing from the window.

Yeliséi woke up, and said to himself aloud, "To-morrow," says he, "I will redeem the field and the meadow ; and I will buy a horse, and flour enough to last till the new comes ; and I will buy a cow for the children. For you will go across the sea to find Christ, and lose him in your own soul. I must set these people right."

And Yeliséi slept till morning.

Yeliséi woke up early. He went to the rich muzhík : he redeemed the rye-field ; he paid cash for it, and for the meadow-land. He bought a scythe, — the very one that had been disposed of, — brought it back. He sent the muzhík to mow, and he himself went to the muzhíks ; at last found a horse and *telyéga* which an inn-keeper was ready to sell. He struck a bargain, bought them. He bought, also, some flour, put the sack in the *telyéga*, and went farther to buy a cow. Yeliséi is going along : he overtakes two Top-Knots. They are babas ; and, as they walk, they gossip. And Yeliséi hears the babas talking in their own speech, and he makes out that they are talking about him.

"Heavens ! at first they didn't know what to make of him : their idea was, he was a mere man. As he came by, it seems, he stopped to get a drink, and then he staid. Whatever they needed, he bought. I myself saw him this very day buy of the tavern-keeper a nag and cart.¹ Didn't know there were such folks in the world. Must go and see him !"

Yeliséi heard this ; understood that they were praising him, and did not go to buy the cow. He returned to the tavern, and paid the money for the horse. He

¹ *For. Malo Russian for telyéga.*

harnessed up, and drove with the wheat back to the hut. He drove up to the gate, reined in, and dismounted from the telyéga. The household saw the horse: they wondered. And it comes to them that he had bought the horse for them, but they dare not say so. The khozyáin came out to open the gate.

"Where," says he, "did you get the nag, grandpa?"¹

"I bought it," says he. "I got it cheap. Mow a little grass, please, for the stall, for her to lie on over night. Yes, and lug in the bag."

The khozyáin unharnessed the horse, lugged the bag into the house, mowed a lot of grass, spread it in the stall. They went to bed. Yeliséi lay down out-doors, and there he had lugged his sack the evening before. All the folks were asleep. Yeliséi got up, shouldered his sack, fastened his boots, put on his kaftan, and started on his way after Yefím.

¹ *Dyédushka.*

VII.

YELISÉI had gone five versts : it began to grow light. He sat down under a tree, opened his sack, began to reckon. He counted his money : there were left only seventeen rubles, twenty kopeks.

“ Well,” thinks he, “ with this you won’t get across the sea. And to beg in Christ’s name — that might be a great sin. Friend Yefím will go alone : he’ll set a candle for me. But the tax will remain on me till death. Thank the Lord, the Master¹ is kind : he will have patience.”

Yeliséi got up, lifted his sack upon his shoulders, and went back. Only, he went out of his way round the village, so that the people of it might not see him. And Yeliséi reached home quickly. When he started, it seemed hard to him, beyond his strength, to keep up with Yefím ; but going back, God gave him such strength that he walks along and does not know fatigue. He walks along gayly, swings his staff, goes his seventy versts a day.

Yeliséi reached home. Already the fields had been harvested. The folks were delighted to see their old man : they began to ask him questions, — how, and what, and why he had left his companion, why he did not go on, but came home. Yeliséi did not care to tell them about it.

“ God did not permit me,” says he. “ I lost my

¹ *Богослыца*.

money on the road, and got behind my companion. And so I did not go. Forgive me, for Christ's sake."

And he handed the old woman his remaining money. Yeliséi inquired about the domestic affairs: it was all right; every thing had been done properly; there was nothing left undone in the farm-work, and all are living in peace and harmony.

On this very same day, Yefím's people heard that Yeliséi had returned: they came round to ask after their old man. And Yeliséi told them the same thing.

"Your old man," says he, "went on sturdily; we parted," says he, "three days before Peter's Day; I intended to catch up with him, but then so many things happened: I lost my money, and, as I couldn't go on with what I had, I came back."

The people wondered how such a sensible man could have done so foolishly — start out, and not go on, and only waste his money. They wondered and forgot. And Yeliséi forgot. He began to do the chores again; he helped his son chop wood against the winter; he threshed the corn with the babas; he re-thatched the shed, arranged about the bees, and gave his neighbor the ten hives with their increase. His old woman wanted to hide how many swarms had come from the hives that he had sold: but Yeliséi himself knew what hives had swarmed, and what had not; and he gave his neighbor, instead of ten, seventeen swarms. Yeliséi arranged every thing, sent his son off to work, and he himself settled down for the winter to make bast-shoes¹ and chisel out bee-hives.

VIII.

ALL that day that Yeliséï staid in the sick folks' hut, Yefim waited for his companion. He went a little way, and sat down. He waited, waited; went to sleep, woke up; still sat there; no companion! He gazed with all his eyes. Already the sun had gone behind the trees — no Yeliséï.

"He can't have gone past me, or ridden by (perhaps some one gave him a lift), and not seen me while I was asleep, can he? He could not have helped seeing me. You see a long way on the steppes. If I should go back," he thinks, "he would be getting ahead. We might miss each other: that would be still worse. I will go on: we shall meet at our lodging."

He went on to a village, asked the village policemen¹ to send such and such an old man, if he came along, to yonder hut.

Yeliséï did not come to the lodging.

Yefim went farther; asked everybody if they had seen a bald, little old man. No one had. Yefim wondered, and went on alone.

"We shall meet," he thinks, "in Odessa somewhere, or on board ship." And he ceased to think about it.

On the way he met a stránnik.² The stránnik wore a skull-cap and cassock, and had long hair; had been to the Athos Monastery, and was going to Jerusalem for the second time. They met at the lodgings, got into conversation, and went on together.

¹ *Desyátski.*

² A professional pilgrim, of the genus tramp.

They reached Odessa safely. They waited thrice twenty-four hours for a ship. Many pilgrims were waiting there. They were from different lands. Again Yefim made inquiries about Yeliséi: no one had seen him.

Yefim asked for a passport: it cost five rubles. He paid forty silver rubles¹ for a return-ticket; bought bread and herring for the voyage. The vessel was loaded, the pilgrims embarked: Tarásuitch also took his place with the stránnik. They hoisted anchor, set sail, flew across the sea. They sailed well all day; at evening a wind sprang up, rain fell; it began to get rough, and the waves dashed over the ship. The people were thrown about, the babas began to scream, and the weaker among the men began to run about the vessel, trying to find a place.

Fear fell upon Yefim also, but he did not show it. Exactly where he had sat down on coming on board, near some old men from Tambof, here also he kept sitting all night and all the next day: they only clung to their sacks, and said nothing. It cleared off on the third day. On the fifth day they reached *Tsar-grad*.² Some of the stránniks were put ashore: they wanted to look at the temple of Sophia-Wisdom, where now the Turks hold sway. Tarásuitch did not land: he still sat on board. Only he bought some white loaves. They staid twenty-four hours: again they flew over the sea. They made another stop at the city of Smyrna; at another city, Alexandria; and they happily reached the city of Jaffa. At Jaffa all the pilgrims disembarked. It was seventy versts on foot to Jerusalem. Also at landing, the people were panic-struck: the ship was high, and the people had to jump

¹ *Tsyelkóvika*.

² Constantinople, the *Tsar-city*.

down into boats; and the boat rocked, and one might not strike it, but fall in alongside; and two men were drenched, but all landed happily.

They landed: they started off on foot. On the third day after landing, they reached Jerusalem. They established themselves in the city at the Russian hostelry;¹ their passports are visa-ed; they ate dinner; they went with the stránnik to the Holy Places. But to the Lord's sepulchre itself, there was no longer any admittance.

They went to the Patriarchal Monastery; there all the worshippers collected; the feminine sex sat down, the masculine sex also sat down in another place. They were bidden to take off their shoes, and to sit in a circle. A monk came in with a towel, and began to wash all their feet: he washes them, wipes them, and kisses them; and thus he does to all. He washed Yefim's feet, and kissed them. They attended vespers, matins: they said their prayers, they placed candles, and presented petitions for their parents. And here also they took an occasional bite, and brought wine.

In the morning they went to the cell of Mary of Egypt, where she made her refuge. They set up candles, sang a Te Deum. Thence they went to the Monastery of Abraham. They saw the garden on Mount Moriah—the place where Abraham was going to sacrifice his son

¹ The five or six thousand Russian pilgrims who every year visit Jerusalem, says a recent traveller, "are all accommodated in the extensive premises belonging to the Russian Government, in the centre of which the Russian Consulate is situated, and which forms a sort of Russian suburb to the Holy City." Mr. Oliphant quotes a correspondent of the Daily News to the effect that the "Orthodox Palestine Society, one of whose tasks it is to facilitate Russian pilgrimage to the Holy Land," has a membership of more than six hundred members, a reserve capital of sixty thousand rubles, and a Grand Duke—the uncle of the Tsar—as its president. It is a curious question how long religious fanatics will be able to impose the "pious frauds" of the religious places upon credulous pilgrims, such as Yefim Taráshch.

to God. Then they went to the place where Christ revealed himself to Mary Magdalene, and to the Church of James the Brother of the Lord.

The stránnik pointed out all these places, and always told where it was necessary to contribute money. They returned for dinner to the hostelry; and after dinner, just as they were getting ready to go to bed, the stránnik began to say *Akh*, to shake his clothes, to search. "I have been robbed," he says, "of my *portmonet*, with my money. Twenty-three rubles," says he, "there was in it — two ten-ruble notes, and three in change." The stránnik mourned, mourned; nothing to be done: they lay down to sleep.

IX.

YEFIM lay down to sleep, and temptation fell upon him. "The stránnik's money was not stolen," he thinks: "he didn't have any. He never gave any. He told me where to give, but he himself did not give: yes, and he borrowed a ruble of me."

Thus Yefim thinks, and then he begins to scold himself. "Why," says he, "do I judge the man? I do wrong. I won't think about it."

As he becomes sleepy, again he begins to think how sharp the stránnik was about money, and how he tells an unlikely story about his *portmonet* being stolen. "He hadn't any money," he thinks. "It was a trick."

Next morning they got up, and went to early mass in the great Church of the Resurrection; to the tomb of the Lord. The stránnik does not leave Yefim: he goes with him everywhere.

They went to the church. A great crowd of people were collected together, of pilgrim-stránniks, Russians, and all peoples — of Greeks and Armenians, and Turks and Syrians. Yefim entered the sacred gates with the people. A monk led them. He led them past Turkish guards to the place where the Saviour was taken from the cross, and anointed, and where the nine great candlesticks are burning. He points out every thing, and tells them every thing. Here Yefim placed a candle. Then some monks led Yefim to the right hand up the little flight of steps to Golgotha, where the cross

stood. Here Yefim said a prayer. Then they pointed out to Yefim the hole where the earth had opened down to hell; then they pointed out the place where they had fastened Christ's hands and feet to the cross; then they showed the tomb of Adam, over whose bones Christ's blood had flowed; then they came to the stone whereon Christ had sat when they put on him the crown of thorns; then to the pillar to which they bound Christ when they scourged him; then Yefim saw the stone with two hollows for Christ's feet. They were going to show them something more, but the crowd were in a hurry: they all rushed to the very grotto of the Lord's sepulchre. There the foreign mass had just ended, the orthodox mass was just beginning. Yefim went into the grotto with the throng.

He was anxious to get rid of the stránnik, for continually in his thoughts he was sinning against the stránnik: but the stránnik would not be got rid of; in company with him he goes to mass at the Lord's sepulchre. They tried to get nearer: they did not get there in time. The people are wedged so close that there is no going forward or back. Yefim stands, gazes forward, says his prayers; but it is no use; ¹ he keeps feeling whether his purse is still there. He is divided in his thoughts: one way he thinks the stránnik is deceiving him; the other, he thinks, "Or, if he is not deceiving me, and he was really robbed, why, then, it might be the same with me also."

¹ *N'yét, n'yét.* Literally, *no, no.*

X.

Thus Yefím stands, says his prayers, and looks forward toward the chapel where the sepulchre itself is; and on the sepulchre the thirty-six lamps are burning. Yefím stands, looks over the heads, when, what a marvel! Under the lamps themselves, where the blessed fire burns before all, he sees a little old man standing, in a coarse kaftan, with a bald spot over his whole head, just as in the case of Yeliséi Bodrof.

"It's like Yeliséi," he thinks. "But it can't be him. He can't have got here before me. No vessel had sailed for a week before us. He couldn't have got in ahead. And he wasn't on our vessel. I saw all the pilgrims."

While Yefím was thus reasoning, the little old man began to pray; and he bowed three times—once straight ahead, toward God, and then toward the orthodox throng on all sides. And as the little old man bent down his head to the right, then Yefím recognized him. It is Bodrof himself, with his blackish, curly beard, growing gray on the cheeks; and his eyebrows, and eyes, and nose, and all his peculiarities. It is Yeliséi Bodrof himself.

Yefím was filled with joy because his companion had come, and wondered how Yeliséi had got there ahead of him. "Well, well,¹ Bodrof," he says to himself,

¹ *Ai dai*

“how did he get up there in front? He must have fallen in with somebody who put him there. Let me just meet him as we go out: I’ll get rid of this stránnik in his skull-cap, and go with him; and perhaps he will get me a front place too.”

And all the time Yefím keeps his eyes on Yeliséi, so as not to miss him.

Now the mass was over; the crowd reeled, they tried to make their way, they struggled; Yefím was pushed to one side. Again the fear came upon him that some one would steal his purse.

Yefím clutched his purse, and tried to break through the crowd, so as to get into an open space. He made his way into the open space; he went and went, he sought and sought for Yeliséi, and in the church also. And there, also, in the church he saw many people in cloisters; and some were eating, and drinking wine, and sleeping, and reading. And there was no Yeliséi anywhere. Yefím returned to the hostelry, did not find his companion. And this evening the stránnik also did not come back. He disappeared, and did not return the ruble. Yefím was left alone.

On the next day Yefím again went to the Lord’s sepulchre with an old man from Tambof, who had come on the same ship with him. He wanted to get to the front, but again he was crowded back; and he stood by a pillar, and prayed. He looked to the front: again under the lamps, at the very sepulchre of the Lord, in the foremost place, stands Yeliséi, spreads his arms like the priest at the altar; and the light shines all over his bald head.

“Well,”¹ thinks Yefím, “now I’ll surely not miss him.”

¹ *Nu*

He tries to push through to the front. He pushes through. No Yeliséi. Apparently gone out.

And on the third day, again he gazes towards the Lord's sepulchre: in the same sacred spot stands Yeliséi, with the same aspect, his arms outspread, and looking up, almost as though his eyes were fixed upon him. And the bald spot on his whole head shines.

"Well," thinks Yefim, "now I'll not miss him: I'll go and stand at the door. There we sha'n't miss each other."

Yefim went and stood and stood. He stood there half the day: all the people went out — no Yeliséi.

Yefim spent six weeks in Jerusalem, and visited every thing; and in Bethlehem, and Bethany, and on the Jordan: and he had a seal stamped on a new shirt at the Lord's sepulchre, so that he might be buried in it; and he got some Jordan water in a vial, and some earth; and he got some candles with the holy fire, and he noted down his recollections in all places; and having spent all his money, except enough to get him home, Yefim started on the home-journey. He went to Jaffa, took passage in a ship, sailed to Odessa, and started to walk home.

XI.

YEFIM walks alone over the same road as before. As he began to near his home, again the worriment came upon him as to how the folks were getting along without him. "In a year," thinks he, "much water leaks away. You spend a whole lifetime making a house, and it don't take long to go to waste." How had his son conducted affairs? how had the spring opened up? how had the cattle weathered the winter? how had they done the *izbá*?"

Yefim reached that place where, the year before, he had parted from Yeliséi. It was impossible to recognize the people. Where, the preceding year, the people were wretchedly poor, now all lived in sufficient comfort. There had been good crops. The people had recovered, and forgotten their former trouble.

Yefim at evening reached the very village where, the year before, Yeliséi had stopped. He had hardly entered the village, when a little girl in a white shirt sprang out from behind a hut:—

"Grandpa! Dear grandpa!¹ Come into our house!"

Yefim was inclined to go on, but the little girl would not allow him: she seizes him by the skirts, pulls him along into the hut, and laughs.

There came out upon the doorsteps a woman with a little boy; she also beckons to him: "Come in, please,

¹ *Did! didko.* Malo Russian for *D'yéd, d'yédushka.*

grand-sire, *d'yédushko*, — and take supper with us, — you shall spend the night."

Yefim went in.

"That's just right," he thinks: "I will ask about Yeliséi. No doubt, this is the very hut where he stopped to get a drink."

Yefim went in: the woman took his sack from him, gave him a chance to wash, and set him at the table. She put on milk, *varéniki*,¹ kasha-gruel, — she set them all on the table. Tarásuitch thanked and praised the people for being so hospitable to *stránniks*. The woman shook her head: —

"We cannot help being hospitable to *stránniks*. We owe our lives to a *stránnik*. We lived, we had forgotten God, and God had forgotten us, so that all that we expected was death. Last summer it went so bad with us, that we were all sick, — and had nothing to eat, and — we were sick. And we should have died; but God sent us such a nice old man, just like you! He came in just at noon to get a drink; and when he saw us, he was sorry for us, yes, and he staid on with us. And he gave us something to drink, and fed us, and put us on our legs; and he bought back our land, and he bought us a horse and *telyéga*, left them with us."

The old woman came into the hut; she interrupted the woman's story: "And we don't know at all," says she, "whether it was a man, or an angel of God. He loved us all so, and he was so sorry for us; and he went away, and did not tell us [who he was], and we don't know who we should pray God for. I can see it now just as it was: there I was lying, expecting to die; I see a little old man come in — not a bit stuck up —

¹ A sort of triangular doughnuts, or boiled patties, stuffed with cheese or curds.

rather bald — he asks for water. Sinner that I was, I thought, ‘What are they prowling round here for?’ And think what he did! As soon as he saw us, he right off with his sack, and set it right on that spot, and untied it.”

And the little girl broke in, —

“No,” says she, “bábushka: first he set his sack right in the middle of the hut, and then he put it on the bench.”

And they began to discuss it, and to recall all his words and actions; both where he sat, and where he slept, and what he did, and what he said to any of them.

At nightfall came the muzhik-khozyáin on horse-back: he, also, began to tell about Yeliséi, and how he had lived with them: —

“If he had not come to us,” says he, “we should all have died in our sins. We were perishing in despair: we murmured against God and against men. But he set us on our feet; and through him we learned to know God, and we have come to believe that there are good people. Christ bless him! Before, we lived like cattle: he made us men.”

The people fed Yefím, gave him enough to drink: they fixed him for the night, and they themselves lay down to sleep.

Yefím is unable to sleep; and the thought does not leave his mind, how he had seen Yeliséi in Jerusalem three times in the foremost place. “That’s how he got there before me,” he thinks. “My labors may, or may not, be accepted, but the Lord has accepted his.”

In the morning the people wished Yefím good-speed; they loaded him with pirozhki for his journey, and they went to their work: and Yefím started on his way.

XII.

YEFÍM had been gone exactly a year. In the spring he returned home.

He reached home in the evening. His son was not at home: he was at the tavern.¹ His son came home tipsy. Yefím began to question him. In all respects he saw that the young man had got into bad ways during his absence. He had spent all the money badly, he had neglected things. The father began to reprimand him. The son began to be impudent.

"You yourself might have stirred about a little," says he, "but you went wandering. Yes, and you took all the money with you besides, and then you call me to account!"

The father grew angry, beat his son.

In the morning Yefím Tarásuitch started for the stárosta's to talk with him about his son: he goes by Yeliséï's dvor. Yeliséï's old woman is standing on the doorsteps: she greets him.

"How's your health, neighbor?" says she: "did you have a good pilgrimage?"

Yefím Tarásuitch stopped.

"Glory to God," says he, "I have been! I lost your old man, but I hear he got home!"

And the old woman began to talk. She was very fond of prattling.

"He got back," says she, "good neighbor: he got

¹ *Kabak*.

back long ago. Very soon after the Assumption. And glad enough we were that God brought him. It was lonesome for us without him. He isn't good for much work — his day is done; but he is the head, and we are happier. And how glad our lad was! 'Without father,' says he, 'it's like being without light in the eye.' It was lonesome for us without him, we love him and we missed him so! "

" Well,¹ is he at home now? "

" Yes, friend, he's with the bees: he's hiving the new swarms. 'Splendid swarms,' says he: such a power of bees God never gave, as far as my old man remembers. God doesn't grant according to our sins, he says. Come in, neighbor: ² how glad he'll be to see you! "

Yefim passed through the vestibule, through the dvor to the apiary where Yeliséi was. He went into the apiary, he looks — Yeliséi is standing under a little birch-tree, without a net, without gloves, in his gray kaftan, spreading out his arms, and looking up; and the bald spot over his whole head gleams, just as when he stood in Jerusalem at the Lord's sepulchre; and over him, just as in Jerusalem the candles burned, the sunlight plays through the birch-tree; and around his head the golden bees circle in a crown, fly in and out, and do not sting him.

Yefim stood still.

Yeliséi's old woman called to her husband: —

" Our neighbor's come," says she.

Yeliséi looked around, was delighted, came to meet his companion,³ calmly detaching the bees from his beard.

" How are you, comrade,³ how are you, my dear friend! — did you have a good journey? "

¹ *Ohio-ah.*

² *Kum.*

“My feet went on the pilgrimage, and I have brought you some water from the river Jordan. Come — you shall have it — but whether the Lord accepted my labors ” —

“Well, glory to God, Christ save us ! ”

Yefím was silent for a moment.

“My legs took me there, but whether it was my soul that was there, or another’s ” —

“That is God’s affair, comrade, God’s affair.”

“On my way back I stopped also — at the hut where you left me ” —

Yeliséi became confused : he hastened to repeat, —

“It’s God’s affair, comrade, God’s affair. What say you?¹ shall we go into the izbá? — I will bring you some honey.”

And Yeliséi changed the conversation : he spoke about domestic affairs.

Yefím sighed, and did not again remind Yeliséi of the people in the hut, and the vision of him that he had seen in Jerusalem. And he learned that in this world God bids every one do his duty till death — in love and good deeds.

¹ *Chó-ah.*

TEXTS FOR WOOD-CUTS.

1885.

THE DEVIL'S PERSISTENT, BUT GOD IS RESISTANT.¹

THERE lived in old time a good master.² He had plenty of every thing, and many slaves served him. And the slaves used to praise their master.³ They said, —

“There is not a better master under heaven than ours. He not only feeds us and clothes us well, and gives us work according to our strength, but he never insults any of us, and never gets angry with us : he isn't like other masters, who treat their slaves worse than cattle, and kill them whether they are to blame or not, and never say a kind word to them. Our master, he wishes us well, and treats us kindly, and says pleasant things to us. We couldn't have a better life than ours.”

Thus the slaves praised their master.

And here the Devil began to get vexed because the slaves lived in comfort and love with their master.

And the Devil got hold of one of the slaves of this master, named Al'yeb. He got hold of him — commanded him to entice the other slaves.

¹ *Vrashye Lyépkó a Boshyé Kryépkó.*

² *Khooydin.*

³ *Gospodin, Lord.*

And when all the slaves were taking their rest, and were praising their master, Al'yeb raised his voice, and said, "It's all nonsense your praising our master's goodness. Try to humor the Devil, and the Devil will be good. We serve our master well, we humor him in all things. As soon as he thinks of any thing, we do it: we divine his thoughts. How make him be not good to us? Just stop humoring him, and do bad work for him, and he will be like all the others, and he will return evil for evil worse than the crossest of masters."

And the other slaves began to argue with Alyeb. And they argued, and laid a wager. Alyeb undertook to make their kind master angry. He undertook it on the condition, that, if he does not make him angry, he shall give his Sunday clothes; but if he makes him angry, then they agree to give him, each one of them, their Sunday clothes; and, moreover, they agree to protect him from their master, if he should be put in irons, or, if thrown in prison, to free him. They laid the wager, and Al'yeb promised to make their master angry the next morning.

Alyeb served his master in the sheep-cote: he had charge of the costly breeding-rams.

And here in the morning the good master came with some guests to the sheep-cote, and began to show them his beloved, costly rams. The Devil's accomplice winked to his comrades:—

"Look! I'll soon get the master angry."

All the slaves had gathered. They peeked in at the door and through the fence; and the Devil climbed into a tree, and looks down into the dvor, to see how his accomplice will do his work.

The master came round the dvor, showed his guests

his sheep and lambs, and then was going to show his best ram.

“The other rams,” says he, “are good ; but this one here, the one with the twisted horns, is priceless ; he is dearer to me than my eyes.”

The sheep and rams are jumping about the dvor to avoid the people, and the guests are unable to examine the valuable ram. This ram scarcely comes to a stop when the Devil’s accomplice, as though accidentally, scares the sheep, and again they get mixed up.

The guests are unable to make out which is the priceless ram.

Here the master became tired. He says, —

“Alyeb, my dear, just try to catch the best ram with the wrinkled horns, and hold him. Be careful.”

And, as soon as the master said this, Al’yeb threw himself, like a lion, amid the rams, and caught the priceless ram by the wool. He caught him by the wool, and instantly grabbed him with one hand by the left hind-leg, lifted it up, and, right before the master’s eyes, bent his leg, and it cracked like a dry stick. Al’yeb broke the dear ram’s leg near the knee. The ram bleated, and fell on his fore-knees. Alyeb grabbed him by the right leg ; but the left turned inside out, and hung down like a whip. The guests and all the slaves said, “Akh !” and the Devil rejoiced when he saw how cleverly Al’yeb had done his job.

The khozyáin grew darker than night, frowned, hung his head, and said not a word. The guests and slaves were also silent. . . . They waited to see what would be.

The khozyáin kept silent a while : then he shook himself, as though trying to throw off something, and raised his head, and turned his eyes heavenward. Not

long he gazed before the wrinkles on his brow disappeared: he smiled, and fixed his eyes on Al'yeb. He looked at Al'yeb, smiled again, and said, "O Al'yeb, Al'yeb! Thy master told thee to make me angry. But my master is stronger than thine, and thou hast not led me into anger; but I shall make thy master angry. Thou wert afraid that I would punish thee, and hast wished to be free, Al'yeb. Know, then, that thy punishment will not come from me; but as thou art anxious for thy freedom, here, in the presence of my guests, I give thee thy dismissal. Go wherever it may please thee,¹ and take thy Sunday clothes."

And the kind master went back to the house with his guests. But the Devil gnashed his teeth, fell from the tree, and sank through the earth.

LITTLE GIRLS WISER THAN OLD MEN.

EASTER was early. Sleighing was just over. The snow still lay in the dvors, and little streams ran through the village. In an alley between two dvors a large pool had collected from the dung-heaps. And near this pool were standing two little girls from either dvor, — one of them younger, the other older.

The mothers of the two little girls had dressed them in new sarafans, — the younger one's blue, the elder's of yellow flowered damask. Both were tied with red handkerchiefs. The little girls, after mass was over, had gone to the pool, showed each other their dresses, and began to play. And the whim seized them to splash in the water. The younger one was just going to wade into the pool with her little slippers on; but the older one said, —

"Don't do it, Malashka — your mother will scold.

¹ Literally, "to all four sides."

I'm going to take off my shoes and stockings — you take off yours."

The little girls took off their shoes and stockings, held up their clothes, and went into the pool so as to meet. Malashka waded in up to her ankles, and says, —

"It's deep, Akuliushka — I am afraid."

"This is nothing. It won't be any deeper. Come right toward me."

They began to get nearer each other. And Akulka says, —

"Be careful, Malashka, don't splash, but go more slowly."

But the words were hardly out of her mouth, when Malashka put her foot down into the water: it splashed straight on Akulka's sarafan. The sarafan was well splattered, and it flew into her nose and eyes.

Akulka saw the spots on her sarafan: she became angry with Malashka, scolded her, ran after her, tried to slap her.

Malashka was frightened seeing what mischief she had done, leaped out of the pool, hastened home.

Akulka's mother happened to pass by, saw her little daughter's sarafan splattered, and her shirt bedaubed.

"How did you get yourself all covered with dirt, you good-for-nothing?"

"Malashka splattered me on purpose."

Akulkin's mother caught Malashka, and struck her on the back of the head.

Malashka howled along the whole street. Malashkin's mother came out: —

"What are you striking my daughter for?" She began to scold her neighbor. A word for a word: the women got into a quarrel. The muzhiks hastened out, a great crowd gathered on the street. All are scream-

ing. No one listens to anybody. They quarrel, and the one jostled the other; there was a general row imminent: but an old woman, Akulkin's grandmother,¹ interfered.

She came out into the midst of the muzhíks, and began to speak: "What are you doing, neighbors? What day is it? We ought to rejoice. And you are doing such wrong things!"

They heed not the old woman: they almost strike her. And the old woman would never have succeeded in persuading them, had it not been for Akulka and Malashka. While the babas were keeping up the quarrel, Akulka cleaned her *sarafanchik*, and came out again to the pool in the alley. She picked up a little stone, and began to clear away the earth by the pool, so as to let the water run into the street.

While she was cleaning it out, Malashka also came along, began to help her — to make a little gutter with a splinter.

The muzhíks were just coming to blows when the water reached the street, flowing through the gutter made by the little girls; and it went straight to the very spot where the old woman was trying to separate the muzhíks.

The little girls are chasing it, one on one side, the other on the other, of the runnel.

"Catch it, Malashka! catch it!" cries Akulka. Malashka also tries to say something, but laughter prevents.

Thus the little girls chase it, and laugh as the splinter swims down the runnel.

They ran right into the midst of the muzhíks. The old woman saw them, and she says to the muzhíks, —

¹ Babka.

“You should fear God, you muzhíks! it was on account of the same little girls that you picked up a quarrel, but they forgot all about it long ago: dear little things, they are playing together lovingly again.”

The muzhíks looked at the little girls, and felt ashamed. Then the muzhíks laughed at themselves, and went home to their dvors.

“If ye are not like children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”

TWO BROTHERS AND GOLD.

ONCE upon a time, there lived, not far from Jerusalem, two brothers, the elder Afanási, and the younger one Yoann. They lived on a mountain, not far from the city, and subsisted on what men gave them. The brothers spent all their time in work. They did not work on their own work, but on work for the poor. Wherever there were people worn out by work, wherever they were ill, or orphans or widows, there the brothers would go, and there they would work, and on their departure take no pay. Thus the brothers spent a whole week at a time, and met at their dwelling. Only on Sunday they staid at home, prayed and talked. And the angel of the Lord came to them and blessed them. On Monday they parted, each his own way.

Thus the brothers lived many summers; and every week the angel of the Lord came to them, and blessed them.

One Monday, when the brothers were going out to work, and had already started down different sides, the elder, Afanási, began to feel sorry to part from his beloved brother; and he halted, and looked back.

Yoann was walking on his way, with head bent, and not looking up.

But suddenly Yoann also stopped, and, as though he saw something, began to gaze back intently, shading his eyes with his hand. Then he approached what he was looking at: then suddenly he leaped to one side, and, without looking round, ran to the base of the mountain, and up the mountain, away from that place, as though a wild beast were pursuing him.

Afanási was surprised, and turned back to the place to see what had scared his brother so.

As he approached nearer, he saw something glistening in the sun. He came still nearer. On the grass, as though thrown out from a measure, is lying a heap of gold.

And Afanási was still more astonished, both at the gold, and at his brother's flight.

"What scared him? and why did he run away?" asked Afanási of himself. "There is no sin in gold: sin is in man. Gold can do no harm: it may do good. How many widows and orphans this gold can nourish! how many naked it can clad! how many poor and sick it can heal! We are now serving-men; but our service is small, just as our strength is small. But with this gold, we can be of better service to people." Thus reasoned Afanási, and he wanted to tell all this to his brother; but Yoann was already gone out of hearing, and could only be seen now like a little beetle on the other mountain.

And Afanási took off his coat, filled it with as much gold as he had strength to lug, put it on his shoulder, and carried it to the city. He came to a hotel, deposited the gold with the hotel-keeper, and went for the rest of it.

And when he had got all the gold, he went to the merchants, bought land in the city, bought bricks and lumber, engaged laborers, and began to build three houses.

And Afanási lived in the city three months. He built in the city three houses, — one house, an asylum for widows and orphans; the second house, a hospital for the sick and poverty-stricken; the third house, for pilgrims¹ and beggars.

And Afanási found three pious old men; and one of them he placed over the asylum, the other over the hospital, and the third over the pilgrims' home.

And still Afanási had left three thousand gold-pieces. And he gave to each of the old men a thousand to distribute among the poor.

And all three of the houses began to fill with people, and men began to praise Afanási for all that he had done. And Afanási was so delighted at this, that he did not care to leave the city.

But Afanási loved his brother; and having said good-by to the people, and not leaving himself any money at all, and wearing the very same old clothes in which he had come, he went back to his house.

Afanási is climbing down his mountain, and thinking, —

“My brother reasoned wrong when he jumped away from the gold and fled. Haven't I done better?”

And this thought had scarcely occurred to Afanási, when suddenly he sees standing right in his path, the same angel who had blessed them: he looks sternly at him.

And Afanási was stupefied, and could only say, —
“What is it, Lord?”

¹ *Stránnikt.*

And the angel opened his lips, and said, —

“Get thee hence! Thou art unworthy to live with thy brother. Thy brother’s one leap is worth more than all those things that thou hast done with thy gold.”

And Afanási began to tell how many poor and wanderers he had fed, how many orphans he had cared for.

And the angel said to him, —

“The Devil, who put down the gold to seduce thee, also taught thee these words.”

And then Afanási felt the prick of conscience, and understood that he had not done these deeds for God’s sake; and he burst into tears, and began to repent.

Then the angel stepped out of the road, and allowed him to pass; and there stood Yoann, waiting for his brother. And from that time Afanási did not give in to the temptation of the Devil that had scattered the gold; and he learned that God and men can be served, not by gold, but only by deeds.

And the brothers began to live as before.

ILYÁS.

THERE lived in the government of Ufa a Bashkir, Ilyás. Ilyás was left poor by his father. His father got him a wife, and the next year died. At that time Ilyás’s possessions consisted of seven mares, two cows, and a score of sheep: but Ilyás was a good manager,¹ and he began to gain; from morning till night he and his wife worked; he got up earlier than any one else, and went to bed later than any one else, and each year he kept getting richer. Thus Ilyás toiled for thirty-five years, and he made a great fortune.

Ilyás had two hundred head of horse, a hundred and

¹ *Khorydka*.

fifty head of horned cattle, and twelve hundred sheep. The servants pastured the flocks and herds; and the maid-servants milked the mares and cows, and made *kumýs*, butter, and cheese.

Ilyás had plenty of every thing, and all in the neighborhood envied Ilyás's life. Men said, —

“ Lucky man, Ilyás. He has plenty of every thing: he doesn't need to die.”

Fine people began to get acquainted with Ilyás, and associate with him. And guests came to visit him from far and near. And Ilyás received them all, and fed them all, and gave them to drink. Whoever came had *kumýs*: all had tea, fish-broth,¹ and mutton. As soon as guests came, he would immediately have a ram killed, or two; and if many came, they would kill a mare also.

Ilyás had two sons and a daughter. He married off his sons, and got his daughter a husband. When Ilyás was poor, his sons worked with him, and they themselves pastured the flocks and herds; but as they became rich, the sons began to get spoiled, and one took to drinking.

One, the elder, was killed in a brawl: and the other, the younger, got a proud wife; and this son began to be disobedient to his father, and Ilyás was compelled to banish him.

Ilyás banished him, but gave him a house and cattle; and Ilyás's wealth was diminished. And soon after this a distemper fell upon Ilyás's sheep, and many perished. Then there came a year of famine; the hay did not ripen; many cattle died during the winter. Then the Kirgiz carried off his best horses, and Ilyás's property began to diminish.

¹ *Sherbá*, or *shcherbá*.

Ilyás began to fall lower and lower. And his strength was less than it had been. And at the age of seventy years, Ilyás had come to such a pass that he began to sell out his furs, his carpets, saddles, tip-carts,¹ and then he began to dispose of his last cattle, and Ilyás came to nothing.

He himself did not realize how he had nothing left; but he and his wife were obliged, in their old age, to hire out as servants. All Ilyás's possessions consisted of the clothes on his body, his shuba, a hat, shoes, and slippers — yes, and his wife, Sham-Shemagi, now an old woman. His banished son had gone to a far-off land, and his daughter died. And then there was no one to help the old people.

Their neighbor, Muhamedshah, felt sorry for the old people. Muhamedshah himself was neither poor nor rich, but lived in medium circumstances; and he was a good man.

He remembered Ilyás's hospitality,² and pitied him, and said to Ilyás, —

"Come, Ilyás," says he, "and live with me — you and your old woman. In summer you can work for me in the garden, and in winter take care of the cattle; and Sham-Shemagi may milk the mares, and make kumýs. I will feed and clothe you both: and whatever you need, tell me; I will give it."

Ilyás thanked his neighbor, and he and his wife began to live with Muhamedshah as servants. At first it came hard to them, but afterwards they got used to it; and the old people began to live, and work as much as their strength permitted.

The khozyáin found it profitable to keep such people, because they had been masters³ themselves, and knew

¹ *Kibíték*.

² *Khlyéb-col*; literally, bread-salt.

³ *Khozyáeva*.

how to keep things orderly, and were not lazy, and worked according to their strength : only Muhamedshah felt sorry to see how people of such high station should have fallen to such a low condition.

Once it came to pass, that some guests, distant kinsmen, came to visit Muhamedshah : a Mulla came with them.

Muhamedshah gave orders to have a ram caught and killed. Ilyás dressed the ram, cooked it, and served it to the guests. The guests ate the mutton, drank some tea, and took some kumýs.

While the guests are sitting with the khozyáin on down-pillows, on carpets, are drinking kumýs out of cups, and chatting, Ilyás had finished his chores, and was passing in front of the door.

Muhamedshah saw him, and asked a guest, —

“ Did you see that old man who went by the door? ”

“ I saw him,” says the guest ; “ but what is there wonderful in him? ”

“ This is remarkable, — he was once our richest man. His name is Ilyás : maybe you have heard of him? ”

“ Certainly I have,” says the guest. “ I never saw him before, but his fame has been wide-spread.”

“ Now he has nothing at all left, and he lives out at service with me : he and his old woman milk the cows.”

The guest was amazed ; snapped his tongue, shook his head, and says, —

“ Yes, this shows how fortune turns round like a wheel : he who is on top gets to the bottom. Well, I suppose the old man feels pretty bad about it? ”

“ Who can tell about him? He lives quietly, peacefully ; works well.”

The guest says, “ Can I have a talk with him? I should like to ask him about his life.”

"Well,¹ you can," says the khozyáin, and shouts toward the tip-cart,² "Babái (means little grandfather³ in Bashkirian), come in; bring some kumýs, and call your old woman."

And Ilyás came with his wife. Ilyás greeted the guests and his master, repeated a prayer, and squatted down by the door. But his wife went behind the curtain, and sat with her mistress.⁴

Ilyás was given a cup of kumýs. Ilyás wished the health of the guests and of his master, bowed, sipped a little, and set it down.

"Well, dyédushka," says the guest, "I suppose you feel rather blue looking at us, to remember your past life, — how you used to be in luck, and how now your life is spent in sorrow?"

And Ilyás smiled, and said, "If I told you about my fortune and misfortune, you would not believe me. Better ask my baba. She is a baba, — what's in her heart's on her tongue also. She will tell you the whole truth about this matter."

And the host called to the curtain, "Well, now,⁵ bábushka, tell us what you think about your former luck, and your present misfortune."

And Sham-Shemagi spoke from behind the curtain: —

"This is what I think about it: My old man and I have lived fifty years. We sought for happiness, and did not find it; and now here it is two years since we lost every thing, and have been living out at service; and we have found real happiness, and ask for nothing better."

The guests were amazed; and the khozyáin was amazed, and even rose from his seat, lifted the curtain

¹ *Chlo-sh.* ² *Kibítka.* ³ *Dyédushka.* ⁴ *Khozyálka.* ⁵ *Nu, chlo-sh.*

to look at the old woman ; and the old woman is standing, with folded arms. She smiles as she looks at her old man, and the old man smiles back. The old woman went on, "I am speaking the truth, not jesting. We sought for happiness for half a century, and as long as we were rich we did not find it ; but now that we have nothing left, and have to go out to service, we have found such happiness that we ask for nothing better."

"But wherein consists your happiness now?"

"Well, in this : while we were rich, my old man and I never had an hour's rest. We never had time to talk, nor to think about our souls, nor to pray to God. There was nothing for us but care. When we had guests, it was a bother how to treat them, what to give them, so that they might not talk ill about us. Then, when guests went away, we had to look after our work-people : they must have rest, they must have enough to eat, and we must see to it that nothing that is ours gets lost. So we sinned. Then, again, care lest the wolf should kill a colt or a calf, or lest thieves should drive off our horses. You lay down to sleep, you can't sleep for fear the sheep trample the lambs. You go out, you walk in the night : you just get yourself calmed down — again, care how to get food for the winter. Besides this, my old man and I never agreed. He says we must do so, and I say we must do so ; and we begin to quarrel, we sin. So we lived in worry and care, in worry and care, and never knew the happiness of life."

"Well, and now?"

"Now when my old man and I get up in the morning, we always have a talk, in love and sympathy ; we have nothing to quarrel about, nothing to worry about ;

our only care is to serve our khozyáin. We work according to our strength, we work willingly, so that our khozyáin may not lose, but gain. When we come in, we have dinner, we have supper, we have kumýs. If it is cold, we have our *kizydák*¹ to warm us, and a sheepskin shuba. And we have time to talk and think about our souls, and to pray to God. For fifty years we sought for happiness, and only now we have found it!"

The guests began to laugh.

But Ilyás said, —

"Don't laugh, brothers: this thing is no jest, but human life. And the old woman and I were foolish when we wept over the loss of our property, but now God has revealed the truth to us; and it is not for our own consolation, but for your good, that we reveal it to you."

And the Mulla said, "This is a wise saying, and Ilyás has told the exact truth; and this is written also in the Scriptures."

And the guests ceased laughing, and were lost in thought.

¹ *Kizydák*, or *flaydák*, a Tatar word, meaning a brick made of dried dung.

THE THREE MENDICANTS.

1886.

"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." — MATT. vi. 6, 7.

A BISHOP set sail in a ship from the city of Archangel to Solovki.¹ In the same ship sailed some pilgrims to the saints.

The wind was favorable, the weather clear, the sea was not rough. The pilgrims, as they were lying down, as they were lunching, as they were sitting in a crowd, conversed together.

The bishop came on deck, began to walk up and down on the bridge. As he approaches the bow, he sees the people crowded together. A little muzhík is pointing his hand at something in the sea, and talking; and the people are listening.

The bishop stood still, and looked in the direction that the *muzhitchók* was pointing: nothing is to be seen, except the sea glistening in the sun.

The bishop came closer, began to listen. When the *muzhitchók* saw the bishop, he took off his cap, and stopped speaking. The people also, when they saw the bishop, took off their shápkas, and paid their respects.

¹ The Slovetzky Monastery, at the mouth of the Dvina River.

"Don't mind me, brothers," said the bishop. "I have also come to listen to what you are saying, my good friend."

"This fisherman was telling us about some mendicants,"¹ said a merchant, taking courage.

"What about the mendicants?" asked the bishop, as he came to the gunwale, and sat down on a box. "Tell me too: I should like to hear. What were you pointing at?"

"Well, then,² yonder's the little island just heaving in sight," said the little peasant; and he pointed toward the port-side. "On that very islet, three mendicants³ live, working out their salvation."

"Where is the little island?" asked the bishop.

"Here, look along my arm, if you please. Way out there, at the left of that little cloud, you can see it."

The bishop looked and looked: the water gleamed in the sun, and he could see nothing unusual.

"I don't see it," says he. "What sort of mendicants are they who live on the little island?"

"Hermits,"³ replied the peasant. "For a long time I had heard tell of 'em, but I never chanced to see them until last summer."

And the fisherman again began to relate how he had been out fishing, and how he was driven to that island, and knew not where he was. In the morning he started to look around, and stumbled upon a little earthen hut; and he found in the hut one mendicant, and then two others came in. They fed him, and dried him, and helped him repair his boat.

"What sort of men were they?" asked the bishop.

¹ *Stártai.*

² *Da vol.*

³ *Bozhi Iudi*, usually the term for monks.

“One was rather small, humpbacked, very, very old; he was dressed in well-worn stole; he must have been more than a hundred years old; his beard was already silvery white; but he always had a smile ready, and he was as serene as an angel of heaven. The second was taller, also old, in a torn kaftan; his long beard was growing a little yellowish, but he was a strong man; he turned my boat over, — a tub, — and I didn’t even have to help him: he was also a jolly man. But the third was tall, with a long beard reaching to his knee, and white as the moon; but he was gloomy; his eyes glared out from under beetling brows; and he was naked, all save a plaited belt.”

“What did they say to you?” asked the bishop.

“They did every thing mostly without speaking, and they talked very little among themselves: one had only to look, and the other understood. I began to ask the tall one if they had lived there long. He frowned, muttered something, grew almost angry: then the little old man instantly seized him by the hand, smiled, and the large man said nothing. But the old man said, ‘Excuse us,’ and smiled.”

While the peasant was speaking, the ship sailed nearer and nearer to the islands.

“There, now you can see plainly,” said the merchant. “Now please look, your reverence,”¹ said he, pointing. The bishop tried to look, and he barely managed to make out a black speck — the little island.

The bishop gazed and gazed; and he went from the bow to the stern, and he approached the helmsman.

“What is that little island,” says he, “that you see over yonder?”

¹ *Vashe prosvyashchéntso.*

"So far as I know, it hasn't any name: good many of 'em here."

"Is it true what they say, that some mendicants live there?"

"They say so, your reverence, but I don't rightly know. Fishermen, they say, have seen 'em. Still, folks talk a good deal of nonsense."

"I should like to land on the little island, and see the mendicants," said the bishop. "How can I manage it?"

"It is impossible to go there in the ship," said the helmsman. "You might do it in a boat, but you will have to ask the captain. Call the captain."

"I should like to have a sight of those mendicants," said the bishop. "Is it out of the question to take me there?"

The captain tried to dissuade him.

"It is possible, quite possible, but we should waste much time; and I take the liberty of assuring your reverence, it isn't worth your while to see them. I have heard from people that those old men live like perfect stupids; don't understand any thing, and can't say any thing, just like some sort of sea-fish."

"I wish it," said the bishop. "I will pay for the trouble, if you will take me there."

There was nothing else to be done: the sailors arranged it; they shifted sail. The helmsman put the ship about: they sailed toward the island. A chair was set for the bishop on the bow. He sat down and looked. And all the people gathered on the bow, all look at the little island. And those who have trustworthy eyes, already see rocks on the island, and point out the hut. And one even saw the three mendicants. The captain got out a spy-glass, gazed through it,

handed it to the bishop: "Exactly," says he, "there on the shore at the right, standing on a great rock, are three men."

The bishop also looked through the glass; he sights where it must be; plainly the three men are standing there, — one tall, the second shorter, but the third very short. They are standing on the shore, they cling on with their hands.

The captain came to the bishop: —

"Here, your reverence, the ship must come to anchor: if it suit you, you can be put ashore in a yawl, and we will anchor out here."

Immediately they got the tackle ready, lowered the anchor, furled the sails: the vessel brought up, began to roll. They lowered a boat, the rowers manned it, and the bishop began to climb down by the companion-way. The bishop climbed down, took his seat on the thwart: the rowers lifted their oars; they sped away to the island. They sped away like a stone from a sling: they see the three old men standing, — the tall one naked, with his plaited belt; the shorter one in his torn kaftan; and the little old humpbacked one, in his old stole, — all three are standing there, clinging on with their hands.

The sailors made for shore, caught on with the boat-hook. The bishop got out.

The mendicants bowed before him; he blessed them; they bowed still lower. And the bishop began to speak to them: —

"I heard," says he, "that you hermits were here, working out your salvation, followers of Christ; that you worship God: and I am here by God's grace, an unworthy servant of Christ, called to be a shepherd to his flock; and so I desired also, if I might, to

give instruction to you, who are the servants of God."

The mendicants made no reply: they smiled, they exchanged glances.

"Tell me how you are working out your salvation, and how you serve God," said the bishop.

The middle mendicant sighed, and looked at the aged one, at the venerable one: the tall stárets frowned, and looked at the aged one, at the venerable one. And the venerable old stárets smiled, and said, —

"Servant of God, we have not the skill to serve God: we only serve ourselves, getting something to eat."

"How do you pray to God?" asked the bishop.

And the venerable stárets said, "We pray thus: 'You three, have mercy on us three.'"¹

And as soon as the venerable stárets said this, all three of the mendicants raised their eyes to heaven, and all three said, "*Tróe vas, tróe nas, promilúú nas!*"

The bishop smiled, and said, "You have heard this about the Holy Trinity, but you should not pray so. I have taken a fancy to you, men of God. I see that you desire to please God, but you know not how to serve him. You should not pray so; but listen to me, I will teach you. I shall not teach you my own words, but shall teach you from God's scriptures how God commanded all people to pray to God."

And the bishop began to explain to the mendicants how God revealed himself to men. He taught them about God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, and said, "God the Son came upon earth to save men, and this is the way he taught all men to pray: listen, and repeat after me" —

¹ *Tróe vas, tróe nas, pomilúú nas!*"

And the bishop began to say, "*Our Father.*" And one stárets repeated "*Our Father,*" and then the second repeated "*Our Father,*" and the third also repeated "*Our Father.*" — "*Who art in heaven;*" and the mendicants tried to repeat, "*Who art in heaven.*"

But the middle mendicant mixed the words up; he could not repeat them so: and the tall, naked stárets could not repeat them; his lips had grown together — he could not speak distinctly: and the venerable, toothless stárets could not stammer the words intelligibly.

The bishop said it a second time: the mendicants repeated it again. And the bishop sat down on a little boulder, and the mendicants stood about him; and they looked at his lips, and they repeated it after him until they knew it. And all that day till evening the bishop labored with them; and ten times, and twenty times, and a hundred times, he repeated each word, and the mendicants learned it by rote. And when they got entangled, he set them right, and made them begin all over again.

And the bishop did not leave the mendicants until he had taught them the whole of the Lord's Prayer. They repeated it after him, and then by themselves.

First of all, the middle stárets learned it, and he repeated it from beginning to end; and the bishop bade him say it again and again, and still again to repeat it: and the others also learned the whole prayer.

It was already beginning to grow dark, and the moon began to come up out of the sea, when the bishop arose to go back to the ship.

The bishop said farewell to the mendicants: they all bowed very low before him. He took them, and kissed each, bade them pray as he had taught them; and he took his seat in the boat, and returned to the ship.

And while the bishop was rowed back to the ship, he heard all the time how the mendicants were repeating the Lord's Prayer at the top of their voices.

They returned to the ship, and here the voices of the mendicants was no longer heard ; but they could still see, in the light of the moon, the three old men standing in the very same place on the shore, — one shorter than the rest in the middle, with the tall one on the right, and the other on the left hand.

The bishop returned to the ship, climbed up on deck ; the anchor was hoisted ; the sails were spread, and bellied with wind ; the ship moved off, and they sailed a long way.

The bishop came to the stern, and took a seat there, and kept looking at the little island. At first the mendicants were to be seen ; then they were hidden from sight, and only the island was visible ; and then the island went out of sight, and only the sea was left playing in the moonlight.

The pilgrims lay down to sleep, and all was quiet on deck. But the bishop cared not to sleep : he sat by himself in the stern, looked out over the sea in the direction where the island had faded from sight, and thought about the good mendicants.

He thought of how they had rejoiced in what they had learned in the prayer ; and he thanked God because he had led him to the help of the hermits, in teaching them the word of God.

Thus the bishop is sitting, thinking, looking at the sea in the direction where the little island lay hidden. And his eyes are filled with the moonlight, as it dances here and there on the waves. Suddenly he sees something shining and gleaming white in the track of the moon. Is it a bird, a gull, or a

boat-sail gleaming white? The bishop strains his sight.

“A sail-boat,” he thinks, “is chasing us. Yes, it is catching up with us very rapidly. It was far, far off, but now it is close to us. But, after all, it is not much like a sail-boat. Anyway, something is chasing us, and catching up with us.”

And the bishop cannot decide what it is, — a boat, or not a boat; a bird, or not a bird; a fish, or not a fish. It is like a man, but very great; and a man cannot be in the midst of the sea.

The bishop got up, went to the helmsman.

“Look!” says he, “what is that? what is that, brother? what is it?” says the bishop. But by this time, he himself sees. It is the mendicants running over the sea. Their gray beards gleam white, and shine; and they draw near the ship as though it were stationary.

The helmsman looked. He was scared, dropped the tiller, and cried with a loud voice, —

“Lord! the mendicants are running over the sea as though it were dry land!”

The people hear, spring up, all rush aft. All behold the mendicants running, clinging hand in hand. The end ones swing their arms: they signal to come to. All three run over the water as though it were dry land, and do not move their feet.

It was not possible to bring the ship to before the mendicants overtook it, came on board, raised their heads, and said with one voice, —

“We have forgotten, servant of God, we have forgotten what thou didst teach us. While we were learning it, we remembered it; but when we ceased for an hour to repeat it, one word slipped away; we forgot it;

the whole was lost. We remember none of it : teach it to us again."

The bishop crossed himself, bowed low to the mendicants, and said, —

"Acceptable to God is your prayer, ye hermits. It is not for me to teach you. Pray for us, sinners."

And the bishop bowed before the feet of the mendicants. And the mendicants paused, turned about, and went back over the sea. And in the morning, there was something seen shining in the place where the mendicants had come on board.

POPULAR LEGENDS.

1886.

HOW THE LITTLE DEVIL EARNED A CRUST OF BREAD.

A POOR muzhík was going out to plough, though he had eaten no breakfast; and he took with him, from the house, a crust of bread. The muzhík turned over his plough, unfastened the bar, put it under the bush; and then he left his crust of bread, and covered it with his kaftan. The horse was almost dead, and the muzhík was very hungry. The muzhík turned over the plough, unhitched the horse, gave her something to eat, and went to his kaftan to get a bite for himself. The muzhík picked up his kaftan: the crust was gone. He hunted and hunted; turned his kaftan inside out, shook it: there was no crust. The muzhík was amazed. "This is a marvellous thing," he thinks. "I haven't seen any one, and yet some one has carried off my crust."

But a little devil¹ had stolen the crust while the muzhík was ploughing, and had taken his seat on a shrub to listen how the muzhík would swear, and call him, the devil, by name.

The muzhík was disappointed.

"Well, now,² I am not going to die of starvation.

¹ *Chortýónok.*

² *Nu da.*

Of course, the one that took it must have needed it. Let him eat it, and be welcome."

And the muzhík went to the well, got a drink of water, sighed, caught his horse, harnessed her, and began to plough again.

The little devil was vexed because he had not led the muzhík into sin, and he went to tell about it to the biggest of the devils. He came to the bigger one, and told him how he had stolen the crust from the muzhík: instead of getting angry, he had said, "Be welcome." The big devil was angry. "Why," says he, "in this affair the muzhík has got the better of you: thou thyself art to blame for it; thou wert not wise. If," says he, "muzhíks, and next to them babas, were to be caught by any such trick, it wouldn't be of any use for us to be in existence. It's no use arranging the thing that way. Go back to the muzhík," says he, "earn the crust. If within three-years' time thou dost not get the better of the muzhík, I'll give thee a bath in holy water."

The little devil was alarmed; ran back to earth, began to cogitate how he might expiate his fault. He thought and thought, and he thought out a scheme.

The little devil turned himself into a good man, and took service with the poor muzhík. And he advised the muzhík to sow corn during a summer-drought, in a swamp. The muzhík listened to the laborer; sowed in the swamp. The other muzhíks had every thing burned up by the sun; but the poor muzhík had dense, high, full-eared corn. The muzhík had enough to live on till the next year; and even then, much corn remained.

That year, the laborer advised the muzhík on the hill-side. And there came a rainy summer. And the

people had sowed their corn, and sweat over it, and the kernels don't fill out; but the muzhík on the hill-side had a quantity of corn ripen. And the muzhík still had much more corn than he needed. And the muzhík knows not what to do with it.

And the laborer advised the muzhík to grind the corn, and distil whiskey. The muzhík distilled the whiskey; began to drink himself, and gave others to drink. The little devil came to the big one, and began to boast that he had earned the crust. The big one went to investigate.

He came to the muzhík's; sees how the muzhík has invited the rich men, — treated them all to whiskey. The khozyáika offers the whiskey to the guests. As soon as any one made a move to depart, she invited him to the table, filled a glass. The muzhík lost his temper, scolded his wife. "Look you," says he, "you devilish fool! What makes you slop it so? you are wasting such good whiskey, you bandy-legged [goose]!"

The little devil poked the big one with his elbow. "Just look!" says he, and thinks how now he will not lack for crusts.

The khozyáin was berating his wife: he himself began to pass round the whiskey. A poor peasant came in from his work. He came in without being invited; he sat down; he sees the people drinking whiskey. As he was weary, he also wanted to have a taste of the whiskey. He sat and he sat; he kept swallowing his spittle, but the khozyáin does not offer any to him. He only muttered to himself, "Why must we furnish everybody with whiskey?"

This pleased the big devil; but the little devil brags, "Just wait a little, and see what will come of it."

The rich muzhíks were drinking: the khozyáin also

drank. They all began to fawn on each other, and flatter each other, and to tell rather buttery and scandalous stories. The big devil listened and listened, and he commended him for this. "If," says he, "such flattery can come from this drunkenness, then they will all be in our hands."

"Just wait," says the little devil, "what more will come of it. There they are going to drink one little glass more. Now, like little foxes, they wag their tails at each other; try to deceive each other; but just see how, in a short time, they will be acting like fierce wolves."

The muzhiks drained their glasses once more, and their talk became louder and rougher. In place of buttery speeches, they began to indulge in abuse: they began to get angry, and tweak each other's nose. The khozyáin also took part in the squabble. Even him they beat unmercifully.

The big devil looked on, and praised him for this also. "This," says he, "is good."

But the little devil says, "Just wait! See what more will happen. Let them take a third drink. Now they are as mad as wolves: but give them time, let them drink once more; they will instantly act like hogs."

The muzhiks drank for the third time. They began to get altogether lazy. They themselves have no idea what they stammer or shriek, and they talk all at once. They started to go home, each in his own way, or in groups of two and three. They all fall in the gutter. The khozyáin went to see his guests out: he fell on his nose in a pool; got all smeared; lies there like a boar,—grunts.

This delights the big devil still more. "Well,"¹

¹ *Nu.*

says he, "this scheme of drunkenness was good. Thou hast earned thy crust. Now tell me," says he, "how didst thou think of this scheme? Thou must have put into it some fox's blood, in the first place; that was what made the muzhík keen: and then some wolf's blood; that was what made him fierce as a wolf: and finally, of course, thou didst add swine's blood; that made him like a hog."

"No," says the little devil, "I did nothing of the sort. I only made it out of all that is useless in corn. This wild blood always exists in it, but has no way of getting out when the corn is properly used. At first he did not grudge his lost crust; but, as soon as he began to have a superfluity of corn, he began to scheme how he might amuse himself. And I taught him the fun, — whiskey-drinking. And as soon as he began to distil God's gift for his fun, the blood of the fox and the wolf and the hog began to show itself. Now all he needs, to be always a beast, is to keep on drinking whiskey."

The chief of the devils forgave him the crust of bread, and made him one of his staff.

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

"And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." — LUKE xxiii. 42, 43.

ONCE there lived on earth a man seventy years old, and he had spent his whole life in sin. And this man fell ill, and did not make confession. And when death came, at the last hour he wept, and cried, "Lord, forgive me as thou didst the thief on the cross." He had barely spoken these words, when his soul fled. And

the sinner's soul loved God, and believed in his mercy, and came to the doors of paradise.

And the sinner began to knock, and ask admission to the kingdom of heaven.

And he heard a voice from within the doors, "What manner of man knocketh at the doors of paradise? and what have been the deeds done by this man in his life?"

And the voice of the accuser replied, and rehearsed all the sinful deeds of this man. And he did not mention one good deed.

And the voice from within the doors replied, "Sinners cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. Get thee hence!"

And the man said, "Lord, I hear thy voice; but I see not thy face, and I know not thy name."

And the voice replied, "I am Peter the Apostle."

And the sinner said, "Have pity upon me, Peter Apostle! Remember human weakness and God's mercy. Wert thou not one of Christ's disciples? and didst thou not hear from his very lips his teaching? and hast thou not seen the example of his life? And remember, when he was in sorrow, and his soul was cast down, and thrice he asked thee to watch with him and pray, and thou didst sleep, for thy eyes were heavy, and thrice he found thee sleeping. So it was with me.

"And remember, also, how thou didst promise him not to deny him till death, and how thrice thou didst deny him when they took him before Caiaphas. So it was with me.

"And remember, also, how the cock crew, and thou didst go out and weep bitterly. So it is with me. It is impossible for thee not to forgive me."

And the voice from within the doors of paradise was silent.

And, after waiting, the sinner began again to knock, and to demand entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

And a second voice was heard within the doors ; and it said, " Who is this man, and how did he live on earth ? "

And the voice of the accuser again rehearsed all the sinner's evil deeds, and mentioned no good deeds.

And the voice from within the doors replied, " Get thee gone ! sinners like thee cannot live with us in paradise. "

And the sinner said, " Lord, I hear thy voice ; but I see not thy face, and I know not thy name. "

And the voice replied, " I am David, the king and prophet. "

And the sinner did not despair, did not depart from the doors of paradise, but began to say, " Have mercy upon me, *tsar* David, and remember human weakness and God's mercy. God loved thee, and magnified thee before the people. Thou hadst every thing, — a kingdom and glory and wealth, and wives and children ; and yet thou didst see from thy roof a poor man's wife ; and sin came upon thee, and thou didst take Uriah's wife, and thou didst kill him by the sword of the Ammonites. Thou, a rich man, didst take the poor man's lamb, and kill the man himself. This was exactly what I did.

" And remember next how thou didst repent, and say, ' I acknowledge my sin, and am grieved because of my transgressions. ' So did I also. It is impossible for thee not to forgive me. "

And the voice within the doors was silent.

And after waiting a little, yet again the sinner

knocked, and demanded entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

And a third voice was heard from behind the doors; and it said, "Get thee gone! Sinners cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

And the sinner replied, "I hear thy voice; but thy face I see not, and thy name I know not."

And the voice replied, "I am John the theologian, the beloved disciple of Christ."

And the sinner rejoiced, and said, "Now I must surely be forgiven: Peter and David would admit me because they know human weakness and God's mercy. But thou admittest me because thou hast much love. Hast thou not written, John the theologian, in thy book, that God is love, and that whoever doth not love knoweth not God? And didst thou not in thy old age constantly say one single word to people, — 'Brothers, love one another'? How, then, canst thou hate me and reject me? Either deny thy saying, or show love unto me, and let me into the kingdom of heaven."

And the gates of paradise opened; and John received the repentant sinner, and let him come into the kingdom of heaven.

A SEED AS BIG AS A HEN'S EGG.

SOME children once found in a cave something resembling a hen's egg, with a groove about the middle, and like a seed. A passer-by saw the children playing with it, bought it for a p'yaták,¹ took it to the city, and gave it to the tsar as a curiosity.

The tsar summoned his wise men, commanded them to decide what kind of a thing it was, — an egg, or a

¹ A copper piece worth five kopeks.

seed? The wise men cogitated, cogitated — they could not give an answer. This thing was lying in the window; and a hen flew in, began to peck at it, and pecked a hole in it; and all knew that it was a seed. The wise men went to the tsar, and said, “This is — a rye-seed.”

The tsar marvelled. He commanded the wise men to find out where and when this seed grew. The wise men cogitated, cogitated: they hunted in books — they found no explanation. They came to the tsar: they say, “We cannot give an answer. In our books, there is nothing written about this: we must ask the muzhíks whether some one of their elders has not heard tell of when and where such a seed is sowed.”

The tsar sent, and commanded an old stárik¹ of a muzhík to be brought before him. They discovered an old stárik, and brought him to the tsar. The green, toothless stárik came in: he walked with difficulty on two crutches.

The tsar showed him the seed: but the stárik was almost blind, as it were; he judges of it, partly by looking at it, partly by fumbling it in his hands.

The tsar began to ask him questions: “Dost thou not know, dyédushka, where such a seed grows? Hast thou never sowed any such kind of grain in thy field? or didst thou never in thy life purchase any such seed?”

The stárik was stupid: he could barely, barely hear, barely, barely understand. He began to make reply: “No,” says he, “I never sowed any such grain in my field, and I never harvested any such, and I never bought any such. When we bought grain, all such seed was small. But,” says he, “you must ask my bátiushka: maybe he’s heard tell where such seed grew.”

¹ Old man.

The tsar sent for the stárik's father, and bade him to be brought before him. The ancient stárik hobbled in on one crutch. The tsar began to show him the seed. The old man could still see with his eyes. He sees very well. The tsar began to question him : —

“Dost thou not know, my dear old man,¹ where this seed can have grown? Hast thou never sowed such grain in thy field? or didst thou never in thy life purchase such seed anywhere?”

Though the stárik was rather hard of hearing, still he heard better than his son. “No,” says he, “I never sowed such seed in my field, and I never harvested any; and I never bought any, because in my day there wasn't any money anywhere; we all lived on grain; and when it was necessary, we went shares with one another. I don't know where such seed is grown. Though our seed was much larger and more productive than that of nowadays, still, I never saw such as this. But I have heard from my bátiushka, that, in his day, corn grew much higher than it does now, and was fuller, and had larger kernels. You must ask him.”

The tsar sent for this old man's father. And they brought the grandfather also. They brought him to the tsar. The stárik came before the tsar without crutches: he walked easily; his eyes were brilliant; he heard well, and spoke understandingly.

The tsar showed the seed to the old man. The old man looked at it. The old man turned it over and over. “It is long,” says he, “since I have seen such a kernel.” The grandfather bit off a piece: he wanted a little more.

“It's the very thing,” says he.

“Tell me, dyédushka, where and when this kind of

¹ *Starichók.*

seed grows? Didst thou never sow such grain in thy field? Or didst thou never in thy life buy any such among people?"

And the stárik said, "Such grain as this used to grow everywhere in my day. On such grain as this, I have lived all my life," says he, "and fed my people. This seed I have sowed and reaped, and had ground."

And the tsar asked, saying, "Tell me, dyédushka, didst thou buy such seed anywhere? or didst thou sow it in thy field?"

The stárik laughed.

"In my time," says he, "no one had ever conceived such a sin as to buy and sell grain. And they did not know about money. There was abundance of bread for all."

And the tsar asked, saying, "Tell me, dyédushka, when didst thou sow such grain, and where was thy field?"

And the grandfather said, "My field was — God's earth. Wherever there was tillage, there was my field. The earth was free. There was no such thing as private ownership. They only laid claim to their work."

"Tell me," says the tsar, — "tell me two things more: one thing, Why did such seed used to spring up, and now doesn't? And the second thing, Why does thy grandson walk on two crutches, and thy son on one crutch, but here thou goest with perfect ease — and thy eyes are bright, and thy teeth strong, and thy speech plain and clear? Tell me, dyédushka, why these things are so?"

And the stárik said, "These two things both came about because men have ceased to live by their own

work — and they have begun to hanker after foreign things. We did not live so in old times: in old times we lived for God. We had our own, and did not lust after others'."

DOES A MAN NEED MUCH LAND?

I.

AN elder sister came from the city, to visit her sister in the country. The elder was a city merchant's wife; the younger, a country muzhík's. The two sisters are tea-drinking and talking. The older sister began to boast — to praise up her life in the city: how she lives in a large and elegant mansion, and has her horses, and how she dresses her children, and what rich things she has to eat and drink, and how she goes to drive, and to walk, and to the theatre.

The younger sister felt affronted, and began to depreciate the life of a merchant, and to set forth the advantages of her own, — that of the peasant.

"I wouldn't exchange my life for yours," says she. "Granted that we live coarsely, still we don't know what fear is. You live more elegantly; but you have to sell a great deal, else you find yourselves entirely sold. And the proverb runs, 'Loss is Gain's bigger brother.' It also happens, to-day you're rich, but to-morrow you're a beggar.¹ But our muzhíks' affairs are more reliable; the muzhík's life is meagre, but long; we may not be rich, but we have enough."

The elder sister began to say, "Enough, — I should think so! like pigs and calves! No fine dresses, no good society. How your khozyáin works! how you live in the dung-hill! and so you will die, and it will be the same thing with your children."

¹ Literally, find thyself under the windows.

"Indeed,"¹ says the younger, "our affairs are all right. We live well. We truckle to no one, we stand in fear of no one. But you in the city all live in the midst of temptations: to-day it's all right; but to-morrow up comes some improper person, I fear, to tempt you, and tempts your khozyáin either to cards, or to wine, or to women. And every thing goes to ruin. Isn't it so?"

Pakhom, the khozyáin, was listening on the oven, as the babas disputed.

"That's true," says he, "the veritable truth." As our brother from childhood had been turning up the mátiushka earth, so folly [stays in] his head, and does not depart. His one trouble is, — so little land. "If I had only as much land as I wanted, I shouldn't be afraid of any one — even of the Devil."

The babas drank their tea, talked about clothes, put away the dishes, went to bed.

But the Devil was sitting behind the oven: he heard every thing. He was delighted because the peasant-woman induced her husband to boast with her: he had boasted, that, if he had land enough, the Devil could not get him!

"All right," he thinks: "thou and I'll have to fight it out. I will give thee a lot of land. I'll get thee through the land."

II.

There lived next the muzhíks a petty land-owner.² She had one hundred and twenty desyátins³ of land. And she used to live peaceably with the muzhíks — did not affront them. But a retired soldier engaged himself as her overseer,⁴ and he began to persecute the

¹ *A chlo-sh.*

² *Báruinka*, gracious lady.

³ Three hundred and twenty-four acres. ⁴ *Prikáshchik.*

muzhíks with fines. No matter how careful Pakhom was, either his horse would trample down the oats, or his cow would wander into the garden, or his calves would get into the meadows : there was a fine for every thing.

Pakhom pays the fines, and scolds and beats the domestics. And during the summer Pakhom falls into many a sin on account of this prikáshchik. And still he was glad that he had cattle in his dvor : though he was hard up for fodder, he was in no apprehension.

During the winter, the rumor spread that the baruina was going to sell her land, and her dvornik had made arrangements to buy it at a great price.

The muzhíks heard it, and groaned.

"Now," think they, "the land will belong to the dvornik : he will make us pay worse fines than the baruina did. It is impossible for us to live without this land. All of us around here live on it."

The muzhíks went to the baruina in a body, began to beg her not to sell the land to the dvornik, but to let them have it. They promised to pay a higher price.

The baruina agreed. The muzhíks tried to arrange as a *mir*, to buy all the land. Once, twice, they collected in meeting, but there was a hitch in affairs. The Devil puts them at variance : they are utterly unable to come to any agreement.

And the muzhíks determined to purchase the land individually, according to the ability of each. And the baruina agreed to this also.

Pakhom heard that a neighbor had bought twenty desyátins¹ from the baruina, and that she had given him a year in which to pay her half of the money. Pakhom was envious. "They will buy all the land,"

¹ Fifty-four acres.

he says to himself, "and I shall be behind them." He began to reason with his wife.

"The people are buying it up," says he. "We must buy ten desyátins too. It's impossible to live this way: the prikáshchik was eating us up with fines."

They cogitated how to buy it. They had laid up a hundred rubles; then they sold a colt, and half their bees; and they apprenticed their son, and they got some more from their sister-in-law; and thus they collected half of the money.

Pakhom gathered up the money, selected fifteen desyátins of land with wood-land on it, and went to the baruina to make the purchase. He bought fifteen desyátins, struck a bargain, and paid down the earnest-money. They went to the city, ratified the purchase; he paid down half of the money; the remainder he binds himself to pay in two years.

And Pakhom now had his land. Pakhom took seed, and sowed the land that he had bought. In a single year he paid up the debt to the baruina and his brother-in-law. And Pakhom became a proprietor.¹ He ploughed all his land, and sowed it; he made hay on his own land; he cut stakes on his own land, and on his own land he pastured cattle. Pakhom rides out over his wide fields to plough, or he takes note of his crops, or he gazes at his meadows. And yet he is not happy. The grass seems to him to be wasted, and the flowers flowering in it seem entirely different. Formerly he used to ride over this land,—the land as land; but now the land began to be absolutely peculiar.

¹ Pomyéshchik.

III.

Thus lives Pakhom, and rejoices. All would have been good, only the muzhiks began to trespass on his grain and meadows. He begged them to refrain: they do not stop it. Now the cow-boys let the cows into the meadow: now the horses escape from the night-guard into his corn-field.

And Pakhom drove them out, and forgave it, and never went to law: then he got tired of it, and tried going to the volost-court.¹ And he knows that the muzhiks do it from carelessness, and not from malice; but he thinks, "It is impossible to overlook it, otherwise they'll always be pasturing their cattle there. We must teach them a lesson."

He thus taught them in court once; he taught them twice: first one was fined, then another. The muzhiks, Pakhom's neighbors, began to harbor spite against him. Once more they began to trespass, and this time on purpose. Some one got into his wood-land by night. They cut down a dozen of his lindens for basts. Pakhom went to his grove, saw [what had been done], turns pale. Some one had been there: the linden-branches lie scattered about, the stumps stand out. Out of the clump he had cut down the last, the rascal had cleaned it all out: only one was left standing.

Pakhom fell into a rage. "Akh!" thinks he, "if I only knew who did that, I would give him a kneading."

He thought, he thought, "Who [could it be]?"

"No one more likely," thinks he, "than Semyón."

He went to Semka's dvor; he found nothing: they only exchanged some quarrelsome words. And Pakhom felt still more certain that Semyón had done it.

¹ The volost is a district including several villages.

He entered a complaint. They took it into court. They had suit after suit. The muzhík was acquitted: no proof. Pakhom was still more affronted: he got incensed at the *starshina* and at the judges.

"You," says he, "are on the side of a pack of thieves. If you were decent men, you wouldn't acquit thieves."

Pakhom quarrelled, both with the judges and with his neighbors. They began even to threaten him with the "red rooster."¹ Pakhom had come to live on a broader scale on his farm, but with more constraint in the commune.

And about this time the rumor spread, that the people were going to new places. And Pakhom thinks, "There is no reason for *me* to go from my land; but if any of our [neighbors] should go, it would enable me to branch out more. I would take their land for myself; I would get it around here: life would be much better, for now it is too confined."

Pakhom is sitting at home one time: a wandering muzhík comes along. They let the muzhík have a night's lodging; they give him something to eat; they enter into conversation: "Whither, please, is God taking you?"

The muzhík says that he is on his way down from the Volga, where he had been at work. The muzhík relates, a word at a time, how the people had gone colonizing there. He relates how they settled there, made a community, and gave each *soul* ten *desyátins* of land. "But the land is such," says he, "that they sowed rye. Such stalks — the horses never saw the like — so thick! five handfuls made a sheaf. One muzhík," says he, "was perfectly poor — came with

¹ The picturesque Russian metaphor for a conflagration.

his hands alone — and now he has six horses and two cows.”

Pakhom’s heart burned within him: he thinks, “Why remain here in straitened circumstances, when it is possible to live well? I will sell my land and dvor here; then with the money that I get, I will start anew, and have a complete establishment. But here in these narrow quarters — it’s a sin. Only I must find out for myself.”

He packed up for a year; started. From Samara he sailed down the Volga in a steamboat, then he went on foot four hundred versta. He reached the place. It was just so. The muzhíks live on a generous scale,¹ on farms of ten desyátins each, and they are glad of accessions to their society. “And if any one has a little money, you can buy for three rubles as much of the very best land as you wish, besides his allotment. You can buy just as much as you wish.”

Pakhom made his investigations; in the autumn returned home, began to sell out every thing. He sold his land to advantage, sold his dvor, sold all his cattle, withdrew his name from the Community, waited till spring, and moved with his family to the new place.

IV.

Pakhom came with his family to the new place, enrolled himself in a large village. He treated the elders,² arranged all the papers. Pakhom was accepted: he was allotted, as for five persons, fifty desyátins³ of the land to be distributed, located in different fields, all except the pasturage. Pakhom settled down. He got cattle. He had three times as much land as

¹ *Prostórno*, roomily.

² *Stárikí*.

³ One hundred and thirty-five acres.

he had had before, and the land was fertile. Life was tenfold better than what it had been in the old time; had all the arable land and fodder that he needed. Keep as many cattle as you like.

At first, while he was getting settled, and putting his house in order, Pakhom was well pleased, got to feel at home; then it seemed rather narrow quarters.

The first year Pakhom sowed wheat on one allotment: it came up well. He was anxious to sow wheat; but he had little land for the purpose, and such as he has is of no good. Wheat is sowed there on grass or fallow land. They sow it one year, two years, and let it lie fallow till the grass comes up again. And in such land, there are many sportsmen; but they don't bag game on all.

Quarrels also arose; one was richer than another: they all wanted to sow, but the poorer ones had to resort to merchants for loans.

Pakhom was anxious to sow as much as possible. The next year he went to a merchant: he hired land for a year. He sowed more: it came up well. It was a long way from the village: he had to go fifteen versts. He sees how muzhik-merchants live in fine mansions, and are rich. "That's the thing," thinks Pakhom. "If only I could buy the land, then I would have a mansion. It would all be in one piece."

And Pakhom began to cogitate how he might get a perpetual title.

Thus Pakhom lived three years. He hired land, sowed wheat. The years were good ones, and the wheat grew well, and a store of money was laid away.

As life passed, it became every year irksome to Pakhom to buy land with the men, to waste time over it. Where an estate is pretty good, the muzhiks

instantly fly to it, divide it all up. He was always too late to buy cheap, and he had nothing to sow on. But in the third year, he bought, on shares with a merchant, a pasturage of the muzhíks; and they had already ploughed it. The muzhíks had been at law about it, and so the work was lost. "If I owned the land," he thinks, "I should not truckle to any one; and it would not be a sin."

And Pakhom began to inquire where he might buy land in perpetuity. And he struck upon a muzhík. The muzhík had for sale five hundred desyátins;¹ and, as he was anxious to get rid of it, he sells at a bargain.

Pakhom began to dicker with him. He argues, argues. He agrees to sell for fifteen hundred rubles, half the money on mortgage. They had already come to an agreement, when a pedler happens along, and asks Pakhom to let him have a little something to eat.

They drank a cup of tea: they entered into conversation.

The pedler relates that he is on his way from the distant Bashkirs. "There," says he, "I bought of the Bashkirs fifteen hundred desyátins of land; and I had to pay only a thousand rubles."

Pakhom began to ask questions. The pedler told him [the whole story].

"All I did," says he, "was to satisfy the old men. I distributed some dressing-gowns and carpets, worth a hundred rubles, besides a chest of tea; and I gave a little wine to those who drank. And I got it for twenty kopeks a desyátin." — He exhibited the title-deed. — "The land," says he, "is by a little river, and the steppe is all covered with grass."

¹ Thirteen hundred and fifty acres.

Pakhom began to ask more questions, — How and who?

“The land,” says the merchant, — “you wouldn’t go round it in a year, — it’s all Bashkirian. And the people are as stupid as rams. You could almost get it for nothing.”

“Now,” thinks Pakhom, “why should I spend my thousand rubles for five hundred desyátins, and hang a burden of debt around my neck beside? But there, how much I could get for a thousand rubles!”

V.

Pakhom asked how he went; and, as soon as he said good-by to the pedler, he determined to go. He left his house in his wife’s care, took his man, and started. When they reached the city, he bought a chest of tea, gifts, wine, just as the merchant said. They travelled, travelled: they travelled five hundred versts¹ away. On the seventh day they came to the range of the Bashkirs. It was all just as the merchant had said. They all live in the steppe, along a little river, in felt-covered kibítki. They themselves do not plough: they eat no bread. And their cattle graze along the steppe, and their horses are in droves. Behind the kibítki the colts are tied, and twice a day they bring the mares to them. They milk the mares, and make kumýs out of the milk. The babas churn the kumýs, and make cheese; and the muzhíks only know how to drink kumýs and tea, to eat mutton, and play on the *dúdkí*.² All are polite, jolly: they keep festival all summer. The people are very dark, and can’t speak Russian, but are affable.

As soon as the Bashkirs saw Pakhom, they came

¹ Three hundred and thirty miles.

² Reed-pipes.

forth from their kibítki: they surrounded their guest. The interpreter made his acquaintance. Pakhom told him that he had come to see about land. The Bashkirs were delighted, took him to a fine kibítka, spread rugs, gave him a down-cushion to sit on, sat round him, began to treat him to tea, kumý's. They slaughtered a ram, and gave him mutton.

Pakhom fetched from his tarantás his gifts, began to distribute them among the Bashkirs.

Pakhom gave the Bashkirs his gifts, and divided the tea. The Bashkirs were overjoyed. They jabbered, jabbered together, then commanded the interpreter to speak.

"They bid me tell thee," says the interpreter, "that they have taken a fancy to thee; and that we have a custom of doing every thing possible to gratify a guest, and repay him for his gifts. Thou hast given to us. Now tell what thou wishest among our possessions, in order that we may give it thee."

"Above all else that you have," says Pakhom, "I would like some of your land. In my country," says he, "there is a scarcity of land. The land is cultivated to death. But you have much land, and good land. I never saw the like."

The interpreter translated for him. The Bashkirs talked, talked. Pakhom understands not what they say; but he sees that they are good-natured, that they are talking at the top of their voices, laughing. Then they relapsed into silence, look at Pakhom; and the interpreter says, —

"They bid me tell thee, that, in return for thy kindness, they are happy to give thee as much land as thou wishest. Only show us thy hand — it shall be thine."

They still were talking, and began to dispute angrily.

And Pakhom asked what they were quarrelling about. And the interpreter replied, "Some say that they ought to ask the starshiná, and that without his consent it is impossible. And others say that it can be done without the chief."

VI.

The Bashkirs are quarrelling : suddenly a man comes in a fox-skin shapka.

They become silent, and all stood up. And the interpreter says, "This is the starshiná himself."

Instantly Pakhom got out his best dressing-gown, and gave it to the starshiná, together with five pounds of tea.

The starshiná accepted it, and sat down in the chief place. And immediately the Bashkirs began to tell him all about it.

The starshiná listened, listened ; nodded his head, in sign of silence for all, and began to speak to Pakhom in Russian.¹

"Well," says he, "it can be done. Take it when you please. Plenty of land."

"I shall get as much as I want," thinks Pakhom. "I must secure it right away, else they'll say it's mine, and then take it away."

"I thank you," says he, "for your kind words. I have seen that you have much land, and I need not very much. Only you must let me know what shall be mine. As soon as possible you must have it measured off and secured to me. And it must be as real estate. You good people make the grant, but the time may come when your children will take it away."

"You are right," says the starshiná : "we must secure it."

¹ *Po-Rússki.*

Pakhom began to speak: "I have heard that a merchant was here with you. You also gave him land, and struck a bargain. I should like to do the same."

The starshiná understood perfectly.

"This can all be done," says he. "We have a clerk; and we will go to the city, and will all put on our seals."

"And the price will be, how much?" asks Pakhom.

"We have one price: one thousand rubles¹ a *d'yén*."

Pakhom did not understand. "What is this measure, the *d'yén*? How many *desyátins* are there in it?"

"We can't reckon it," says he. "But we sell it by the *d'yén*:² all that you can go round in a day, — that is yours; and the price of a *d'yén* is one thousand rubles."

Pakhom was astonished: "Look here," says he. "What I can go round in a day is a good deal of land!"

The starshiná laughed. "It's all yours," says he. "Only one stipulation: if you don't come back within the day to the place from which you start, your money is lost."

"But how," says Pakhom, "can I mark when I am going?"

"Well, we'll stand on the place where it pleases you; we will be standing there: and you shall go and draw the circle, and take with you a hoe, and make a mark wherever you please; at the edges dig a little hole, put some turf in it: and we will go over it, from hole to hole, with the plough. Take whatever you wish for a circuit, only at sunset you must be back at that place from which you set out. All that you encircle is yours."

¹ Eight hundred and sixty dollars.

² Day.

Pakhom was delighted. They agreed to go out all together. They talked it over, drank still more kumýs, ate the mutton, drank some more tea. It approached nightfall. The Bashkirs arranged for Pakhom to sleep in a down-bed, and they separated. They agreed to come together at sunrise the next day, at the sound of the gun-shot.

VII.

Pakhom lies in his down-bed ; and there is no sleeping for him, all on account of thinking of his land.

“ I will go over the whole prairie. I can go over fifty versts in one day. A day now is worth a year. There'll be a good deal of land in a circle of fifty versts. I will sell off the worst parts, or let it to the muzhíks ; and I will pick out what I like, and I will settle on it. I will have a two-ox plough, and I will take two men as laborers. I will plough in fifty desyátins, and I will pasture my cattle on the rest.”

Pakhom did not get a wink of sleep all night. Just before dawn he dropped into a doze. He seems to see himself lying in this very same kibítka, and listening to somebody cackling outside. And it seemed to him that he wanted to see what was the fun ; and he got up, went out of the kibítka, and lo ! that very same Bashkirian starshiná is sitting in front of the kibítka, and is holding his sides, and roaring and cackling about something.

He went out, and asked, “ What are you laughing at ? ” And he sees that it is no longer the starshiná of the Bashkirs, but the pedler who had come to him and told him about the land.

And as soon as he saw that it was the pedler, he asked, “ Have you been here long ? ”

And then it was no longer the pedler, but that muzhík who had come down the Volga so long ago.

And Pakhom sees that it isn't the muzhík either, but the Devil himself, with horns and hoofs, sitting and laughing; and before him is lying a man barefooted, in shirt and drawers. And Pakhom looked more attentively to find out who the man was.

And he sees that the dead man is none other than — himself! Pakhom was frightened, and woke up.

He woke up.

“What was I dreaming about?” he asks himself. He looks around, he peers out of the closed door: it was already getting light, day was beginning to dawn.

“The people must be getting up,” he thinks: “it's time to start.”

Pakhom arose, aroused his man in the tarantás, told him to harness up, and then went to arouse the Bashkirs.

“Time,” says he, “to go out on the steppe, to measure it off.”

The Bashkirs got up, all collected: and the starshiná came forth. The Bashkirs again began by drinking kumý's: they wished Pakhom to treat them to tea, but he was not inclined to delay.

“If we gó — time to go now,” says he.

VIII.

The Bashkirs made ready; some were on horseback, some in carts;¹ they started. And Pakhom rode with his man in their *tarantásika*, and took with him a hoe. They rode out into the steppe: the dawn was beginning. They reached a mound — *shikhan* in

¹ *Tarantásui*.

Bashkirian. They descended from their carts, dismounted from their horses, collected in a crowd. The starshiná came to Pakhom, pointed with his hand.

"Here," says he, "all is ours, as far as you can see. Take what you desire."

Pakhom's eyes burn. The whole region is grassy, level as the palm of your hand, black as a pot; and where there was a hollow, it was filled with grass as high as one's breast.

The starshiná took off his fox-skin cap,¹ laid it on the ground.

"Here," says he, "is the spot. Start from here, come back here. All that you go round shall be yours."

Pakhom took out his money, laid it in the shapka; took off his kaftan, stood in his blouse² alone; girded himself around the belly with his sash, pulled it tighter; hung round his neck a little bag with bread, put a little flask with water in his belt, tightened his leg-wrappers, took the hoe from his man, got ready to start.

He pondered and pondered on which side to take it: it was good everywhere.

He thinks, "It's all one: I will go toward the sunrise."

He turned his face toward the sun; starts, waits till it rises above the horizon.

He thinks, "I must not waste any time. It's cool, and easier to walk."

As soon as the sunlight gushed out over the horizon, he threw his hoe over his shoulder, and started out on the steppe.

Pakhom proceeded neither slow nor fast. He went

¹ Shapka.

² *Poddyóvka*, a sort of half kaftan.

about a verst:¹ he halted, he dug a little pit, piled the turf in it, so that it might attract attention.

He went farther. As he went on, he quickened his pace. As he kept going on, he dug other little pits.

Pakhom looked around. The *shikhan* was still in sight in the sun, and the people are standing on it: the tires on the tarantás-wheels glisten. Pakhom conjectures that he has been five versts. He began to get warm: he took off his blouse, threw it over his shoulder, went on. It grew hot. He looked at the sun.² It was already breakfast-time.

"One stage over," thinks Pakhom, "and four of them make a day: it's too early to turn round. Only let me take off my boots."

He sat down: he took off his boots, put them in his belt, went on. It was easy walking. He thinks, "Let me go five versts farther, then I am going to swing round to the left. This place is very good: it's too bad to give it up."

The farther he went, the better it became. He still went straight ahead. He looked round — the shikhan was now scarcely visible; and the people, like little ants, make a black spot on it; and something barely glistens.

"Well," thinks Pakhom, "I have enough in this direction: I must turn round. I am sweaty enough. — I should like a drink."

He halted, dug a pit, filled it with turf, unfastened his flask, took a drink, and turned sharply to the left. He went — went — the grass was deep, and it was hot.

Pakhom began to feel weary; he looked at the sun; he sees that it is dinner-time.

"Well," thinks he, "I must have a rest."

¹ Thirty-five hundred feet.

² Russian, *sólnuishko*, little sun.

Pakhom halted — sat down. He ate his bread and water, but did not try to lie down. He thinks, "If you lie down, you may fall asleep."

He sat a little while; he started on again; he began to walk easily; his strength was renewed by his meal, but now it began to grow very hot — yes, and the sun began to decline; but he still keeps going. He thinks, "Endure it for an hour, and you have an age to live."

He still went on, and it made a long distance in this direction. He still meant to turn to the left, but lo! the hollow still continued wet. It was a pity to throw it away. He thinks, "This day has been a good one."

He still continues straight ahead. He took in the hollow — dug his pit at the hollow — turned the second corner.

Pakhom gazed back in the direction of the shikhan. The heat had caused a haziness, the atmosphere was full of lines; and through the mistiness the people on the shikhan could scarcely be seen.

"Well," thinks Pakhom, "I have taken long sides: — I must make this one shorter."

He started on the third side — he began to hasten his pace. He looked at the sun — it was already far down the west, and on the third side he had only gone two versts; and back to the starting-point, there were fifteen versts.

"No," he thinks, "even though the estate should be uneven, I must hurry back in a straight line. It wouldn't do to take too much: besides, I have already a good deal of land."

Pakhom dug his little pit in all haste, and headed straight for the shikhan.

IX.

Pakhom goes straight to the shikhan, and now it began to be heavy work for him. He was bathed in sweat; and his bare legs were cut and torn, and began to fail under him. He feels a desire to rest, but it is impossible: he must not stop till sunset. The sun does not delay, but sinks lower and sinks lower.

"Akh!" he says to himself, "can I have made a blunder? can I have taken too much? why don't you hurry along faster?"

He gazes at the shikhan — it gleams in the sun: it is a long distance yet to the place, and the sun is now not far from the horizon.

Still Pakhom hurries on: it is hard for him, but always he quickens his pace, quickens his pace. He walks, walks — it is still always far off. He took to the double-quick. He threw away his blouse, his boots, his flask. He threw away his shapka, but he helps himself along with his hoe.

"Akh!" he thinks, "I was too greedy; I have ruined the whole business; I shall not get there before sunset."

And his breath began to fail him all the worse because of his apprehension. Pakhom runs — his shirt and drawers cling to his body by reason of sweat — his mouth is parched. In his breast a pair of blacksmith's bellows, as it were, are working; and in his heart a mill is beating, and his legs almost break down under him.

It became painful for Pakhom. He thinks, "Suppose I should die from the strain?"

He is afraid of dropping dead, and yet he cannot stop. "I have only been running, but if I were to

stop now, they would call me a fool." He ran, ran. He is now getting near, and he hears the Bashkirs shouting — screaming at him ; and from their screams, his heart pains him more than ever.

Pakhom runs on with the last of his strength, and the sun still hovers on the horizon's edge ; it went into the haze : there was a great glow, red as blood. Now — now it is setting ! The sun is nearly set, but still he is not far from the place. Pakhom still sees it ; and the people on the shikhan gesticulate to him, urge him on. He sees the fox-skin shapka on the ground, even sees the money in it. And he sees the starshiná sitting on the ground, his hands akimbo on his belly. And Pakhom remembered his dream. "Much land," he thinks, "but perhaps God has not willed me to live on it. Okh ! I have ruined myself," he thinks. "I shall not get it."

Pakhom looked at the sun, but the sun had gone down under the earth : its body was already hidden, and its last segment disappears under the horizon.

Pakhom exerted his last energies, threw himself forward with his body : his legs just kept him from falling.

Just as Pakhom reached the shikhan, it suddenly grew dark. He saw that the sun had gone. Pakhom groaned.

"I have lost my labor," he thinks. He was just about to stop ; but as he still hears the Bashkirs all screaming, he remembered that he was below them, and therefore the sun seemed to have set, although it had not set to those on top of the shikhan. Pakhom took a breath, ran up the shikhan. It was still light on the mound. Pakhom ran, sees the shapka. In front of the shapka sits the chief, and laughs, holding his sides.

Pakhom remembered his dream, groaned "*Akh!*" his legs gave way under him, and he fell forward, reaching out his arms toward the shapka.

"*Aĩ!* brave lad!" shouted the starshiná. "You have got a good piece of land."

Pakhom's man ran to him, attempted to help him to his feet; but from his mouth pours a stream of blood, and he lies dead.

The Bashkirs clucked with their tongues, expressing their sorrow.

Pakhom's *rabótnik* took the hoe, dug a grave for him, made it just long enough, from head to foot, — three arshíns,¹ — and buried him.

¹ About seven feet.

THE GODSON.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." — MATT. v. 38, 39.

"Vengeance is mine; I will repay." — ROM. xii. 19.

I.

A SON was born to a poor muzhík. The muzhík was glad; went to invite a neighbor to be one of the godparents. The neighbor declined. People don't incline to stand as godparents to a poor muzhík. The poor muzhík went to another: this one also declined.

He went through all the village: no one will stand as godparent. The muzhík went to the next village. And a passer-by happened to meet him as he was going. The passer-by stopped.

"Good-morning," says he, "muzhichók: ¹ whither doth God lead you?"

"The Lord," says the muzhík, "has given me a little child, as a care during infancy, as a consolation for old age, and to pray for my soul when I am dead. But, because I am poor, no one in our village will stand as godparent. I am trying to find a godfather."

And the passer-by says, "Let me stand as one of the godparents."

¹ *Little muzhík.*

The muzhík was glad; thanked the passer-by, and says, "Whom now to get for godmother?"

"Well, for godmother," says the passer-by, "invite the store-keeper's daughter. Go into town; on the market-place is a stone house with shops; as you go into the house, ask the merchant to let his daughter be godmother."

The muzhík had some misgivings.

"How, godfather elect," says he, "can I go to a merchant, a rich man? He will scorn me: he won't let his daughter go."

"That's not for you to worry about. Go ask him. Be ready to-morrow morning. I will come to the christening."

The poor muzhík returned home; went to the city, to the merchant's. He reined up his horse in the dvor. The merchant himself comes out.

"What is needed?" says he.

"Look here, lord merchant.¹ The Lord has given me a little child, as a care during infancy, as a consolation for old age, and to pray for my soul when I am dead. Pray, let your daughter be his godmother."

"But when is the christening?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Well; very good. God be with you! she shall come to-morrow to the mass."

On the next day the godmother came; the godfather also came: they christened the child. As soon as they had christened the child, the godfather went off, and they knew not who he was. And they did not see him from that time forth.

¹ *Da vot gospodin kupyétsa.*

II.

THE lad began to grow, to the delight of his parents; and he was strong and industrious, and intelligent and gentle. He reached the age of ten. His parents had him taught to read and write. What others took five years to learn, this lad learned in one year. And there was nothing left for him to learn.

There came one Holy Week. The lad went to his godmother, gave her the usual Easter salutation,¹ returned home, and asks, —

“Bátiushka and mátushka,² where does my godfather live? I should like to go to him, to give him Easter greetings.”

And the father says to him, “We know not, my dear little son, where thy godfather lives. We ourselves are sorry about it. We have not seen him since the day when he was at thy christening. And we have not heard of him, and we know not where he lives: we know not whether he is alive.”

The son bowed low to his father, to his mother.

“Let me go, bátiushka and mátushka, and find my godfather. I wish to go to him and exchange Easter greetings.”

The father and mother let their son go. And the boy set forth to find his godfather.

¹ A kiss, with the words, *Khrístos voskrés*. This custom is universal among the peasantry. The person saluted replies, *Voséstinu voskrés* — Risen indeed.

² Little father and mother.

III.

THE lad set forth from home, and walked along the highway. He walked half a day: a passer-by met him. The passer-by halted. "Good-afternoon, lad," says he: "whither does God lead thee?"

And the boy replied, "I went," says he, "to my dear godmother,¹ to give her Easter greetings. I went back home. I asked my father and mother where my godfather lived: I wished to exchange Easter greetings with him. My father and mother said, 'We know not, little son, where thy godfather lives. From the day when he was at thy christening, he has been gone from us; and we know nothing about him, and we know not whether he is alive.' And I had a desire to see my godfather, and so I am on my way to find him."

And the passer-by said, "I am thy godfather."

The *málchik* was delighted, exchanged Easter greetings with his godfather.

"And where," says he, "dear godfather,² art thou preparing to go now? If in our direction, then come to our house; but if to thy own house, then I will go with thee."

And the godfather said, —

"I have not time now to go to thy house: I have business in the villages. But I shall be at home to-morrow. Then come to me."

But how, *bátiushka*, shall I get to thee?"

¹ *Mátushka kréstnaya.*

² *Bátiushka kréstnui.*

“ Well, then, go always toward the sunrise, always straight ahead. Thou wilt reach a forest: thou wilt see in the midst of the forest a clearing. Sit down in this clearing, rest, and notice what there may be there. Thou wilt come through the forest: thou wilt see a garden, and in the garden a palace with a golden roof. That is my house. Go up to the gates. I myself will meet thee there.” Thus said the godfather, and disappeared from his godson’s eyes.

IV.

THE lad went as his godfather had bidden him. He went, went: he reaches the forest. He walked into the clearing, and sees in the middle of the meadow a pine-tree, and on the pine-tree a rope fastened to a branch, and on the rope an oaken log weighing three puds.¹ And under the log is a trough with honey. While the boy is pondering why the honey is put there, and why the log is hung, a crackling is heard in the forest, and he sees some bears coming,— a she-bear in advance, behind her a yearling, and then three young cubs. The she-bear stretched out her nose, and marched straight for the trough, and the young bears after her. The she-bear thrust her snout into the honey. She called her cubs: the cubs gambolled up to her, pressed up to the trough. The log swung off a little, came back, jostled the cubs. The she-bear saw it, pushed the log with her paw. The log swung off a little farther, again came back, struck in the midst of the cubs, one on the back, one on the head.

The cubs began to whine, jumped away. The she-bear growled, clutched the log with both paws above her head, pushed it away from her. The log flew high. The yearling bounded up to the trough, thrust his snout into the honey, munches; and the others began to come up again. They had not time to get there, when the log returned, struck the yearling in the head, killed him with the blow.

¹ 106.33 pounds.

The she-bear growled more fiercely than before, clutches the log, and pushes it up with all her might. The log flew higher than the branch: even the rope slackened. The she-bear went to the trough, and all the cubs behind her. The log flew, flew up; stopped, fell back. The lower it falls, the swifter it gets. It gets very swift: it flew back toward the she-bear. It strikes her a tremendous blow on the pate. The she-bear rolled over, stretched out her legs, and breathed her last. The cubs ran away.

V.

THE lad was amazed, and went farther. He comes to a great garden, and in the garden a lofty palace with golden roof. And at the gate stands the godfather; smiles. The godfather greeted his godson, led him through the gate, and brought him into the garden. Never even in dreams had the *málchik* dreamed of such beauty and bliss as there were in this garden.

The godfather led the *málchik* into the palace. The palace was still better. The godfather led the *málchik* through all the apartments. Each was better than the other, each more festive than the other; and he led him to a sealed door.

“Seest thou this door?” says he. “There is no key to it, only a seal. It can be opened, but I forbid thee. Live and roam wherever thou pleasest, and as thou pleasest. Enjoy all these pleasures: only one thing is forbidden thee. Enter not this door. But, if thou shouldst enter, then remember what thou sawest in the forest.”

The godfather said this, and went. The godson was left alone, and began to live. And it was so festive and joyful, that it seemed to him that he had lived there only three hours, whereas he lived there thirty years.

And after thirty years had passed, the godson¹ came to the sealed door, and began to ponder.

¹ *Kródmik*.

“Why did my godfather forbid me to go into this chamber? Let me go, and see what is there.”

He gave the door a push; the seals fell off; the door opened. The kréstnik entered, and sees an apartment, larger than the rest, and finer than the rest; and in the midst of the apartment stands a golden throne.

The kréstnik walked, walked through the apartment, and came to the throne, mounted the steps, and sat down. He sat down, and he sees a sceptre lying by the throne.

The kréstnik took the sceptre into his hands. As soon as he took the sceptre into his hands, instantly all the four walls of the apartment fell away. The kréstnik gazed around him, and sees the whole world, and all that men are doing in the world.

He looked straight ahead: he sees the sea, and ships sailing on it. He looked toward the right: he sees foreign, non-Christian nations living. He looked toward the left side: there live Christians, but not Russians. He looked toward the fourth side: there live our Russians.

“Now,” says he, “let me look, and see what is doing at home — if the grain is growing well.”

He looked toward his own field, sees the sheaves standing. He began to count the sheaves [to see] whether there would be much grain; and he sees a telyéga driving into the field, and a muzhík sitting in it.

The kréstnik thought that it was his sire come by night to gather his sheaves. He looks: it is the thief, Vasíli Kudriáshof, coming. He went to the sheaves, began to lay hands upon them. The kréstnik was provoked. He cried, “Bátíushka, they are stealing sheaves in the field!”

His father woke in the night. "I dreamed," says he, "that they were stealing sheaves. I am going to see." He mounted his horse: he rode off.

He comes to the field; he sees Vasíli; he shouted to the muzhíks. Vasíli was beaten. They took him, carried him off to jail.

The kréstnik looked at the city where his godmother used to live. He sees that she is married to a merchant. And she is in bed, asleep; but her husband is up, has gone to his mistress. The kréstnik shouted to the merchant's wife,¹ "Get up! thy husband is engaged in bad business."

The godmother jumped out of bed, dressed herself, found where her husband was, upbraided him, beat the mistress, and drove her husband from her.

Once more the kréstnik looked toward his mother, and sees that she is lying down in the izbá, and a robber is sneaking in, and begins to break open the chests.

His mother awoke, and screamed. The robber noticed it, seized an axe, brandished it over the mother, was about to kill her.

The kréstnik could not restrain himself, lets fly the sceptre at the robber, strikes him straight in the temple, killed him on the spot.

¹ *Kupchíkha.*

VI.

THE instant the kréstnik killed the robber, the walls closed again, the apartment became what it was.

The door opened, the godfather entered. The godfather came to his son, took him by the hand, drew him from the throne, and says, —

“Thou hast not obeyed my command: one evil deed thou hast done, — thou openedst the sealed door; a second evil deed thou hast done, — thou hast mounted the throne, and taken my sceptre into thy hand; a third evil deed thou hast done, — thou hast added much to the wickedness in the world. If thou hadst sat there an hour longer, thou wouldst have ruined half of the people.”

And again the godfather led his son to the throne, took the sceptre in his hands. ♣ And again the walls were removed, and all things became visible.

And the godfather said, —

“Look now at what thou hast done to thy father. Vasíli has now been in jail a year; he has learned all the evil that there is; he has become perfectly desperate. Look! now he has stolen two of thy father's horses, and thou seest how he sets fire to the dvor. This is what thou hast done to thy father.”

As soon as the kréstnik saw that his father's house was on fire, his godfather shut it from him, commanded him to look on the other side.

“Here,” says he, “it has been a year since thy

godmother's husband deserted his wife ; he gads about with others, all astray : and she, out of grief, has taken to drink ; and his former mistress has gone wholly to the bad. This is what thou hast done to thy godmother."

The godfather also hid this, pointed to his house. And he saw his mother : she is weeping over her sins ; she repents, says, " Better had it been for the robber to have killed me, for then I should not have fallen into such sins."

" This is what thou hast done to thy mother."

The godfather hid this also, and pointed down. And the kréstnik saw the robber : two guards hold the robber before the prison.

And the godfather said, " This man has taken nine lives. He ought himself to have atoned for his sins. But thou hast killed him : thou hast taken all his sins upon thyself. This is what thou hast done unto thyself. The she-bear pushed the log once, it disturbed her cubs ; she pushed it a second time, it killed her yearling ; but the third time that she pushed it, it killed herself. So has it been with thee. I give thee now thirty years' grace. Go out into the world, atone for the robber's sins. If thou dost not atone for them, thou must go in his place."

And the kréstnik said, " How shall I atone for his sins? "

And the godfather said, " When thou hast undone as much evil as thou hast done in the world, then thou wilt have atoned for thy sins, and the sins of the robber."

And the kréstnik asked, " How undo the evil that is in the world? "

The godfather said, " Go straight toward the sun-

rise. Thou wilt reach a field, men in it. Notice what the men are doing, and teach them what thou knowest. Then go farther, notice what thou seest: thou wilt come on the fourth day to a forest; in the forest is a cell, in the cell lives a mendicant;¹ tell him all that has taken place. He will instruct thee. When thou hast done all that the mendicant commands thee, then thou wilt have atoned for thy sins, and the sins of the robber."

Thus spoke the godfather, and let the kréstnik out of the gate.

¹ Stárets.

VII.

THE kréstnik went on his way. He walks, and thinks, "How can I undo evil in the world? Is evil destroyed in the world by banishing men into banishment, by putting them in prison, by executing them? How can I go to work to destroy evil, to say nothing of taking on one the sins of others?"

The kréstnik thought, thought, could not think it out. He went, went: he comes to a field. In the field the grain has come up good and thick, and it is harvest-time. The kréstnik sees that a little heifer has strayed into this grain, and the men have mounted their horses, and are hunting the little heifer through the grain, from one side to the other. Just as soon as the little heifer tries to escape from the grain, some one would ride up: the little heifer would be frightened back into the grain again. And again they gallop after it through the grain. And on one side stands a baba, weeping. "They are running my little heifer," she says.

And the kréstnik began to ask the muzhíks, "Why do you so? All of you ride out of the grain! Let the khozyáika herself call out the heifer."

The men obeyed. The baba went to the edge, began to call, "Co', boss, co', boss."¹

The little heifer pricked up her ears, listened, listened; ran to her mistress, thrust her nose under her skirt,

¹ *Tpriusi, tpriusi, buryónochka, tpriusi, tpriusi!* Buryónochka is the diminutive of a word meaning nut-brown cow.

almost knocked her off her legs. And the muzhíks were glad, and the baba was glad, and the little heifer was glad.

The kréstnik went farther, and thinks, —

“Now I see that evil is increased by evil. The more men chase evil, the more evil they make. It is impossible, of course, to destroy evil by evil. But how destroy it? I know not. It was good, the way the little heifer listened to its khozyáika. But suppose it hadn't listened, how would they have got it out?”

The kréstnik pondered, could think of nothing, went farther.

VIII.

He went, went. He comes to a village. He asked for a night's lodging at the last izbá. The khozyáika consented. In the izbá was no one, only the khozyáika, [who] is washing up.

The kréstnik went in, climbed on top of the oven, and began to watch what the khozyáika is doing: he sees, — the khozyáika was scrubbing the izbá; she began to rub the table, she scrubbed the table; she contrived to wipe it with a dirty towel. She is ready to wipe off one side — but the table is not cleaned. Streaks of dirt are left on the table from the dirty towel. She is ready to wipe it on the other side: while she destroys some streaks, she makes others. She begins again to rub it from end to end. Again the same. She daubs it with the dirty towel. She destroys one spot, she sticks another on. The kréstnik watched, watched; says, —

“What is this that thou art doing, *khozydiushka*?”

“Why, dost not see?” says she: “I am cleaning up for Easter. But here, I can't clean my table: it's all dirty. I'm all spent.”

“If thou wouldst rinse out the towel,” says he, “then thou couldst wipe it off.”

The khozyáika did so: she quickly cleaned off the table.

“Thank thee,” says she, “for telling me how.”

In the morning the kréstnik bade good-by to the

khozyáika, walked farther. He went, went; came to a forest. He sees muzhíks bending hoops. The kréstnik came up, sees the muzhíks; but the hoop does not stay bent.

The kréstnik looked, sees the muzhíks' block is loose. There is no support in it. The kréstnik looked on, and says, —

“What are you doing, brothers?”

“We are bending hoops; and twice we have steamed them: we are all spent; they will not bend.”

“Well, now, brothers, just fasten your block: then you will make it stay bent.”

The muzhíks heeded what he said, fastened the block, and their work went in tune.

The kréstnik spent the night with them; went farther. All day and all night he walked: about dawn he met some drovers. He lay down near them, and he sees, — the drovers have halted the cattle, and are struggling with a fire. They have taken dry twigs, lighted them: they did not allow them to get well started, but piled the fire with wet brush-wood. The brush-wood began to hiss: the fire went out. The drovers took more dry stuff, kindled it, again piled on the wet brush-wood. Again they put it out. They struggled long; could not kindle the fire.

And the kréstnik said, “Don't be in such a hurry to put on the brush-wood, but first start a nice little fire. When it burns up briskly, then pile on.”

Thus the drovers did. They started a powerful fire, laid on the brush-wood. The brush-wood caught, the pile burned. The kréstnik staid a little while with them, and went farther. The kréstnik pondered, pondered, for what purpose he had seen these three things: he could not tell.

IX.

THE kréstnik went, went. A day went by. He comes to a forest: in the forest is a cell. The kréstnik comes to the cell, knocks. A voice from the cell asks, —

“Who is there?”

“A great sinner: I come to atone for the sins of another.”

The hermit¹ came forth, and asks, “What are these sins that thou bearest for another?”

The kréstnik told him all, — about his godfather, and about the she-bear and her cubs, and about the throne in the sealed apartment, and about his godfather’s prohibition; and how he had seen the muzhíks in the field, how they trampled down all the grain, and how the little heifer came of her own accord to her khoz-yáika.

“I understood,” says he, “that it is impossible to destroy evil by evil; but I cannot understand how to destroy it. Teach me.”

And the hermit said, —

“But tell me what more thou hast seen on thy way.”

The kréstnik told him about the peasant-woman, — how she scrubbed; and about the muzhíks, — how they made hoops; and about the herdsmen, — how they lighted the fire.

¹ *Stárets.*

The hermit listened, returned to his cell, brought out a dull hatchet.

“Come with me,” says he.

The hermit went to a clearing away from the cell, pointed to a tree.

“Cut it down,” says he.

The kréstnik cut it down: the tree fell.

“Now cut it in three lengths.”

The kréstnik cut it in three lengths. The hermit returned to the cell again, brought some fire.

“Burn,” says he, “these three logs.”

The kréstnik made a fire, burns the three logs. There remained three firebrands.

“Half bury them in the earth. This way.”

The kréstnik buried them.

“Thou seest the river at the foot of the mountain: bring hither water in thy mouth, water them. Water this firebrand just as thou didst teach the baba; water this one as thou didst instruct the hoop-makers; and water this one as thou didst instruct the herdsmen. When all three shall have sprouted, and three apple-trees sprung from the firebrands, then wilt thou know how evil is destroyed in men: then thou shalt atone for thy sins.”

The hermit said this, and returned to his cell. The kréstnik pondered, pondered: he cannot comprehend the meaning of what the hermit had said. But he decided to do what he had commanded him.

X.

THE kréstnik went to the river, "took prisoner" a mouthful of water, poured it on the firebrand. He went again and again. He also watered the other two. The kréstnik grew weary, wanted something to eat. He went to the hermit's cell to ask for food. He opened the door, and the hermit is lying dead on a bench. The kréstnik looked round, found some biscuits, and ate them. He found also a spade, and began to dig a grave for the hermit. At night he brought water, waters the brands, and by day he dug the grave. As soon as he had dug the grave, he was anxious to bury the hermit: people came from the village, bringing food for the hermit.

The people learned how the hermit had died, and had ordained the kréstnik to take his place. The people helped bury the hermit, they left bread for the kréstnik: they promised to bring more, and departed.

And the kréstnik remained to live in the hermit's place. The kréstnik lives there, subsisting on what people bring him, and he fulfils what was told him,—brings water in his mouth from the river, waters the brands.

Thus lived the kréstnik for a year, and many people began to come to him. The fame of him went forth, that there is living in the forest a holy man, that he is working out his salvation by bringing water in his mouth from the river under the mountain, that he is

watering the burned stumps. Many people began to come to him. And rich merchants began to come, brought him gifts. The kréstnik took nothing for himself, save what was necessary; but whatever was given him, he distributed among the poor.

And thus the kréstnik continued to live: half of the day he brings water in his mouth, waters the brands; and the other half he sighs, and receives the people.

And the kréstnik began to think that thus he had been commanded to live, and that thus he would destroy sin, and atone for his sins.

Thus the kréstnik lived a second year, and he never let a single day pass without watering; but as yet not a single brand had sprouted.

One time he is sitting in his cell he hears riding past a man on horseback, and singing songs.¹ The kréstnik went out to see what kind of a man it was. He sees a strong young man. His clothes are good, and his horse and the saddle on which he sat were rich.

The kréstnik stopped him, and asked who this man was, and whence he came.

The man halted.

"I," says he, "am a robber. I ride along the highways, I kill men: the more men I kill, the gayer songs I sing."

The kréstnik was alarmed; asks himself, "How destroy the evil in this man? It is good for me to speak to those who come to me and repent. But this man boasts of his wickedness."

The kréstnik said nothing, started to go off, but thought, "Now, how to act? If this cut-throat is in the habit of riding by this way, he will frighten everybody: people will cease coming to me. And there will

¹ *Pyéni.*

be no advantage to them, — yes, and then how shall I live?"

And the kréstnik stopped. And he spoke to the cut-throat, —

"Here," says he, "people come to me, not to boast of their wickedness, but to repent, and put their sins away through prayer. Repent thou also, if thou fearest God; but if thou dost not desire to repent, then get thee hence, and never return, trouble me not, and frighten not the people from coming to me. And if thou dost not obey, God will punish thee."

The cut-throat jeered, —

"I am neither afraid of God, nor will I obey thee. Thou art not my master.¹ Thou," says he, "livest by thy piety, and I live by robbery. We must all get a living. Teach thou the babas that come to thee, but read me no lecture. And in reply to what thou rubbest into me about God, to-morrow I will kill two men. And I would kill thee to-day, but I do not wish to soil my hands. But henceforth don't come into my way."

Thus swaggered the cut-throat, and rode off. But the cut-throat came by no more, and the kréstnik lived in his former style comfortably for eight years.

¹ *Ελσυστήν.*

XI.

ONE night the kréstnik went out to water his brands : he returned to his cell to rest, and he sits watching the road, if any people should soon be coming. And on this day not a soul came. The kréstnik sat alone by his door ; and it seemed lonesome, and he began to think about his life. He remembered how the cut-throat had reproached him for getting his living by his piety, and the kréstnik reviewed his life : " I am not living," he thinks, " as the hermit commanded me to live. The hermit imposed a penance upon me, and I am getting from it bread and popular glory ; and so led away have I been by it, that I am lonesome when people do not come to me. And when the people come, then my only joy consists in the fact that they praise my holiness. It is not right to live so. I have been entangled by popular glory. I have not atoned for my former sins, but I have incurred fresh ones. I will go into the forest, to another place, so that the people may not come to me. I will live alone, so as to atone for my former sins, and not incur new ones."

Thus reasoned the kréstnik ; and he took a little bag of biscuits and his spade, and went away from the cell into a cave, so as to dig for himself a hut in a gloomy place, to hide from the people.

The kréstnik walks along with his little bag and his spade. The cut-throat rides up to him. The kréstnik was frightened, tried to run, but the cut-throat over-

took him. "Where art going?" says he. The kréstnik told him that he wanted to go away from people, to such a place that no one would find him.

The cut-throat marvelled.

"How wilt thou live now, when people no longer come to thee?"

The kréstnik had not thought of this before; but when the cut-throat asked him, he began to think about his sustenance.

"On what God will give," says he.

The cut-throat said nothing, rode on.

"Why!" thinks the kréstnik, "I said nothing to him about his life. Perhaps now he is repentant. To-day he seemed more subdued, and did not threaten to kill me."

And the kréstnik shouted to the cut-throat, —

"But it is needful for thee to repent. Thou wilt not escape from God."

The cut-throat wheeled his horse around. He drew a knife from his belt, shook it at the kréstnik. The kréstnik was frightened: he ran into the forest.

The cut-throat did not attempt to follow him, only shouted, "Twice I have let thee off: fall not in my hands a third time, else I will kill thee!"

He said this, and rode off.

The kréstnik went at eventide to water his brands: behold! one has put forth sprouts. An apple-tree is growing from it.

XII.

THE kréstnik hid from the people, and began to live alone. His biscuits were used up.

"Well," he says to himself, "now I will seek for roots."

As he began his search, he sees, hanging on a bough, a little bag of biscuits. The kréstnik took it, and began to eat.

As soon as his biscuits were gone, again another little bag came, on the same branch. And thus the kréstnik lived. He had only one grievance: he was afraid of the cut-throat. As soon as he heard the cut-throat, he would hide himself: he would think, "He will kill me, and I shall not have time to atone for my sins."

Thus he lived for ten years more. One apple-tree grew, and thus there remained two firebrands as firebrands.

The kréstnik once arose betimes, started to fulfil his task: he soaked the earth around the firebrands, became weary, and sat down to rest.

He sits: he gets rested, and thinks, "I have done wrong [because] I have been afraid of death. If it please God, I may thus atone by death for my sins."

Even while these thoughts were passing through his mind, suddenly he hears the cut-throat coming: he is cursing.

The kréstnik listened; and he thinks, "Without God, no evil, no good, can come to me from any one."

And he went out to meet the cut-throat. He sees the cut-throat is not riding alone, but has a man behind him on the saddle. And the man's hands and mouth are tied up. The man is silent, but the cut-throat is cursing him.

The kréstnik went out to the cut-throat, stood in front of the horse.

"Where," says he, "art thou taking this man?"

"I am taking him into the forest. This is a merchant's son. He will not tell where his father's money is hidden. I am going to thrash him until he will tell."

And the cut-throat started to ride on. But the kréstnik did not allow it: he seized the horse by the bridle. "Let this man go," says he.

The cut-throat was wroth with the kréstnik, threatened him.

"Dost thou desire this?" says he. "I promise thee I will kill thee. Out of the way!"

The kréstnik was not intimidated.

"I will not get out of thy way," says he. "I fear thee not. I fear God only. And God bids me not let thee go. Unloose the man."

The cut-throat scowled, drew out his knife, cut the cords, let the merchant's son go free.

"Off with you," says he, "both of you! and don't cross my path a second time."

The merchant's son jumped down, made off. The cut-throat started to ride on, but the kréstnik still detained him. He began to urge him to reform his evil

life. The cut-throat stood still, heard every word, made no reply, and rode off.

The next morning the kréstnik went to water his firebrands. Behold! the second one had sprouted — another apple-tree is growing.

XIII.

PASSED ten years more. One time the *kréstnik* is sitting down, no one comes to see him: he has no fear, and his heart is glad within him. And the *kréstnik* thinks to himself, "What blessings men receive from God! but they torment themselves in vain. They ought to live and enjoy their lives."

And he remembered all the wickedness of men — how they torment themselves. And he felt sorry for men.

"Here I am," he thinks, "living idly. I must go out and tell people what I know."

Even while he was pondering, he listens — the cut-throat is coming. He was about to let him pass; and he thinks, —

"Whatever I say to him, he will not accept."

This was his first thought; but then he reconsidered it, went out on the road. The cut-throat is riding by in moody silence: his eyes are on the ground.

The *kréstnik* gazed at him, and he felt sorry for him: he drew near to him, seized him by the knee.

"Dear brother,"¹ says he, "have pity on thine own soul. Lo! the Spirit of God is in thee. Thou tormentest thyself, and others thou tormentest; and thou wilt be tormented still more grievously. But God loves thee so! With what bounty has he blessed thee! Ruin not thyself, brother!² change thy life."

The cut-throat frowned: he turned away.

¹ *Brat muiet.*

² *Brúlets.*

"Out of my way!" says he.

The kréstnik clutched the cut-throat's knee more firmly, and burst into tears.

The cut-throat fastened his eyes on the kréstnik. He looked, he looked, dismounted from his horse, and fell on his knees before the kréstnik.

"Thou hast conquered me, old man,"¹ he cries. "Twenty years have I struggled with thee. Thou hast won me over. I have henceforth no power over thee. Do with me as it seems to thee good. When thou speakest to me the first time," says he, "I only did the more evil. And thy words made an impression on me, only when thou wentest away from men, and I learned that thou didst gain no advantage from men."

And the kréstnik remembered that the baba succeeded in cleaning her table when she had rinsed out her towel. When he ceased to think about himself, his heart was purified, and he began to purify the hearts of others.

And the cut-throat said, —

"But my heart was changed within me, only when thou didst cease to fear death."

And the kréstnik remembered that the hoopmakers² only succeeded in bending their hoops after they had fastened their block: when he ceased to be afraid of death, he had fastened his life in God, and a disobedient heart became obedient.

And the cut-throat said, —

"But my heart melted entirely, only when thou didst pity me, and weep before me."

The kréstnik was overjoyed: he led the cut-throat to the place where the firebrands had been.

¹ *Stárik*.

² *Obodchiki*, from *óbod*, a fellow, or hoop.

They came to it, but out of the last firebrand also an apple-tree had sprung !

And the kréstnik remembered that the drovers' damp wood had kindled only when a great fire was built : when his own heart was well on fire, another's took fire from it.

And the kréstnik was glad because now he had atoned for all his sins.

He told all this to the cut-throat, and died. The cut-throat buried him, began to live as the kréstnik bade him, and thus taught men.

SKAZKA.

1885.

A Story about Iván Durák and his Two Brothers, — Sem'yón-vóin, and Táras-brúkhan, — and his Dumb Sister, Malán'ya-v'yéko-nkha, and about the Old Devil and the Three Little Devils.

I.

IN a certain realm, in a certain state, once lived a rich muzhík. And the rich muzhík had three sons, — Sem'yón-the-warrior, Táras-the-pot-bellied, and Iván-the-fool, — and a deaf and dumb daughter, Malán'ya-the-old-maid.

Sem'yón-vóin went to war, to serve the tsar; Táras-brúkhan went to the city, to a merchant, to engage in trade; but Iván-durák¹ staid at home with the girl, to work, and grow round-shouldered.

Sem'yón won high rank² and an estate, and married a nobleman's daughter. His income was large, and his estate large, and yet he did not make ends meet:

¹ Throughout this skazka, the characteristic epithets of the muzhík's family are, for the most part, omitted in the translation. The reader will have little difficulty in supplying them mentally, either in Russian or English. It is interesting to remember, in respect to this tale, that it embodies Count Tolstói's most radical teaching; and Count Tolstói himself was amazed that the censor allowed it to pass, while the scientific expression of the same doctrine was tabooed.

² *Тчака*.

what the husband gathers in, that the wife, the baruina, forever squanders with lavish hand; never any money!

And Sem'yón went to his estate to collect his revenue. And the steward¹ says to him, —

“No way of getting it: we have neither cattle nor tools, nor horses nor cows, nor ploughs nor harrows. All these must be got: then there will be an income.”

And Sem'yón went to his father.

“Bátiushka,” says he, “thou art rich; and yet thou hast given me nothing. Give me my third, and I will spend it on my estate.”

And the old man said, —

“Thou hast brought nothing to my house to warrant my giving thee a third part. It would be an outrage on Iván and the girl.”

But Sem'yón says, —

“Now, look here: ² he is a fool, and she is a deaf and dumb old maid; they need nothing.”

And the stárik says, —

“Be it as Iván shall say.”

But Iván says, —

“Well, then, ³ let him have it.”

Sem'yón took the portion from home, spent it on his estate, went off again to the tsar, to serve him.

Táras-bríukhan also made much money: he married a merchant's widow, but still he had not enough. He came to his father, and says, “Give me my portion.”

The stárik was unwilling to give Táras his portion either. “Thou,” says he, “hast brought nothing to us; but what is in the house, that Iván has saved. And so we must not wrong him and the girl.”

But Táras says, “What good does it to him? he is a fool. And the deaf and dumb girl doesn't need it

¹ *Prikladchik.*

² *Da v'yéd.*

³ *Nu, chlo-ah.*

either. — Iván," says he, "give me half the grain, — I won't take the tools, — and of the live-stock I will take only the gray stallion : he's no good to thee in ploughing."

Iván laughed, and then says, "All right :¹ I will start anew."

Táras was given his share. Táras took the grain to the city : he took the gray stallion ; and Iván was left with one antiquated mare, to toil like a peasant,² as before, to support his father and mother.

¹ *Nu chlo-ah.*

² *Krest'yánstovot'.*

II.

THE old Devil was wroth because the brothers had not quarrelled over the division, but had parted amicably; and he called three devilkins.

"Look here," says he: "there live three brothers, Sem'yón, Táras, and Iván. They all ought to be quarrelling, but they live peaceably: they visit each other.¹ The fool has ruined the whole business for me. You three just go. Take good note of those three, and stir them up, so that they will scratch each other's eyes out. Can you do this?"

"We can," they say.

"How will you do it?"

"Well, we shall do it this way: first, we'll ruin them, so that they'll have nothing to eat, and then throw them all together; and they will fall to fighting."

"Now, that's capital," says he. "I see you know your business. Make haste, and return not to me until you have stirred the three all up, otherwise I'll take the hide of all three of you."

The devilkins all went to a bog, began to plan how to undertake their task. They wrangled, wrangled: each one wishes to do the work in the easiest way; and they decided to cast lots for the one whom each should take, but that, if any of them accomplishes his work before the others, he should come to the aid of the others. The devilkins cast lots, and fixed upon

¹ Literally, they exchange bread-salt with each other.

a time to meet again in the bog, to learn who had succeeded, and who needed help.

The time appointed came, and the devilkins met in the bog according to agreement. They began to describe how things had gone with them. The first devilkin began to tell about Sem'yón-vóin.

"My work,"¹ says he, "is getting along well. To-morrow," says he, "my Sem'yón is going to his father."

His mates began to ask, "How," say they, "didst thou bring it about?"

"Well," says he, "in the first place, I made Sem'yón so brave that he promised his tsar to conquer the whole world; and the tsar made Sem'yón leader, sent him to conquer the tsar of India. They met for battle. That very night I wet all the powder in Sem'yón's army, and I went to the tsar of India. I made a boundless multitude of soldiers of straw. Sem'yón's soldiers saw that the straw soldiers were coming down upon them from all sides: they were scared. Sem'yón ordered them to fire: their cannon and guns did not go off. Sem'yón's soldiers were panic-struck, and fled like sheep; and the tsar of India beat them. Sem'yón was disgraced: they confiscated his estate, and to-morrow they intend to execute him. But I have business with him for a day. I took him out of jail, so that he might run home. To-morrow I shall finish with him: so tell us which of you two needs help."

And the second devilkin, from Táras, began to tell about his affairs. "I need no help," says he: "my task also has gone smoothly, and Táras will not live more than a week. In the first place," says he, "I caused his belly to grow, and filled him with envy. So

¹ *Dyelo*, deed, affair, work.

great has become his envy of others' goods, that he wishes to buy every thing that he sees. He has spent all his money on a host of things, and still he keeps on buying. Now he has already begun to buy on credit. He's already hung a great debt round his neck, and he has entangled himself so that he can't get out of the tangle. At the end of a week his obligations will fall due, and I shall make rubbish of all of his wares. — He won't be able to pay, and he will go to his father."

They turned now to ask the third devilkin about Iván.

"Well, how about your affair?"

"The truth is,"¹ says he, "my affair does not prosper. In the first place, I spit into his pitcher of kvas, so as to give him the belly-ache; and I went to his field, stamped the ground hard as a stone, so that he might not prevail against it. I thought that he would not plough it; but he, the fool,² came with his sokhá, began to work at it. His belly-ache makes him groan, but he ploughs all the same. I broke one plough for him: he went home, exchanged it for another, bound on new withs,³ and took up his ploughing again. I crept under the soil, began to hold back his ploughshares: you couldn't hold them back at all. He lays out all his strength on the sokhá, and the ploughshares are sharp. I cut my hands all up. He ploughed almost the whole: only one little strip was left. Come," says he, "brothers, to my aid; for if we don't

¹ *Da chto.*

² *Durdák.*

³ *Podróli*: these twisted withs are used to fasten the *óvahi*, or plough-tail, to the *razókha*, or wooden cross-piece of the plough. The plough-foot is called the *pólos*, and the double iron share the *soshnik*. The Russians have also the word plough, *plüg*: it is a moot question whether it is a pure Slavonic word, or borrowed from the West.

get the better of him, all our labor will be lost. If the fool is left, and is going to farm it,¹ they won't know want: he will support both his brothers."

Sem'yón's devilkin promised to come to his aid the next day, and the devilkins parted.

¹ *Kresty'dnstrovať*.

III.

IVAN had ploughed the whole fallow : only one narrow strip remained. He went out to finish ploughing. His belly aches, but he must plough. He cracked his whip, turned over his sokhá, and proceeded to plough. He had only gone over it once, was coming back, when it seemed to catch on a root, pulls back. Now, this was the devilkin, who suddenly wound his legs around the double ploughshare ; pulls on it.

"What a strange thing !" thinks Iván. "There were no roots here, but here's a root."

Iván put his hand down into the furrow, felt something soft. He clutched it, brought it out.

It is black, like a root ; but on the root, something moves. Lo ! a live devilkin !

"Hey, there,"¹ says he, "what a nasty thing !"

Iván lifted up his hand, was going to kill him with a blow on the head, when the devilkin began to whine.

"Don't strike me," says he, "but I will do for thee whatsoever thou wishest."

"What'lt thou do for me ?"

"Only tell me what thou wishest."

Iván scratched his head. "My belly aches," says he : "canst thou cure it ?"

"I can," says he.

"All right,"² do it."

The devilkin bent down to the furrow ; scratched

¹ *Jah tud !*

² *Na.*

about, scratched about with his claws ; clutched a little root, — a triple root, — gave it to Iván.

“ Here,” says he : “ whoever swallows this one little root, every pain will disappear.”

Iván took it, broke off the little root, swallowed it. Immediately his belly [ache] went away.

Again the devilkin said, “ Let me go now,” says he. “ I will dive into the earth : I will never come again.”

“ All right.¹ God be with thee.” And the moment Iván spoke of God, the devilkin plunged suddenly under the earth, like a stone in the water : only the hole was left.

Iván put the two other little roots into his shapka, and went on with his ploughing. He ploughed the strip to the end, turned over the sokhá, and went home. He unharnessed, went into the izbá, and his elder brother Sem'yón and his wife are sitting at supper. His estate had been confiscated : he had broken out of prison, and had hurried home to live with his father.

Sem'yón saw Iván : “ I have come,” says he, “ to live with thee. Feed me and my wife until we find a new place.”

“ All right,” says he ; “ live here.”

As soon as Iván sat down on the bench, the odor from Iván displeased the baruína. She even says to her husband, —

“ I cannot endure,” says she, “ to eat with a stinking muzhík.”

And Sem'yón says, “ My baruína says the odor from thee is not pleasant : thou hadst better eat in the entry.”

“ All right,”¹ says he : “ it's about my bedtime — must feed the mare.”

Iván took bread and his kaftan, and went for the night.

¹ *Nis chlo-ah.*

IV.

THAT night Sem'yón's devilkin left him, and went, according to agreement, to find Iván's devilkin, to help him subdue the fool.

He came to the fallow ; sought, sought for his chum — no [sign of him] anywhere — he only found a hole.

"Well," he thinks, "some ill has certainly befallen my chum. I must take his place. The fallow has been all ploughed. I shall have to subdue the fool in his hayfield."

The devilkin went to the meadow, let in a flood over Iván's grass : all the hayfield was matted with mud. Iván turned out of bed at dawn, whetted his scythe, went to mow the meadow.

Iván went out ; began to mow. He swings it once — he swings it twice — the scythe is blunted ; doesn't cut — he has to sharpen it. Ivan struggled, struggled. "No," says he, "I am going home to get a whetstone and a slice of bread. Though I have to work a week, I won't give in till I mow it all."

The devilkin was listening : he said to himself, "This fool is a tough one : thou'lt not get him [this way]. Some other trick must be devised for him."

Iván went, sharpened his scythe, began to mow. The devilkin crept into the grass, managed to catch the scythe by the heel, to thrust the point into the ground. It was hard for Iván, yet he kept on with his

mowing: there remained only one patch¹ in the marsh. The devilkin crept into the marsh; thinks to himself, "Though I cut my paws in pieces, still I will not let him mow."

Iván came to the marsh: the grass to look at is not thick, but it resists the scythe. Iván grew angry, began to mow with all his might: the devilkin had to give it up—he hasn't time to leap away, he sees it is a bad business, he jumped into a bush. Iván was swinging his scythe, grazed the bush, clipped off half of the devilkin's tail. Iván finished mowing his field, bade the d'yévka² rake it up, and went off to mow the rye.

He went out with his sickle, but the curtailed devilkin was there before him; had tangled up the rye, so that it gave no chance for the sickle. Iván turned round, took his sickle-hook, and set about reaping: he reaped all the rye.

"Well, now," says he, "I must take hold of the oats."

The curtailed devilkin was listening: he thinks, "I did not catch him on the rye, so I must catch him on the oats; just wait till morning."

The devilkin hurried out in the morning to the oat-field, but the oats were already harvested. Iván had reaped it by night, so that less might shake out. The devilkin was enraged. "The cursed fool," says he, "has hacked me and tortured me! I never saw such ill luck, even in war. He does not sleep: you won't get ahead of him. I am going now," says he, "to the heaps of grain: I will rot them all through for him."

And the devilkin went to the heaps of rye: he crept

¹ *De'yánka*, generally a clearing in the woods.

² An unmarried girl: here the old maid *Malán'ya*.

among the sheaves, began to affect them with rot. He heated them, and got warm himself, and grew drowsy.

But Iván harnessed the mare, and went with the d'yévka to get them. They came to the heap, began to pitch them up; he had pitched up two bundles: he thrust in his fork, struck the devilkin straight in the back; lo! on the prongs was the devilkin alive; yea, verily, with his tail cut short, is sprawling, making wry faces, trying to wriggle off.

"Hallo, there!" says he: "what a nasty thing! Art thou here again?"

"I," says he, "am another one: that was my brother. But I belong to your brother Sem'yón."

"Well," says [Iván], "whoever thou art, it's all up with thee." He was just going to impale him on a stake, but the devilkin began to beseech him.

"Well, what can you do?"

"Well," says he, "I can make soldiers out of any thing that thou pleasest."

"But what are they good for?"

"Set them at doing any thing that thou wishest," says he. "They can do all things."

"Can they play songs?"

"They can."

"All right,"¹ says [Iván]: "make some."

And the devilkin told him, —

"Here, take this sheaf of rye; scatter it over the ground with the grain, and merely say, 'Tis my slave's decree, that thou shalt be a sheaf no more. But for every straw that there is in thee, a soldier be.'"

Iván took the sheaf, scattered it over the ground,

¹ *Nu chto-ah!*

and repeated what the devilkin bade him say. And the sheaf flew apart, and soldiers were created, and the drummer and the trumpeter playing at their head. Iván burst out laughing.

"Hallo!"¹ says he, "how clever! That's good," says he: "it'll amuse the d'yévka."

"Well," says the devilkin, "let me go now."

"No," says he: "I am going to make them out of chaff, for it's no use wasting good seed. Show me how to change them back to the sheaf again. I'm going to thresh it."

And the devilkin says, "Repeat, 'For every soldier, be a straw. 'Tis my slave's decree, that a sheaf thou be.'"

Iván thus said, and again it became a sheaf. And again the devilkin began to plead: "Let me go now," says he.

"All right!"² Iván seized him by the legs, held him in his hand, and pulled him from the tines.

"God be with you!" says [Iván]; and as soon as he said "*s Bógom*," the devilkin plunged into the earth like a stone in water: only the hole was left.

Iván went home; and at home he found his other brother, Táras, and his wife, sitting down to supper. Táras had not paid his debts, had fled from his creditors, and come to his father. He saw Iván.

"Well,"³ says he, "now that I'm dead broke, feed me and my wife."

"All right," says he: "stay with us."

Ivan took off his kaftan, sat down at table.

But the merchant's wife says, "I," says she, "can't eat with a fool. He smells of perspiration!"

¹ *Iah áui.*

² *Nu chio-nh!*

³ *Nu!*

Táras also says, "The odor from thee, Iván, is not pleasant: go and eat in the entry."

"Well, all right,"¹ says he; took bread, went out to the dvor. "It's about my bedtime, anyway;— must feed the mare."

¹ *Nu chio-ah!*

V.

THAT night Táras's devilkin left him also, — came, according to agreement, to help his chums to get the better of Iván-durák. He came to the fallow: he hunted, hunted for his chums. No sign of them anywhere: he found only a hole. He came to the meadow: in the swamp he found the tail, and in the rye-stubble field he found the other hole. "Well," he thinks, "some ill must have befallen my chums. I must take their place in order to catch the fool."

The devilkin went to find Iván. But Iván had already left the field for the forest, to cut wood.

It had become difficult for the brothers to live together. They bade the fool prepare lumber; build them new houses.

The devilkin hastened to the forest, crept into the knots, began to hinder Iván from *falling* the trees. Iván under-cut the tree in the right way for it to fall in a clear space: he began to *fall* it. The mischief got into the tree: it fell where it ought not, became entangled in the branches.

Iván got his cant-dog, began to free the tree, at last brought it to the ground. Iván tried to fall another: again the same thing. He struggled, struggled; barely succeeded. He took hold of a third: again the same. Iván had expected to hew down a half-hundred logs, and he had not hewed down ten; and it was already night in the dvor, and Iván was tired to death. The

steam arose from him, spread through the forest like a fog; but still he does not quit. He under-cuts still another tree: his back was almost broken; and as he had no more strength, he drove the axe into the tree, and sat down to rest.

The devilkin perceived that Iván was quiet: he rejoiced.

"Well,"¹ he thinks, "he is quite beat out: he has quitted. I, too, will rest now."

He sat astride of a limb, and exults. But Iván got up, pulled out the axe, flourished it; but as he hacks on the other side, the tree all at once began to crack; fell heavily. The devilkin did not notice, had no time to get his leg out of the way: the limb broke, and nipped the devilkin by the paw. Iván began to clear up. Lo! a live devilkin! Iván was amazed. "Hal-lo!"² says he, "what a nasty thing! thou here again?"

"I am another one," says he: "I have been at thy brother Táras's."

"Well,"¹ whoever thou art, it will be all the same with thee." Iván flourished his axe, was about to rap him with the axe-head.

The devilkin begged for mercy. "Don't strike me, and I will do for thee whatever thou wishest."

"Well, then, what canst thou do?"

"I can make thee as much money," says he, "as thou wishest."

"All right,"² says he; "do so:" and the devilkin began to teach him.

"Take some oak-leaves from this oak, and rub them in thy hands. Gold will fall to the ground."

Iván took the leaves, rubbed them: gold fell down.

¹ Nu /

² Iah tut /

³ Nu chto-ah /

"This is good," says he, "to amuse children with, when I have time."

"Let me go," says the devilkin.

"All right!"¹ Iván took his cant-dog, set the devilkin free. "God be with thee!" says he; and as soon as he said the words "*Bog s tobót*," the devilkin plunged under the earth, like a stone into the water: only the hole was left.

¹ *Nu chto-ah!*

VI.

THE brothers built houses, and began to live apart. But Iván got in his crops, brewed beer, and invited his brothers to a revel. The brothers came not as Iván's guests. "We have never been to a peasant revel," they say.

Iván played host to the muzhíks, the babas; and he himself drank to excess; began to get tipsy, and went up the street to the singers.¹ Iván went up to the singers, and bade the babas sing his praises.

"I will give you," says he, "what you never saw in your lives before." The babas laughed, and began to sing his praises. They finished their song and dance in his praise, and said, —

"Now, then,² give [it to us]."

"I will bring it to you right away," says he. He took his corn-planter, hastened out to the forest. The babas make sport of him. "What a fool!" And they forgot all about him.

Lo! Iván comes running back, brings his corn-planter full of something. "[Shall I] distribute it, or not?"

"Distribute it!"

Iván caught up a handful of gold, and flung it among the babas. Bátiushki! The babas sprang to pick it up: the muzhíks sprang after it — they each

¹ *Khorovódui*: the band, or *súitta*, of village lads and lasses, who dance and sing at festivals.

² *Nu chío-zh*.

tried to snatch it from the other — they carry it off. One old woman they almost crush to death. Iván burst out laughing.

“Akh, you fools!” says he, “why have you crushed the bábuszka? Don’t go so fast, and I will give you more.”

He began to scatter more. The people crowded around: Iván emptied his whole corn-planter. They began to beg for more. But Iván said, —

“That’s all: another time I’ll give you some more. Now give us a dance. Sing us your songs!”

The babas began to sing their songs. “Your songs,” says he, “aren’t good.”

“What kind of ones,” say they, “are better?”

“Well, I’ll show you,” says he, “in a little while.” He went to the barn, pulled out a sheaf, threshed it, scattered it around, pounded it.

“Now,” says he, “slave, now decree that it shall be a sheaf no more, but every straw a soldier.”¹

The sheaf sprang apart, the soldiers stood forth, the drums, trumpets, played. Iván commanded the soldiers to sing some songs: he came with them up the street. The people were amazed. The soldiers sang their songs; and Iván led them back to the barn (but he commanded that no one should follow him), and turned the soldiers into a sheaf again, flung it on the pile. He went home, and lay down to sleep in the kennel.

¹ “*Sd’yéláx kholóp*

Chlob bull n’yé móp

A káshdaya solómnika — soldát.”

VII.

IN the morning the elder brother, Sem'yón, heard about these doings, came to Iván.

"Show me," says he, "where thou hast found soldiers, and whither thou hast taken them."

"But what good," says he, "will it do thee?"

"Why dost thou ask? With soldiers, every thing can be done. One can win a kingdom for one's self."

Iván was amazed. "Really?"¹ says he: "why didst thou not say so long ago? I will make thee as many as thou wishest. It's well the d'yévka and I put aside a good many."

Iván took his brother to the barn, and says, "Look, I am going to make them; but do thou lead them away, for, if we have to feed them, then they will ruin the whole village in a day."

Sem'yón promised to lead the soldiers away, and Iván began to make them. He thumps a sheaf on the barn-floor — a squad! He thumps another — another squad. He made so many of them that they filled the whole field.

"Well, will that be enough?"

Sem'yón was delighted, and says, "That'll be enough. Thanks, Iván."

"All right,"² says he: "if thou needest any more, come back, and I will make some more. We have a great deal of straw to-day."

¹ *Nu.*

² *To-do.*

Sem'yón immediately gave orders to his army, drew them up in proper order, and went off to make war.

Sem'yón had not more than gone when Táras makes his appearance — he also had heard of yesterday's doings — began to beg his brother, "Show me where thou gettest gold money. If I had such an abundance of money, I would with that money get in money from all over the world."

Iván was amazed.

"Really? Thou shouldst have told me long ago. I will rub thee out as much as thou wishest."

His brother was delighted. "Give me only three planterfuls."

"All right," says he, "let us go to the woods; but put in the horse — it'll be too much for thee to lug."

They went to the forest: Iván began to rub the oak-leaves. He made a great heap.

"Is that enough, or not?"

Táras was delighted.

"Enough for now," says he. "Thanks, Iván."

"All right," says he. "If thou hast need, come, I will rub some more for thee: a good many leaves are left."

Táras gathered up a whole cartful, and went off to trade.

Both brothers went off. And Sem'yón began to make war, but Táras to trade. And Sem'yón conquered for himself a tsardom, and Táras made a vast heap of money in trade.

The brothers came together, and revealed to each other whence Sem'yón got his soldiers, and Táras his money.

And Sem'yón says to his brother, "I," says he, "have conquered for myself a tsardom; and I might

live well, only — I have not enough money to support my soldiers.”

And Táras says, “And I,” says he, “have gathered together a great heap of money: but,” says he, “there’s one trouble; there is no one to guard my money.”

And Sem’yón says, “Let us go,” says he, “to our brother. I will bid him make some more soldiers — I will give thee enough to guard thy money, but thou must bid him rub enough money for me to sustain my soldiers.”

And they went to Iván.

They come to Iván: and Sem’yón says, “My soldiers are too few, brother,” says he; “make me some more soldiers, change at least two ricks into soldiers.”

Iván shook his head. “No use,” says he: “I am not going to make thee any more soldiers.”

“But how is that?” says he: “thou madest me a promise.”

“I made a promise,” says he, “but I will not make any more.”

“But why, thou fool, wilt thou make no more?”

“Well, because thy soldiers have put a man to death. The other day I was ploughing by the road: I see a baba carrying along the road a coffin, and she herself is wailing. I asked her, ‘Who is dead?’ She says, ‘Sem’yón’s soldiers have killed my husband in war.’ I thought that soldiers were for singing songs, but they have put a man to death. I will give thee no more.” And thus he persisted, and refused to make any more soldiers.

Táras now began to implore Iván to make some more golden money for him.

Iván shook his head. "No use," says he: "I will not rub any more."

"Well, but how is this?" says he: "thou hast made me a promise."

"I promised," says he, "but I will not make any more."

"But why, thou fool, wilt thou not make any more?"

"Well, because thy gold-pieces have robbed Mikháilovna of her cow!"

"How have they robbed her?"

"In this way they have robbed her: Mikháilovna had a cow, her children ate milk; but lately her children have come to me to beg milk. And I say to them, 'Where is your cow?' They say, 'Táras-bríukhan's overseer¹ came along, gave our mámushka three gold-pieces, and she let him have the cow: now we have no milk to eat.' I thought that thou didst want to play with the gold-pieces, but thou hast robbed the children of their cow: I will not give any more." And the fool was firm, gave no more. And so the brothers went away.

The brothers went away, and began to plan how to help their misfortune. Sem'yón says, "See here, this is what we'll do. Give thou me money to maintain my soldiers, and I will give thee half my tsardom, with soldiers to guard thy money." Táras agreed. The brothers went shares, and both became tsars, and both rich.

¹ Prikáshchik.

VIII.

BUT Iván lived at home, supported his father and mother, worked with the deaf and dumb d'yévka in the field.

Now, it happened once that Iván's old watch-dog¹ fell sick, became mangy, began to die. Iván was sorry for him; got some bread from his deaf and dumb sister, laid it in his shapka, took it to the dog, threw it to him. But the cap was torn, and there fell with the bread one little root.

The old dog swallowed it with the bread. And as soon as the dog had swallowed the root, he jumped up, began to frisk around, to bark, to wag his tail — get well.

The father and mother saw this: they were amazed. "How," say they, "didst thou cure the dog?"

And Iván says, "I had two little roots, — they will cure any disease, — and the dog swallowed one of them."

And it happened about this time that a tsar's daughter fell ill: and the tsar published through all cities and towns, that whoever should cure her should be rewarded; and if he were unmarried, that he should receive, in addition, the tsar's daughter in marriage. The proclamation was made also in Iván's village.

Iván's father and mother called him in, and say to him, "Hast thou heard what the tsar proclaims? Thou

¹ *Sobáka dvórnaya.*

hast said that thou hast the little root: make haste, cure the tsar's daughter. Thou wilt win everlasting glory."

"All right,"¹ says he. And Iván got ready to start: they spruced him up.

Iván goes out on the doorstep: he sees standing there a beggar-woman, with a crippled hand.

"I have heard," says she, "that thou canst cure folks. Cure my hand, for now I cannot put on my own shoes."

And Iván says, "All right." He took out the little root, gave it to the beggar-woman, bade her swallow it. The beggar-woman swallowed it, and became cured; immediately began to use her hand.

Iván's father and mother came out to escort him to the tsar. When they learned that Iván had given away his last rootlet, and had nothing to cure the tsar's daughter with, his father and mother began to upbraid him.

"Thou hadst pity on the beggar-woman," say they, "but on the tsar's daughter thou hadst no pity." Iván began to feel sorry for the tsar's daughter also. He harnessed the horse, spread some straw into the wagon-box, and started.

"Now,² where art thou going, fool?"

"To cure the tsar's daughter."

"Yes,² but see here: thou hast nothing to cure her with."

"It's all right,"¹ says he; and he started up the horse.

He came to the tsar's dvor; and, as soon as he mounted the steps, the tsar's daughter got well.

The tsar was overjoyed, commanded Iván to be

¹ *Nu chlo-ah.*

² *Da!*

brought to him. He clothed him, decorated him. "Be thou," says he, "my son-in-law!"

"All right,"¹ says he.

And Iván married the tsarévna. And soon the tsar died, and Iván became tsar.

Thus all three of the brothers became tsars.

¹ *Nu chlo-sa!*

IX.

THE three brothers lived — were tsars.

The eldest brother, Sem'yón, lived well. With his straw soldiers he collected real soldiers. He commanded throughout his whole tsardom that every ten dvors should furnish a soldier, and that this soldier should be lofty in stature, and white in body, and clean in face. And he collected many such soldiers, and trained them all. And when any one contradicted him in any thing, he immediately sends these soldiers, and he does whatever he pleases. And all began to hate him.

And life was pleasant to him. Whatever he fancies, and whatever his eyes rest upon, that is his. He sends soldiers, and they take and bring all that he wants.

Táras also lived well. He did not waste the money that he had got from Iván, but he made great additions to it. He also set up fine arrangements in his tsardom. He kept his money in coffers, and he exacted money from the people. He exacted money for their serfs,¹ and for their coming and going, and for their sabots,² and for their leg-wrappers, and for taxes. And what he fancies, every thing is his. For money they bring him every thing; and they go to work, because every one must have money.

And Iván-durák did not live poorly. As soon as he

¹ *Dushí*, literally souls.

² *Laptí*, bast shoes.

had buried his father-in-law, he took off all his royal raiment, gave it to his wife to lock up in the chest: he dressed in his hempen shirt¹ again, put on his drawers and sabots, and betook himself to work.

"It bores me," says he: "my belly began to grow, and no appetite, and can't sleep."

He brought his father and mother, and the deaf and dumb d'yévka, and began once more to work.

And they said to him, —

"But, don't you see, you are a tsar!"

The minister came to him, saying, "We have no money," says he, "to pay salaries."

"All right,"² says [Iván]: "if you have none, then don't pay."

"But," says he, "they won't serve."

"All right,"² says he, "let them not serve," says he: "they will be freer if they work. Let them carry out manure: they have brought a lot."

They came to Iván to sit in judgment. One says, "He has stolen my money."

And Iván says, "All right! of course he needed it."

All perceived that Iván was a fool; and his wife said to him, "They say that thou art a fool."

"All right!"³

Iván's wife pondered, pondered; but she also was a fool.⁴ "What is the use," says she, "for me to go against my husband? Where the needle [is], there the thread also [should be]."

She took off her royal raiment, locked it up in the chest, went to the dumb d'yévka, took lessons in work,

¹ *Rubákha*.

² *Nu chto-ah*.

³ *Nu chto-ah*; well, what of it?

⁴ *Dúra*, fool, does not exactly express it, any more than its masculine, *durák*. Crazy, mad, is the adjective that corresponds.

When she had learned how to work, she began to aid her husband.

And all the wise left Ivan's tsardom: only fools were left. No one had any money. They lived, they worked, they supported themselves, and supported good men.

X.

THE old Devil waited, waited for tidings from the devilkins, about their success in provoking the three brothers: no tidings at all. He himself went to investigate. He hunted, hunted; discovered no sign of them: he found only the three holes.

"Well," says he to himself, "plainly they did not get the better of them. I must take hold myself."

He started on the quest, but the brothers were not in their old places. He found them in their different kingdoms. All three are alive, reigning as tsars. This seemed outrageous to the old Devil.

"Well,"¹ says he, "I had better take hold of this job myself."

He went first of all to Sem'yón-tsar. He went not in his own shape, but changed into a vaïvode,² came to Sem'yón-tsar.

"I have heard," says he, "that thou, Sem'yon-tsar, art a great warrior; and I am thoroughly posted in that business. I wish to enter thy service."

Sem'yon-tsar began to question him, sees that he is a man of sense, took him into his service.

The new vaïvode began to show Sem'yón-tsar how to collect a powerful army.

"First thing," says he, "it is necessary to collect more soldiers; and now," says he, "many people

¹ Ну.

² Russian *voyevóda*, army-leader: also written in English, wayvode.

are idly wandering up and down thy tsardom. It is necessary," says he, "to recruit all the young men, without exception; then thou wilt have an army five times as large as before. Secondly, it is necessary to get new rifles and cannon. I will get for thee such rifles as will shoot a hundred bullets at a time, that will fly about like peas. And I will get such cannon as will consume with fire. Either man, or horse, or wall — all will be consumed."

Sem'yón-tsar listened to his new vaivode; ordered all the young children, without distinction, to be taken as soldiers; and he established new manufactories. He made new rifles, cannon, and immediately went to war with a neighboring tsar.

As soon as the army came out to meet them, Sem'yón-tsar ordered his soldiers to shoot at them with bullets, and with fire from the cannon. At one blow it disabled, burned up, half the army. The neighboring tsar was panic-struck, ate humble-pie, and surrendered his tsardom. Sem'yón-tsar was overjoyed.

"Now," says he, "I am going to attack the tsar of India."

But the tsar of India had heard about Sem'yón-tsar, and copied from him all of his inventions: yes, and, moreover, invented some of his own. The tsar of India began to take as soldiers, not only young children, but all the unmarried babas he also enlisted as soldiers; and his army became still larger than Sem'yón-tsar's. And he copied from Sem'yón-tsar all his rifles and cannon, and, moreover, invented a method of flying through the air, and launching bomb-shells from above.

Sem'yón-tsar went to war against the tsar of India — he thought to win in battle as before; but the scythe that once cut was dulled: the tsar of India did

not let Sem'yón's army shoot, but he sent his babas up into the air to launch bomb-shells upon Sem'yón's army. The babas began to drop bombs from above upon Sem'yón's army, like a tempest on beetles: all Sem'yón's army took to flight, and Sem'yón-tsar was left alone. The tsar of India took Sem'yón's tsardom, and Sem'yón fled with all his might.¹

The old Devil was done with this brother, and went to Táras-tsar. He changed into a merchant, and settled in Táras's tsardom; began to establish establishments, began to be free with his money.² The merchant began to pay dear for every sort of thing, and all the people flocked to the merchant—to earn money. And the people made so much money that they all cancelled their debts, and all began to pay their taxes promptly.

Táras-tsar was delighted. "Thanks to the merchant," thinks he, "now I shall get still more money—my life will be still better."

And Táras-tsar endeavored to devise new devices: he began to build a new palace for himself. He invited the people to bring him lumber and stone, and set to work: he offered high prices for every thing. Táras-tsar thought that, judging by the past, the people would come to work for him in crowds for the money. Lo! they bring all the lumber and stone to the merchant, and all the working-people flock to him. Táras-tsar raised his offer, but the merchant went still higher. Táras-tsar had much money, but the merchant still more; and the merchant's price was better than the tsar's. The tsar's palace was at a stand-still: building stops.

¹ *Kudá glazá gl'yad'ydí*; literally, *whither the eyes look*, hence attentively, diligently.

² *Déneahki*: copper coins, worth a quarter of a kopek.

A garden had been laid out for Táras-tsar. The autumn came. Táras the tsar invites the people to come to him to work in the garden — no one comes — all the people are engaged in digging a pond for the merchant.

Winter came. Táras-tsar contemplated buying sable-skins for a new shuba : he sends out to buy them — his messenger comes back — says, “ There are no sable-skins. The merchant has them all : he gave a higher price, and he has made a carpet out of the sable-skins.”

Táras-tsar wanted to buy himself some stallions : he sent out to buy — his agents return : “ The merchant has all the good stallions : they are bringing him water to fill up his pond.”

All the tsar's affairs are at a stand-still ; they will do nothing for him, but they do every thing for the merchant : and they only bring him the merchant's money ; they pay it for their taxes.

And the tsar collected so much money that he had nowhere to put it, and life became wretched. The tsar had now ceased to devise devices — his only concern was to live at all — and this is impossible. He was hampered on all sides. His cooks and coachmen left him, and took service with the merchant. It had now gone so far that he had nothing to eat. If he sends to the bazar to buy any thing — there is nothing : the merchant has bought every thing up, and they bring him only money for taxes !

Táras the tsar was angry, and banished the merchant beyond the frontier ; but the merchant settled down on the very frontier ; the same thing happens : all is exactly the same ; for the sake of the merchant's money they carry every thing away from the tsar to

the merchant. It became thoroughly unpleasant for the tsar; for days at a time, there is nothing to eat; the report spread even, that the merchant boasts that he is willing to buy the tsar himself. Tsar Táras lost his courage, and he knows not what will come of it.

Sem'yón-vóin comes to him, and says, "Help me," says he: "the tsar of India has conquered me." But the affairs of Táras the tsar himself were in a knot.

"I myself," says he, "have not had any thing to eat for two days."

XI.

THE old Devil was done with two of the brothers, and he came to Iván. The old Devil changed into a vaivode, came to Iván, and tried to persuade him to form an army. "It does not," says he, "become a tsar to live without an army. Only give me orders, and I will gather soldiers from thy people, and form an army."

Iván heard him to the end.

"All right," says he, "form it; but teach them to sing songs most cleverly. I like that."

The old Devil sets to work to recruit volunteer soldiers throughout Iván's dominion. He explained that they should shave their foreheads: each recruit would have a measure of vodka¹ and a red cap.

The fools burst into a laugh. "We have enough of brandy," they say; "we make it ourselves: and as for *shapki*, our babas will make us as many as you like, even variegated ones; yes, and with tassels too!"

And so he got no recruits. The old Devil comes to Iván.

"They will not come," says he, "as volunteers: they must be forcibly conscripted."

"All right,"² says he, "conscript them forcibly."

And the old Devil gave orders that all the fools should be enrolled as soldiers, and whoever did not come, Iván would put to death.

¹ A *shot*: eight of these measures make a *v'yedro*, or 2.70 gallons.

² *Nu chlo-ah*.

The duráki came to the vaivode, and say, "Thou tellest us that if we go not as soldiers, the tsar will put us to death; but thou dost not tell us what will happen to us in the army. They say that even soldiers are carried off by death."

"Yes, but not without reason."

The duráki heard this, and were firm.

"We will not go," they say. "It is better, let us wait for death at home. Even thus it is not to be escaped."

"You are fools, fools!" says the old Devil; "soldiers may get killed, or may not: but if you don't come, Iván the tsar will assuredly put you to death."

The duráki pondered a little: they went to Iván-durák to ask him. "A vaivode," say they, "appeared, commands us all to go as soldiers. 'If you go as soldiers,' says he, 'you may be killed, or may not; but if you don't come, then the tsar Iván will assuredly put you to death.' Is this true?"

Iván burst into a laugh.

"How," says he, "can I alone put you all to death? If I were not a fool, I would explain it for you; but now I don't understand it myself."

"Then," say they, "we will not go."

"All right," says he, "don't go."

The duráki went to the vaivode, and refused to enlist.

The old Devil sees that his work is not prospering. He went to the Tarakán¹-tsar: he went in disguise.

"Come on," says he, "let us make war upon Iván the tsar. He has not much money, but he has grain and cattle, and all sorts of good things."

The Tarakán-tsar went to war; he collected a great

¹ *Tarakán* is a cockroach, or beetle.

army; furnished rifles, cannon; crossed the frontier, began to march into Iván's dominion.

They came to Iván and say, "The Tarakán-tsar is marching to make war upon us."

"All right," says he, "let him come."

The Tarakán-tsar crossed the frontier with his army, sent scouts to reconnoitre Iván's army. They searched, searched: no army! To wait, keep waiting — will it not appear somewhere? But there is no sign of an army — nobody to fight with! The Tarakán-tsar sent to seize the villages. The soldiers came to one village. The fools — men, women — ran out — gaze at the soldiers — are amazed.

The soldiers began to rob the duráki of their grain, their cattle. The duráki give them up, and no one offers resistance.

The soldiers came to another village — the same thing there. The soldiers proceeded one day; they proceeded another; everywhere always the same; every thing is given up, no one offers to resist, and they invite the soldiers to live with them.

"If life is so wretched over on your side, dear friends," they say, "come and live with us!"

The soldiers marched, marched, — no army! And all the people exist by feeding themselves and others; and they offer no resistance, and invite them to live with them.

It became tiresome to the soldiers: they returned to their Tarakán-tsar.

"We cannot fight: lead us to some other place. The war would have been good, good; but this is like cutting kissel-jelly. We cannot make war any longer here."

The Tarakán-tsar was angry; commanded the sol-

diers to overrun the whole tsardom ; to pick quarrels ; to set villages, houses, grain, on fire ; to kill the cattle. "If you obey not my command," says he, "all of you," says he, "I will put you to death."

The soldiers were frightened : they began to carry out the *ukas* on the tsardom. They began to burn houses, grain ; to kill the cattle. Still the *duráki* offer no resistance, only weep. The old men weep, the old women weep, the young children weep.

"Why," say they, "do you injure us? Why," say they, "do ye evil for good? If ye need any thing, ye had better take it for yourselves!"

It seemed abominable to the soldiers. They went no farther, and the whole army took to its heels.

XII.

Thus the old Devil also went off—he did not catch him by his soldiers.

The old Devil changed into a neatly dressed gentleman,¹ and came to live in Iván's dominions: ² he made up his mind to catch him by means of money, as he had Táras.

"I wish," says he, "to do you a good turn,—to teach you how to be wise. I," says he, "will build you a house, and establish some establishments."

"All right," says Iván, "live here."³

The neatly dressed gentleman spent the night, and in the morning went to the public square, took a great bag of gold, and sheets of paper, and says, "You live, all of you," says he, "like swine: I want to teach you like you ought to live. Build me," says he, "a house on this plan. You work, and I will show you how; and I will pay you in gold coin."

And he showed them the gold. The fools wondered. They had no money in manufactures, and they bartered among themselves one thing for another, and paid in wood. They wondered at the gold.

"The pieces," they say, "are pretty." And they began to exchange their produce and work for the gentleman's gold-pieces. The old Devil began to be free with his gold, as he had in Táras's case; and they began to exchange all sorts of things for his gold, and to work all sorts of works.

¹ *Gospodin*² *Tudratoo.*³ *Nu chlo-ah, shiol.*

The old Devil was overjoyed : he thinks, " My scheme is coming on excellently. Now I am going to get the fool angry, as I did Táras ; and I shall buy him absolutely, body and soul." ¹

As soon as the duráki got their gold coins, they gave them to their babas for necklaces : all the d'yévkas twined them into their tresses. And even the children in the streets began to use them as toys to play with. All had a quantity, and they cease not to add to it. But still the neatly dressed gentleman's mansion was not half completed, and he had not as yet provided enough grain and cattle for the year. And the gentleman publicly invites the people to work for him, to cart him grain, to bring him cattle : for all kinds of things, and for all kinds of work, he will give much gold. No one comes to work, and no one brings any thing. Only now and then a lad or a little girl happens along to exchange an egg for a gold-piece.

The neatly dressed gentleman began to get famished ; went to a village to buy himself a dinner. He forced his way into one dvor ; offers gold for a hen ; the kozyáika refuses it.

" I have," says she, " a lot of these things."

He forced his way into a poor peasant-woman's hut,² to buy a herring : he offers gold. " I don't need it, kind sir," says she. " I have no children," says she, " to play with such a thing ; and I have already got three pieces as curiosities."

He forced his way into a muzhík's after bread : the muzhík also refused the money. " I don't need it," he says, " Christ be praised ! It's nothing : just wait till I tell my baba to cut you off some."

The devil spit ; hastened away from the muzhík.

* ¹ *S pótrokhom, with his inwards !*

² *Bobułka.*

He could not stomach that *Christ be praised*; ¹ and even the hearing of the words hurt him worse than a knife.

And so he got no bread.

All had sufficient: wherever the old Devil goes, no one will give him any thing for money; but all say, "*Bring something else*," or "*Come and work*," or "*Take it, in Christ's name*."¹ But the Devil has nothing except money, and no desire to work; but the *Christ's sake* he cannot stomach. The old Devil grew angry. "What do you need more, when I offer you money? You buy every thing for gold, and hire every sort of workman."

The duráki do not listen to him. "No," say they, "we don't need it. No one here pays taxes or wages. What should we want of money?"

The old Devil, after he had eaten supper, went to bed.

This affair was reported to Iván-durák: they came to ask him, "What are we to do? This neatly dressed gentleman appeared among us: he likes to eat and drink good things; he likes to dress neatly; but he does not like to work, and he does not ask alms;¹ but he offers only gold-pieces everywhere. Until we got enough of them, we gave it to him for them; but now we don't any more. What are we to do with him? How could he help dying of starvation?"

Iván listened.

"All right," says he. "We must support him. Let him go from dvor to dvor as the shepherd goes."

No help for it: the old Devil began to go from dvor to dvor. He came in rotation to Iván's dvor.

The old Devil came in to dinner; and at Iván's the deaf and dumb d'yévka was getting dinner ready.

¹ *Rádi Khrista.*

The most slothful had often deceived her. After they finished their work, the men come in to dinner earlier than usual. They eat up all the kasha-gruel. And the deaf and dumb d'yévka was quick-witted enough to recognize the bummer by his hands. Any one who has callous places on his hands, she gives a seat to; but the one who has not, to him she gives the scraps.

The old Devil climbed up to the table: but the deaf and dumb d'yévka took hold of his hands, looked at them closely; no callous places, and the hands are clean, smooth, and the nails are long. The dumb girl grunted like a cow, and pulled the Devil away from the table.

But Iván's wife says to him, "Do not ill-treat the neatly dressed gentleman: my sister-in-law does not allow those who have not callous hands to come to table. . . . Here, have patience: the men are almost done eating, then thou shalt eat up what is left."

The old Devil was affronted because at the tsar's they wanted him to feed with the pigs. He took it upon him to say to Iván, "You have," says he, "a foolish law in your dominions, — that all people work with their hands. That was a stupid way of looking at it. Why should people work with their hands alone? Dost thou realize in what way men of intellect work?"

But Iván says, "Wherever we fools have a chance, we always work to the utmost with our hands."

"That comes of the fact that you are fools. But I," says he, "will teach you how to work with your brains: then you will know that head-work is more profitable than hand-work."

Iván was amazed. "Well," says he, "we are not called fools for nothing."

And the old Devil says, "But it is not easy," says he, "to work with the brain. Here you did not allow me to eat with you because my hands were not caloused, but you don't understand that it is a hundred times harder to work with the brain. Sometimes the head even splits."

Iván sank into thought. "Why," says he, "be-loved, dost thou torment thyself so? Is it easy when the head splits? Thou wouldst much better do easy work — even hard work with the hands."

But the Devil says, "Why should I bother myself to take pity on you fools? If I did not bother myself, you would be fools forever. But now I am going to teach you how to work with your brains."

Iván marvelled. "Teach us," says he; "but the next time that the hands get tired out, then change them for head-work."

And the Devil promised to teach them.

And Iván proclaimed throughout all his dominions, that the neatly dressed gentleman would teach all how to work with the brains, and how they can work with their brains better than with their hands, and that they come to be taught.

A high watch-tower was built in Iván's dominions, and on it a steep stairs; and on top, a platform. And Iván took the gentleman there, so that he might be in sight of all.

The gentleman stood on the tower, and began to speak from it. And the duráki gathered to behold. The duráki thought that the gentleman was going to give illustrations how to work with the brain apart from the hands. But the old Devil only multiplied words to teach them how it was possible to live without work.

The fools understood nothing. They gazed and

gazed, and then went in different directions to their labors.

The old Devil stood one day on the tower, stood for another day, talked all the time. He began to get hungry. But the *duráki* thought it needless to bring bread to the tower. They thought that if he could work better with his brains than with his hands, then it would be mere play for the brains to provide bread. And the old Devil stood for still another day on the platform, and began to grow weak. He staggered once, and thumped his head against the post. One fool noticed it, and told Iván's wife; and Iván's wife came to her husband, in the fallow field.

"Let us go," says she, "and look: they say that the *gospodin* is giving lessons in brain-work." Iván was surprised.

"Really?"¹ says he. He turned the horse round; went to the tower.

He comes to the tower; and the old Devil by this time was thoroughly weak in the head, began to totter, whacked his head against the post.

As soon as Iván came, the Devil stumbled, fell with a thundering noise down the stairs, head over heels: he counted all the steps.

"Well," says Iván, "the neatly dressed gentleman told the truth when he said that sometimes the head splits: that's its kind of callosities. From such work the head gets covered with bumps."

The old Devil came bumping down the stairs, and thumped against the ground. Iván was about to go and see whether he had accomplished much work, when, suddenly, the earth opened, and the old Devil fell through the earth: only the hole was left.

¹ *Nic.*

Iván scratched his head. "Ah, ha!"¹ says he. "What a nasty thing! There he was again! Must have been the father."² What a healthy one!"

Iván is still living, and all the people are thronging to his dominions; and his brothers have come to him, and he supports them. Whoever comes, and says, "Give us food," — "All right,"³ says he: "you're welcome! we have plenty of every thing." There is only one regulation in his tsardom: Whoever has callous hands, comes to the table; and who has not, gets the scraps!

¹ *Ish tut.*

² *Batka.*

³ *Nu chio-eh.*

GLOSSARY.

- Baba.* Peasant-woman, especially the wife of a peasant.
- Bárin.* The master, especially in the parlance of peasants.
- Baruina,* the lady or mistress.
- Bátlushka.* Grandfather (diminutive).
- Durák.* A fool.
- Door.* Any household establishment including izbá or house or palace with the grounds.
- Dvornik.* The servant devoted to the care of the dvor: hence porter, inside-man, or hostler.
- D'yévká.* Unmarried or marriageable girl.
- Gospodín.* Gentleman.
- Izbá.* Peasant's cottage.
- Kaftan.* Peasant-coat, diminutive *kaftanchik.*
- Kasha.* Gruel.
- Khozyáin.* Master of any sort of establishment.
- Khozyáika.* The wife of a khozyáin, or the mistress of any sort of establishment.
- Kréstnik.* A godson.
- Kvas.* A drink made of fermented rye.
- Lapti.* Wooden shoes made of baste.
- Molodáika.* } Young married woman, diminutive
Molódka. } from *molodáya*,
Molodúshka. } from adjective *mó-*
Molodúkhá. } lod, young.
- Mushk.* (Mujik, moujik.) Peasant, countryman (the peasant is known also as *krestyáin*. Probably from Christian when it was a term of reproach).
- Nu chto-zh.* Literally, well, or now, what?
- Piróshki.* Diminutive of *pirog*, a pie.
- Prikáshchik.* Steward, manager.
- Samovar.* A tea-apparatus, generally of brass, consisting of charcoal-holder, water-urn, etc. Tula is the home of the samovar. *Samovar-chik*, diminutive.
- Sarafan.* A long over-garment without arms: it is a distinctive Russian dress. *Sarafanchik*, diminutive.
- Shchi.* Cabbage-soup.
- Shúba.* Fur garment, "furs" in general. *Shubyónka*, diminutive.
- Sókha.* The Russian national plough.
- Stárik.* Old man.
- Stárosta.* Noun formed from root *star* old; head of a community.
- Stránnik.* A professional pilgrim.
- Válenki.* Felt boots.
- Varéniki.* A kind of pirog, or patty, filled with whey, or something of the sort.
- Vodka.* Corn-brandy, diminutive of *vodá* water, aqua vitæ.
- Volost.* Canton; several communities in one administration.

FAMILY HAPPINESS

A Romance

FROM THE RUSSIAN OF
COUNT LYOF N. TOLSTOÏ

BY
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION

NEW YORK
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FAMILY HAPPINESS.

PART FIRST.

I.

SÓNYA and I were in mourning for our mother, who had died in the autumn, and we had spent the whole winter in the country alone with Kátya.

Kátya was an old family friend, our governess, who had brought all of us up, and whom I had known and loved ever since my memory began. Sónya was my younger sister.

The winter at our old house at Pokróvskoyé was dreary and forlorn. The weather had been cold and blustery, so that the snowdrifts were heaped high above our windows; the panes were almost constantly covered with frost, so that nothing could be seen out of them, and we had been kept housed almost all the time. It was rare that any friends came to see us, and, if they did, they brought no increase of joy or cheer to our home. All wore long faces, and spoke with subdued voices, as though afraid of awakening some one; all refrained from laughing, but they sighed, and often shed tears and looked solemnly at me, and especially at little Sónya, in her black frock.

The presence of death still seemed to be felt in the house; the grief and horror of death were in the very atmosphere.

Mamma's chamber was shut up, and I felt a sensation of pain and also a strange impulse to look into

that cold and empty chamber, when I passed by it on my way to bed.

At that time I was seventeen, and mamma, the very year that she died, was intending to move to the city for the sake of "bringing me out."

The loss of my mother was a terrible grief for me; but I must confess that there was associated with it the feeling that I was young and pretty — for everybody told me so — and that it was a pity to have wasted another winter alone in the country. Before the end of the winter this painful sense of loneliness and tedium increased to such a degree that I refused to leave my room, I kept the piano shut and never took up a book. When Kátya advised me to do this thing or that, I replied: "I don't wish to, I can't," and the question arose in my soul, "Why? Why do anything, when the best days of my life are thus going to waste? Why?"

And to this question there was no other answer than tears.

They told me that I was growing thin, and losing my beauty, but even that made no difference to me.

Why? Who was to see?

It seemed to me that my whole life was destined to be spent in this dull solitude and helpless gloom, from which I had no power or even desire to make my escape.

Toward the end of the winter, Kátya began to worry about me, and resolved, when the opportunity offered, to take me abroad. But in order to do this we needed money; and we had a very dim idea of what our mother had left us, and therefore we waited from day to day for our guardian to come and settle up our affairs.

In March he came.

"Now, thank the Lord!" said Kátya to me, one day, as I was wandering about, from room to room, like a shadow, idle, listless, aimless: "Sergyéi Mikháílitch has come; he sends to inquire after us, and will be here to dinner. Come, now! show a little energy, my dear Masha," she added. "Otherwise, what will he think of you? He is so fond of you both!"

Sergyéi Mikháílitch was a near neighbor of ours, and a friend of our late father, though he was much his junior. Not only would his coming change all our plans, and enable us to leave the country, but from childhood I had been accustomed to love and honor him; and so, when Kátya advised me to "show a little energy," she knew very well that it would mortify me more to appear in an unfavorable light before him than before any other of our friends. Moreover, not only did I share the traditional attachment for him felt by every one in the house, from Kátya and Sónya (whose godfather he was) down to the stable-boy, but in my eyes he had a special interest, owing to a word which my mother had dropped in my hearing. She said that she would like nothing better than to find such a man as a husband for me.

At that time her words struck me as strange and disagreeable, for my hero was a quite different sort of man. My ideal was graceful, slender, pale, and melancholy, while Sergyéi Mikháílitch was no longer young, was tall and stout, and, as it seemed to me, always cheerful; still, these words of mamasha's struck my imagination. Six years before, when I was eleven, he had addressed me by the familiar *Tú* (thou), had a romp with me, and called me "little maid-violet,"¹ and ever since I had occasionally asked my-

¹ *Dyévotchka-flyalka.*

self, not without dread, what I should do if he suddenly asked me to become his wife.

Before dinner, for which Kátya had prepared a cream pie and a spinach sauce, Sergyéï Mikháílitch arrived. From the window I saw him drive up toward the house, in his light sleigh; but, as soon as he disappeared around the corner, I hastened into the reception room, wishing to make it appear that I was not anxiously awaiting for him.

But as soon as I heard the sound of his feet, and his hearty voice, and Kátya's steps, I could not refrain from running out to meet him. He was holding Kátya by the hand, and talking in his deep voice. A smile was on his face.

When he saw me, he paused and gazed at me for some little time without bowing. I felt awkward, and was conscious that the color was rising in my face.

"Ah! is that really you?" he exclaimed, in his simple, straightforward manner, holding out his hands and coming toward me. "Can it be possible you have changed so much? How you have grown! Where is my violet gone! Now you are a full-blown rose."

He took my hand in his big hand, pressed it so firmly, so heartily, that it almost hurt me. I supposed that he was going to kiss it, and I bent toward him; but he merely pressed it again, and looked straight into my eyes with his frank, merry glance.

I had not seen him for six years. He had changed much; had grown older and darker, and now wore side-whiskers, that were very unbecoming to him; but he had the same unaffected manners, a frank, honorable face, with large features, intelligent, brilliant eyes, and an affectionate, almost childlike smile.

In five minutes he had ceased to be a stranger, and all of us looked upon him as though he were a member of the family—even the servants, who seemed delighted at his coming, as was evident by their desire to serve him.

His behavior was entirely different from that of the neighbors who came after mamasha's death, and who felt constrained to speak in whispers and to shed tears while they were in the house; he was talkative and jolly, and did not say a word about mother, so that, at first, this apparent indifference struck me as strange and even unbecoming in a man who had been so intimate with our family. But afterward I discovered that it was not indifference, but sincerity; and I was grateful to him for it.

In the evening, Kátya sat down, in mamasha's old place in the parlor, to pour the tea. Sónya and I took our seats near her; old Grigóri brought him one of papa's pipes that had been put away, and, just as in days gone by, he began to walk up and down the room.

"How many terrible changes in this home, when you come to think of it!" he exclaimed, and stopped short.

"Yes," said Kátya, with a sigh, and, putting the cover on the samovár, she looked at him, and almost burst into tears.

"And I suppose you remember your father?" he asked, turning to me.

"A little," I replied.

"And how much you would be to each other now!" he continued, looking gently and thoughtfully at my forehead and hair. "Your father was a very dear friend of mine!" he added, in a still gentler voice,

and it seemed to me that his eyes became more luminous than ever.

"Well, it seemed good to God to take *her* also!" rejoined Kátya, and immediately she laid her napkin on the teapot, took out her handkerchief, and began to sob.

"Yes, terrible changes in this home!" he repeated, turning away. "Sónya, show me your toys," he added, in a moment or two, and went into the drawing-room. With my eyes brimming with tears, I looked at Kátya as he went out.

"Such a splendid friend!" was her answer.

And, in truth, I felt a sensation of warmth and comfort around my heart, at the thought of this good friend.

As we sat in the parlor, we heard Sónya's piping voice, and his merry romping with her. I poured out his tea, and heard him sit down to the piano, and begin to touch the keys with Sónya's little fingers.

"Márya Aleksándrovna!" I heard him say, "come here and play me something."

I liked the simple and friendly way in which he laid his commands upon me; I got up and went to him.

"Here, play this," said he, opening the copy of Beethoven to the adagio of the "Moonlight" Sonata. "Let us see how you play," he added, and went with his glass of tea into a corner of the room.

For some reason I felt that with him it was useless to refuse or to make excuses for playing badly; I sat down obediently at the piano and tried to play to the best of my ability, though I was afraid of his criticism, for I knew that he understood and loved music.

The adagio corresponded with the sentiment of the reminiscences awakened at the tea-table, and I imagine

that I played tolerably well. But he did not ask me to play the scherzo.

"No, you wouldn't play that well," said he, coming up to the piano; "no matter about it, but you didn't play the first badly. You must have some comprehension of music."

This praise, which was certainly not extravagant, so delighted me that I blushed. It was such a novel and pleasant experience for me that a friend and equal of my father should talk seriously with me as though I were worthy of his notice, and no longer as with a child, as used to be the case.

Kátya went upstairs to put Sónya to bed, and we two remained in the drawing-room.

He told me about my father, and what a bond of sympathy united them, and what a happy life they led in those days when I was a mere child, amusing myself with picture-books and dolls. And his stories made me see my father for the first time in the light of a simple-hearted and lovable man, such as I had never thought of him before.

He also asked me about my tastes, my reading, and my ambitions, and gave me advice. He was now no longer merely a merry, jesting playmate, teasing me and making toys for me, but a grave, earnest, and lovable man, to whom I felt involuntarily drawn by affection and sympathy. While I talked with him, I felt perfectly at my ease, and enjoyed it; but, at the same time, I could not help feeling a certain strain upon me. I was afraid for every word that I spoke; I had a strong desire to be worthy of his affection, which hitherto had been given to me simply because I was my father's daughter.

After putting Sónya to bed, Kátya rejoined us, and

complained to him of my apathy, of which I had said nothing.

"It seems, then, she has failed to tell me the principal thing," he said, with a smile, and shaking his head reproachfully at me.

"Why speak of it!" said I; "it is very stupid, and besides, it will pass away." It actually seemed to me at that moment that my sense of lassitude not only would pass away, but that it had already passed away, and that I had never suffered from it.

"It's unfortunate not to be able to endure solitude," said he. "Aren't you a grown-up young lady?"

"Of course I am," said I, with a laugh.

"Well, she's a poor kind of young lady who is lively only while she is admired, and, as soon as she is alone, loses her spirits and takes no interest in anything; all for mere show and nothing for reality."

"You have a fine opinion of me," said I, for the sake of saying something.

"No!" said he, after a little silence. "It is not all in vain that you look like your father; there's something in you," and again his kind, penetrating eyes gave me a flattering look, and filled me with a strangely agreeable confusion.

Now for the first time I noticed that his face, which had impressed me as being so jovial, had a look peculiar to himself; serene at first, but afterwards becoming more and more thoughtful, and even rather gloomy.

"There is no reason and no propriety in your being down-hearted," said he. "You have your music, which you understand, your books, and your whole life lies before you; and now is the only time in which you can prepare yourself for it, so that you will have nothing to regret. In a year it may be too late."

He talked to me like a father or an uncle, and I was conscious that he had constantly to exercise self-control not to look down on me.

I felt offended that he considered me beneath him, and at the same time it pleased me that he found it worth while for my sake, and my sake alone, to make an effort to show his friendship in this way.

The rest of the evening he talked business with Kátya.

"Well, good-bye, my dear friends," said he, getting up and coming over to me, and taking me by the hand.

"When shall we see you again?" inquired Kátya.

"This spring," was his reply. He still held my hand: "Now I am going to Danilovka"—that was our other estate. "I shall look into your affairs there, and make what arrangements I can; then I am going to Moscow on some business of my own, and then in the summer we shall be here again."

"Now, why must you be gone so long?" I asked, feeling terribly blue; in fact, I had hoped that we should see him every day, and suddenly I felt so depressed and sad that all my former unhappiness seemed to return. This must have been expressed in my eyes and voice.

"Try and busy yourself as much as you can, and don't get down-hearted," said he, in a tone which seemed to me altogether too cool and natural. "When spring comes, I shall make you pass your examination," he added, dropping my hand, and not looking at me.

In the anteroom, where we were standing while he put on his shuba, again his eyes seemed to search me.

"It's no use for him to take so much trouble," said

I to myself; "I wonder if he thinks I like it to have him stare at me in that way. He is an excellent man, very, . . . but if only . . ."

For a wonder, it was very late when Kátya and I went to bed, and we talked all the evening, not about him, but about how we should spend the coming summer, and where and how we should live next winter.

My bugbear of a question, *why*, did not recur to me. It seemed to me very simple and clear that one ought to live to be happy, and I imagined that the future would bring much happiness. Suddenly, as it were, our Pokrovsky house, so old and gloomy, presented itself to my imagination overflowing with life and light.

II.

SPRING had now come.

My former depression was gone, and its place was occupied by the dreamy melancholy of springtime, and by vague hopes and desires.

Though I lived in a healthier way than at the beginning of the winter, and occupied myself with my sister Sónya and music and reading, still I used often to go into the garden, and wander long, long, up and down the paths, or sit on the bench, my mind filled with all sorts of thoughts, hopes, and desires.

Sometimes, especially when there was a moon, I would sit at the window of my room all night long, and when morning came I would throw on a single garment, and often go, without waking Kátya, down into the garden and across the dewy grass to the pond; once, I even went out into the field, and, alone and in the night, made the entire circuit of the garden.

Now it is hard for me to recall and understand the illusions which at that time filled my imagination. Even when I succeed, I can scarcely believe that my dreams were made of such stuff, they were so strange and remote from the reality.

Toward the end of May, Sergyéi Mikháílitch returned, as he had promised.

His first call was toward evening, and he took us entirely by surprise. We were sitting on the terrace and preparing to drink tea. The garden was already clothed in green, and the nightingales made

their haunt in every thicket on our place. The tufted branches of the lilac bushes were everywhere covered with white and purple, with a hint of flowers on the point of bursting into bloom. The foliage of the linden alley was translucent in the setting sun. A fresh, cool shadow lay across the terrace. The grass was already wet with the heavy fall of evening dew. In the yard back of the garden were heard the last sounds of day, the bustle of the cattle driven in from pasture. The simple-minded Nikon crossed in front of the terrace, along the little path, with his watering-pot, and the cooling stream from the nozzle soon began to make the broken soil dark around the stems of the dahlias and their supports.

Near us, on the terrace, on a white cloth, stood the brightly polished samovár, bubbling and boiling, together with cream, bunna, and cold meat. Kátya, with her plump hands, was dipping the teacups like a careful housewife. I could not wait for my tea, for I was hungry after my bath, and was eating a piece of bread spread with thick, fresh cream. I had on a gingham blouse with flowing sleeves, and my wet hair was covered with a handkerchief. Kátya was the first to see him through the window.

"Ah! Sergyéi Mikháílitch! we were only just talking about you!"

I jumped up, and was going to run upstairs in order to change my dress, but he met me just as I was at the door.

"Now, what is the use of ceremony in the country?" said he, glancing, with a smile, at my head and the handkerchief. "You see, you are not ashamed to wear it before Grigóri, and I am no more than Grigóri."

But at that very instant it seemed to me that he looked at me in a way that Grigóri would never have thought of doing, and I felt ill at ease.

"I will be right back," said I, hastening to draw away from him.

"What's the harm as you are?" he cried after me. "You are quite like a young peasant girl."

"How strangely he looked at me," said I to myself, as I hurriedly dressed myself upstairs. "Well, thank God, he's come; now, it will be more lively."

After a hasty glance at the mirror, I gayly ran downstairs, and, without disguising the fact that I had hurried, I went on the terrace all out of breath. He was sitting at the table, and telling Kátya about our affairs. When he saw me, he smiled, and went on talking. According to him, our affairs were in a satisfactory condition. It was necessary for us merely to spend the summer in the country, and then we could go for Sónya's education either to Petersburg or abroad.

"Well, now, if you could only be with us while we were abroad," said Kátya. "But if we must be by ourselves it would be worse than being in the woods."

"Ah, how glad I should be to go round the world with you!" he said, half serious, half in jest.

"All right!" said I, "let us go round the world."

He smiled and shook his head.

"But how about my mother, and my affairs?" said he. "Well, as that is out of the question, now tell me, please, how you have been spending your time. Have you been blue any more?"

When I told him that since he had been gone I had done this and that, and had not been troubled with

depression, and when Kátya corroborated my words, he praised me; and both his words and his looks were flattering, as though I were a child, and he had the right to patronize me. It seemed to me necessary to give him a faithful and circumstantial account of all that I had done in the right direction, and to confess, as though before a priest, all that he might not approve.

The evening was so warm and pleasant that, after the tea things had been carried away, we still sat on the terrace; and the conversation was so full of meaning for me that I did not notice how, little by little, the sounds of the people about us had died away. From all sides arose more fragrantly the perfumes of the flowers; the abundant dew was falling on the sward; the nightingale, trilling in the bushes near us, hushed his song when he heard our voices; the starry sky seemed to bend down nearer to us.

It was only when a bat noiselessly flitted under the awning over the terrace, and fluttered about my white shawl, that I suddenly noticed that it was already dark. I huddled close to the wall, and was opening my mouth to scream; but the bat, with the same swift, noiseless flight, darted out from under the awning, and disappeared in the darkness of the garden.

"How I like your Pokróvskoyé!" said he, making a sudden change in the conversation. "I should like to spend my whole life sitting here on this terrace!"

"Well, then, why not sit here?" suggested Kátya.

"That is very well," he went on, "but life does not sit still."

"Why don't you get married?" asked Kátya. "You would make any one a splendid husband."

"Why, because I like a quiet life, think you?"

and he laughed. "No, Katerina¹ Karlovna, there's no hope for you and me. Long ago all my friends ceased to regard me as a marrying man; and all the more for this very reason I have come to the conclusion that it is best this way; that's a fact!"

It seemed to me that he said that with a sort of affected gayety in his manner.

"Indeed, that's good! You have lived all of thirty-six years and are tired of life!" said Kátya.

"Ah, but how much I have gone through!" he continued. "My only wish is to live a quiet life. But, to get married, something else is necessary.—Ask her," he went on to say, pointing to me. "It is for such girls as she to get married. And you and I will look on and rejoice in their happiness!"

There was an undertone of sadness in his voice, and an intensity which did not escape my attention. He was silent for a little, and neither Kátya nor I said a word.

"Now, just conceive of such a thing," he went on, turning around on his chair: "supposing I should suddenly, by some unfortunate chance, marry some maiden of seventeen, such a girl as Mash—as Márya Aleksándrovna. That's an admirable illustration, I am very glad that I found such a happy one!"

I laughed and could not see any reason for his gladness at such an illustration, or where its application lay.

"Now," said he, addressing me in a bantering tone, "tell me honestly, your hand on your heart, would it not be a trial for you to marry an old man who has lived out all his days, whose only desire is a quiet life, while life and movement are what you want?"

¹ Kátya is the diminutive of Katerina; Sónya of Sofia.

I felt awkward, and made no answer, not knowing what to say.

"Now, see here, this must not be taken as an offer," said he, smiling, "but truly tell me, is it of such a husband that you dream when you wander about the garden paths afternoons? or would you be unhappy with such a one?"

"No, not unhappy . . ." I began.

"Nor yet contented," said he, taking the words out of my mouth.

"Yes, but you see, I may be mis . . ."

But again he interrupted me.

"Well, now you see she is perfectly right, and I am so grateful to her for her frankness, and glad that we could have had this talk. Now, as far as I am concerned, such a marriage would be the greatest unhappiness," he added.

"What a queer man you are, you haven't changed in the least," said Kátya, and she went in from the terrace to order the supper.

After she left us we sat in silence; around us not a sound was heard, except that the nightingale, not now in fitful snatches, as his habit is earlier in the afternoon, but with deliberate calmness, since now it was already night, poured out his plaint over all the garden, and another, down in the ravine below, for the first time this spring, replied to him from afar. The one nearest to us seemed to be listening for a moment, and still clearer and more intensely rang out the liquid harmonious trill. And with sovereign calmness their songs resounded in this world of night, so peculiarly their own, so strange to us.

The gardener went to the greenhouse to sleep, the sound of his heavy boots growing fainter and fainter

along the paths. Some one gave a shrill whistle twice, at the foot of the hill, and then there was silence again. The foliage scarcely rustled, the canvas awning over the terrace stirred a little, and a delicious fragrance was wafted across the terrace.

It seemed to me awkward to sit in silence, after what had been said ; but I now was at a loss for something to say.

I looked at him. His eyes, gleaming in the darkness, were fixed upon me.

"It is good to be alive in the world," said he.

For some reason I sighed.

"What is it?"

"Yes, indeed, it is good to be alive in the world," said I, echoing his words.

And again we relapsed into silence, and again I felt a sense of constraint. It occurred to me that I had offended him by agreeing with him that he was an old man ; and I was anxious to soothe him, but I did not know how to do so.

"Well, good-bye," said he, getting up. "Mother is expecting me home to supper. I have scarcely seen her to-day."

"But I wanted to play my new sonata to you," said I.

"Some other time," said he, coolly, as it seemed to me.

"Good-bye."

It now more than ever seemed to me that I had offended him, and I felt sorry. Kátya and I escorted him to the porch ; and we stood in the yard, looking down the road, where he was soon lost to sight.

As soon as the sound of his horse's feet died away, I went around on the terrace and began once more to gaze down into the garden ; and, in the dewy darkness,

which muffled the sounds of night, long I saw and heard all that fancy made me see and hear.

He came a second and a third time, and the constraint arising from our strange conversation entirely wore away, and did not return.

As the summer went on, he rode over to see us two or three times a week, and I became so accustomed to his visits that when any unusual length of time elapsed without our seeing him I became lonesome, and was vexed with him for treating me so unfairly.

He behaved toward me as toward a dear young comrade, asked me questions, encouraged the most cordial frankness, gave me advice, stimulated me, sometimes scolded me and checked me.

But, in spite of all his endeavor to keep himself down on a level with me, I was conscious that, back of what was manifest to me in him, there lay a whole world into which he felt it unnecessary to admit me, and it was this which had the greatest influence upon my imagination, and attracted me to him.

I understood, from Kátya and our neighbors, that, over and above his care for his aged mother, with whom he lived, over and above his responsibilities as a landed proprietor and as our guardian, he had to exercise certain functions connected with the nobility, which were most distasteful to him.

But how he looked upon all this, and what his plans, convictions, and hopes were, I never could get the slightest intimation from him. As soon as I led the conversation round to his own affairs, he frowned in his characteristic manner, as much as to say, "Please, I beg of you; this does not concern you," and brought up some other topic of conversation.

At first this offended me, but afterwards I became

so accustomed to talking about matters concerning myself alone that it seemed quite natural.

Another thing that used at first to displease me, but afterwards came to be even pleasant, was his perfect indifference and apparent contempt for my personal appearance. Never by a look or a word did he hint that I was pretty; but, on the contrary, he frowned or smiled when I was called pretty in his presence. He even took pains to pick out my defects and banter me on the subject of them. The fashionable dresses and the way in which Kátya liked to do up my hair for festive occasions aroused merely his sarcastic comments, which hurt the good Kátya's feelings, and at first quite disconcerted me.

Kátya, who was convinced in her own mind that I pleased him, could not understand at all why he did not like the woman who pleased him to appear in the most attractive light.

But I quickly came to see what he wanted. He was anxious to feel assured that I was free from coquetry. And when I understood that, then I made it evident that there was not a shadow of coquetry about me, in my dress or my hair or my actions. But this very thing showed like an embroidery in white worsted, that I had the coquetry of artless simplicity at a time when as yet artlessness was not natural to me.

I was aware that he loved me, but whether as a child or as a woman I did not ask myself; I prized his love, and, being conscious that he considered me the very best girl in the world, I could not help hoping that he might still persist in this illusion.

And I involuntarily helped to deceive him. But the very act of deceiving him in this way made me

better. I felt how much wiser and nobler it was for me to show the better side of my soul than of my body.

My hair, my hands, my face, my manners, whatever they were, good or bad, it seemed to me, he understood and appreciated at a glance, so that I could not add anything to my battery of attractions even if I desired to deceive.

But my soul he did not know, because he loved it, and because it was all the time expanding and developing; and thus it was that I could and did deceive him. And how easy it was to manage him when I clearly understood this. The causeless disturbances which had troubled me before — especially the sense of awkwardness — entirely disappeared.

I had the consciousness that, no matter how he saw me, whether from front face or in profile, whether sitting or standing, whether my hair was up or down, he knew me thoroughly, and, as it seemed to me, was satisfied with me as I was.

I am certain that if, contrary to his habit, he had followed the example of others, and told me that I was pretty, I should not have been in the least delighted. But, on the other hand, how happy and light-hearted I was when, after some insignificant remark of mine, he looked steadily at me, and said, in a voice that trembled a little, in spite of his attempt to impart a bantering tone : —

“Yes, yes, there is *something* in you. You are a splendid girl; I must tell you so.”

And why was it, then, that I received a reward such as filled my heart with pride and joy? Because I said that I appreciated the love of old Grigóri for his little granddaughter, or because I was moved to tears

by reading some poetry or novel, or because I preferred Mozart to Schulhof!

And the preternatural keenness of intuition, by which, at that time, I selected what was good, and worthy of admiration, struck me as marvellous; and yet, assuredly, I was perfectly ignorant of such things.

The most of my former habits and tastes did not please him, and a slight raising of his brow or a quick glance was all that was needed to show that he did not like what it was on my tongue to say, and his peculiarly woe-begone and almost scornful expression made me feel that I detested what I had loved before.

A hint was sufficient to give me a presentiment of what he was going to say to me. He would ask me a question and look into my eyes, and that look of his sufficed to draw from me the thought which he was after. All my thoughts and feelings at that time were his, not mine; but by becoming mine they went to make up my life and fill it with light. Absolutely, without being myself conscious of it, I began to look at all things with different eyes—at Kátya and at our domestics and at Sónya and at myself and my occupations.

The books which I had formerly read, simply for the sake of killing time, suddenly became for me one of the greatest pleasures of my life, and the reason of it was simply this: that he and I talked about them, or read them together. He kept me well supplied with books.

Formerly, the time that I spent in superintending Sónya's lessons was burdensome, and I undertook it only from the compulsory feeling that it was my duty. He interested himself in her lessons, and it became a

pleasure to me to see what progress and success the child made.

Hitherto it had seemed an impossibility for me to learn a whole piece of music by heart, but now, knowing that he would listen to it, and perhaps commend me for it, I would practise over a single passage forty times, so that poor Kátya stopped up her ears with cotton, but I found it not in the least tedious. The old sonatas, somehow or other, seemed to phrase themselves in an entirely different manner, and produced a different and vastly better effect.

Even Kátya, whom I knew and loved as myself, underwent a change in my eyes. For the first time, I understood that she was under no obligation to be our mother, our friend, our servant, such as she had been. I appreciated all the dear soul's self-renunciation and devotion, appreciated all that I owed to her, and loved her more than ever before.

He taught me to look on all of our dependents—peasants, domestics, maid-servants—in an entirely different way from before.

I am ashamed to confess that I had lived among these people for seventeen years and knew less about them than about people whom I had never seen; it had never once occurred to me that these men and women had the same affections, desires, and sorrows as my own.

Our garden, our groves, our fields, which I had known so long, suddenly acquired a new beauty in my eyes. Nor vainly spoken was his remark that there is only one enduring happiness in life—to live for others. It seemed to me strange at the time, I did not understand it; but this conviction had unconsciously penetrated into my heart. He opened up for

me a whole life of joy in the present, not making any apparent change in my life, adding nothing except himself to every impression. Everything which, since childhood, had been inert around me suddenly became endowed with life. He had only to make his appearance for everything to break into speech, and, at the same time, for all the powers of my soul to spring into life, filling it with joy.

Often I would go upstairs to my room, fling myself on my bed, and give myself up to the sway not of the melancholy longings, hopes, and desires with which spring endowed the future, but of present happiness. I could not sleep, but would get up, go over to Kátya's bed, and confide to her sympathetic ears the story of my perfect happiness; now, as I look back upon it, I can see no reason for telling her; she could see it with her own eyes. But she told me that she needed nothing, and that she also was very happy, and gave me a kiss. I believed her, for it seemed to me right and proper for everybody to be happy.

But Kátya was not superior to thoughts of sleep, and she used to become right stern and drive me off from her bed, and go to sleep; but I would still remain awake, reviewing all my reasons for happiness.

Sometimes I got up and said my prayers for a second time, thanking God in my own words for the happiness which he had vouchsafed me.

And in my room it was still; the only sound was Kátya's deep, regular breathing, the clock ticking by her side, and my restless turning and murmuring broken words, or crossing myself and kissing the crucifix on my neck. The doors were closed, the shutters drawn, a fly or mosquito was buzzing in some spot. And I felt as if I should like always to stay in my

little room, to have the morning forever delay her coming, to retain forever about me my present spiritual atmosphere. It seemed to me that my dreams, my thoughts, and my prayers were living creatures, abiding there with me in the darkness, flying about my bed, hovering over me.

And every thought was his thought, every feeling his feeling. And at that time I did not as yet know that this was love. I thought that this state of feeling might exist forever, that this feeling might always be unreciprocated.

III.

ONE day, at the time of the grain-harvesting, Kátya, Sónya, and I went out after dinner into the garden, to our favorite seat, in the shade of the linden overlooking the ravine, beyond which stretched a view of forests and fields.

Sergyéi Mikháílitch had not been to see us for two days past, and we were expecting him this day, the more confidently because our overseer had said that he promised to go out into the field with him. About two o'clock we saw him riding across the field of rye. Kátya told the maid to bring some peaches and cherries, of which he was very fond, and then, glancing at me with a smile, ensconced herself comfortably on the bench, and was soon dozing.

I broke off a crooked branch of the linden that hung down with succulent leaves and juicy bark, which moistened my hand, and, while I fanned Kátya, I continued to read, though I constantly stopped to look down the field-road along which he would come to us.

Sónya, sitting on the root of an old linden tree, was busy making an arbor for her dolls. The day was hot, calm, and sultry; the clouds had gathered and grown black, and ever since morning a thunder shower had been threatening. I was agitated, as always before a thunder shower. But since noon the clouds began to dissipate, the sun came out bright, and only in one quarter of the sky was there low muttered thunder,

and one heavy cloud, piling up above the horizon, and blending with the dust over the fields, was occasionally cut by the vivid zigzag flashes of the lightning darting to earth. It was clear that we at least should escape for this day.

All along the road back of the garden we could see the lumbering teams, loaded down with the sheaves, while the empty telyégas hastened out for fresh loads, accompanied by peasants dressed in variegated shirts.

The thick dust neither moved off nor settled, but hung in the air, behind the hedges, among the translucent leaves of the trees in the garden.

Farther away, at the threshing-floor, were heard voices, the creaking of wheels, and the rustle of the yellow sheaves slowly moving by the fence, and lifted in the air, until the stacks before my eyes grew into oval houses, with the outlines of sharp pointed roofs, and the figures of the peasants swarming about them.

Out on the dusty field also the telyégas were moving about, and there also the yellow sheaves could be seen, and the sounds of wheels, of voices, and of songs were borne in to my ears.

On one side, the field became more and more open, with strips of hedge all overgrown with wormwood.

Farther toward the right, down on the unsightly, half-reaped fields, I could see the bright-colored dresses of the women, binding the sheaves, bending over and waving their arms, while the encumbered field grew clear, and the symmetrical sheaves were disposed at intervals upon its level surface.

Suddenly, as it were, before my very eyes, summer was transformed into autumn. Dust and heat were all about, except in our beloved nook in the garden. On all sides, in this dust and heat, and exposed to the rays

of the sun, were the laboring folk, talking, and moving about with noise and bustle.

But Kátya breathed so peacefully under her white cambric kerchief, and was so comfortably curled up on the cool bench, the cherries looked so black, juicy, and tempting on the plate, our dresses were so fresh and clean, the water in the pitcher gleamed so refreshingly cool in the sun, and I felt so happy !

“What can I do about it?” I asked myself. “How am I to blame that I am happy? But how to share my happiness? And how and to whom shall I give all that I am and all my happiness? . . .”

The sun had already gone behind the crown of the birches in the alley, the dust was settling down over the field, the atmosphere became clearer and brighter under the slanting rays of the sun; the clouds passed entirely off; behind the threshing-floor, through the trees, three new sheaf ricks could be seen, and the peasants were going away from them; the telyégas, with loud creakings, hastened down into the field for the last time; the peasant women, with rakes over their shoulders, and sheaf withes in their belts, hurried home with ringing songs, but still Sergyéi Mikháílitch did not come, although it had been long since I saw him riding down the road.

Suddenly, his tall form appeared coming along the alley, from which I did not expect him; he had ridden round the ravine. With his face shining with pleasure, and taking off his hat, he came up to me with hasty steps. When he saw that Kátya was asleep, he bit his lip, shut his eyes, and came up on tiptoe. I instantly perceived that he was in that peculiar state of inexplicable good spirits which I liked so much in him, and which we called “wild enthusiasm.” He was

just like a schoolboy released from his lessons: his whole being, from head to foot, was instinct with satisfaction, happiness, and childlike merriment.

"Well, how are you, my young violet? how is your health? Are you well?" he whispered, coming to me, and pressing my hand. . . . "Yes, I'm feeling first rate," said he, in reply to my inquiry. "I am thirteen years old to-day; I want to play horse and climb trees!"

"In wild enthusiasm?" I asked, looking into his laughing eyes, and feeling that this *wild enthusiasm* was contagious.

"Yes," said he, in reply, winking one eye, and trying to look sober. "But why do you keep hitting Katerina Karlovna in the nose?"

I was not noticing, while I looked at him and continued to wave the branch, that I had knocked Kátya's handkerchief off, and was tickling her face with the leaves.

I laughed.

"But she will insist that she wasn't asleep," said I, in a whisper, as though I were trying not to awake Kátya; but that was not the real reason; it was simply because it was pleasant for me to talk in a whisper with him.

He moved his lips, imitating me, mimicking me because I spoke so low that it was impossible to hear what I said.

Seeing the plate of cherries, he seized it stealthily, went over to Sónya, under the linden, and sat down on her dolls. Sónya was angry at first, but he soon made peace with her by devising a game in which he and she were to see which could eat the most cherries.

"If you like, I will have some more brought," said I. "Or get them yourself."

He took the plate, set the dolls on it, and he and I went together to the enclosure. Sónya, laughing, ran after him, tugging at his coat, to make him give her back the dolls. He gave them back to her, and turned to me in all seriousness.

"Now, why aren't you a violet?" said he to me, softly, as though he were still afraid of waking some one. "As soon as I came to you, after all the dust and heat and work, I seemed to smell a violet, and not the fragrant violet, . . . but you know that first variety, that is rather dark, and smells of melting snows and the lovely things of spring!"

"Well, but how is the harvest getting along?" I asked, in order to hide the delicious confusion caused by his words.

"Splendid! These peasants are splendid wherever you find them. The more I know them, the fonder of them I become."

"Yes," said I. "This very day, before you came, I was looking from the garden at their work, and suddenly I felt so ashamed because they were working and I was sitting there comfortably doing nothing that . . ."

"Don't take this subject lightly," said he, interrupting me. He suddenly grew grave, but looked into my eyes affectionately. "It is sacred; God keep you from making a show of such a thing."

"Yes, it is only to you that I say this."

"Yes, I know; but how shall we get the cherries?"

The enclosure was locked up, and no gardener was about (he himself had sent them all off to work). Sónya ran into the house for the key, but he, without

waiting for it, climbed up by one corner, lifted the netting, and sprang down upon the other side. "Will you have some?" I heard him say from within. "Give me the plate."

"No, I want to pick them myself. I will go after the key myself," said I. "Sónya won't find it. . . ."

But at that very time I had the strongest desire to see what he was doing there, how he looked, how he moved, when he supposed that no one was observing him. Yes, the truth of the matter was that at that time I did not want to lose him from sight for a single moment. I crept round on my tiptoes, on the nettles, to the other side of the enclosure, where it was lower, and, standing on an empty tub, so that the wall came just below my breast, I looked over into the shed.

I searched the whole interior of the enclosure, with its ancient, gnarled trees and their wide, dentated leaves, under which hung down, heavy and straight, the luscious black cherries; bending my head under the net, I saw Sergyéi Mikháílitch standing under the bough of an old cherry tree.

He evidently supposed that I had gone, and that no one saw him. With his hat off, and his eyes shut, he was sitting on the crotch of the old tree, and was busy rolling a morsel of cherry gum into a little ball. Suddenly he shrugged his shoulders, opened his eyes, and, muttering something, smiled. The word that he said and his smile were so peculiar that I repented of having played the spy. It seemed to me that he had muttered the word "Masha."

"It cannot be," said I to myself.

"Dearest Masha," he repeated, still more gently and affectionately. But I heard those words dis-

tinctly. My heart beat so violently, and such extreme, and as it were forbidden, joy seized me, that I clung fast with both hands to the fence, so as not to fall and betray myself. He heard my motion, looked up in alarm, and, suddenly dropping his eyes, reddened, and grew as flushed as a child.

He tried to say something to me, but was unable, and his face grew hotter and hotter. He smiled, however, as he looked at me. I smiled in return.

His whole face was radiant with pleasure.

It was no longer the old uncle flattering and lecturing me; it was a man, neither superior nor inferior to myself, a man who loved and feared me, and whom I also feared and loved.

Neither of us spoke, but we looked at each other. But suddenly he frowned; the smile and gleam vanished from his eyes, and his attitude toward me grew cold and paternal again, as though we had been doing something improper, and he had come to his senses and advised me to come to mine.

"You would better get down; you will fall and hurt you," said he. "And smooth your hair; you have no idea how you look!"

"Why does he play the hypocrite? Why does he want to hurt my feelings?" I asked myself, indignantly. And at that minute I was seized by an irresistible desire once more to confuse him and try my power over him.

"No, I want to pick them myself," said I, and, grasping a branch that hung conveniently near, I stood up on the wall, and got my feet over. He made no attempt to assist me as I leaped down from the wall to the ground.

"What foolish things you do!" he exclaimed, red-

dening again, and trying to hide his confusion under the guise of annoyance. "You see, you might have hurt yourself. And how will you get out of here?"

He was still more confused than before, but this time his confusion frightened rather than pleased me. It was contagious; I blushed, and, going to a little distance from him, and not knowing what to say, I began to pick cherries, though I had nothing with me to put them into. I reproached myself, I repented, I was afraid, and it seemed to me that I had forever forfeited his good opinion by my rash behavior. Both of us were silent, and the silence was awkward.

Sónya came running with the key, and rescued us from this constraint. But it was some time before either of us said a word, and we both addressed our remarks to Sónya.

When we returned to Kátya, who insisted that she had not been asleep, but had heard everything, I felt more at my ease, and he tried to assume his ordinary patronizing, fatherly tone. But it was not quite in his power to do so, and he did not deceive me in the least. I had at that moment the liveliest remembrance of a conversation that had taken place, a few days before this, between us.

Kátya had been saying how much easier it was for a man to love and express his love than it was for a woman.

"A man can say that he loves, but a woman cannot," said she.

"But I have an idea that a man should not and cannot say that he loves," said he.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because it would always be a lie. What sort of a

discovery is it that a man loves? As soon as one says this, a sort of bolt, as it were, is drawn, he becomes a slave—he is in love. As soon as he utters that word, it seems as though some miracle must necessarily take place, some extraordinary phenomenon, as though a broadside of cannon were fired off all at once. It seems to me,” he went on to say, “that men who solemnly pronounce the words, ‘I love,’ either deceive themselves, or, what is worse, deceive others.”

“Then, how would a woman know that she was loved, if she were not to be told?” asked Kátya.

“I don’t know,” he replied. “Every man has his own form of speech. But it is a feeling, and should be expressed as one. When I read novels I always imagine what an embarrassed face Lieutenant Stryelsky or Alfred must put on at the moment of saying, ‘I love thee, Eleonora!’ He thinks that there is to be some extraordinary result; but nothing happens to either him or her; they have still the same eyes and the same nose; everything is the same.”

Underneath his jesting remark, I felt at the time that there was a serious meaning, that had reference to me; but Kátya was not satisfied to be put down with the heroes of romance.

“Always paradoxes,” said she. “But now tell me truly, have you never told a woman that you loved her?”

“I never have, and I have never yet got down on my knee,” said he, with a laugh. “And I never shall.”

“Certainly there is no need, now, for him to tell me that he loves me,” I said to myself, vividly recalling that conversation. “He loves me, and I know it. And all his efforts to appear indifferent do not succeed in throwing dust in my eyes.”

All that evening he had little to say to me, but in every word that he spoke to Kátya or Sónya, in his every motion and glance, I detected love, and I was not mistaken. I merely felt annoyed and sorry for him, that he should think it necessary to dissimulate and to pretend to be indifferent, when all the time it was so evident, and when it would have been so simple and easy to be happy beyond telling. But how tormented I was by my criminal act of springing down upon him in the cherry enclosure! I had an idea that I had lost his esteem in consequence, and that he was angry with me.

After tea I went to the piano, and he joined me.

"Play something for me; I have not heard you for a long time," said he, overtaking me in the drawing-room.

"I was going to. . . . Sergyéi Mikháilitch!" I exclaimed, suddenly looking him straight in the eye, "you are not vexed with me, are you?"

"Why should I be?" he asked.

"Because I didn't do as you wanted me to, this afternoon," I explained, blushing.

He understood me, shook his head, and laughed. His look told me he would have scolded, but that he did not feel strong enough for it.

"I didn't mean anything by it; we are friends again, aren't we?" said I, taking my seat at the piano.

"Why, certainly," said he.

The large, high-studded drawing-room was lighted only by two candles, set on the piano; the rest of the room was in darkness. The clear summer night gleamed in through the open window. All was still; occasionally, Kátya's steps were heard as she moved about in the dark reception room, and Sergyéi Mikhá-

litch's horse, fastened under the window, whinnied and stamped his hoofs on the turf.

He sat behind me, so that I could not see him; but everywhere — in the half-light that filled the room, in the music, in my own soul — I felt his presence.

Every glance, every motion of his, though I could not see them, was manifest to my heart.

I played Mozart's *sonata fantasia*, which he had brought to me, and which I had learned under his direction and for his sake. I was not thinking at all of what I was playing, but I must have played it well, and I felt certain that he was satisfied. I was conscious of the delight which he was experiencing, and, though I was not looking at him, and he was behind me, I felt the look which he fastened upon me.

Quite in spite of myself, while I still continued mechanically to touch the keys, I turned around and glanced at him. His head was outlined against the clear background of the night. He was sitting, with his head resting on his hand, and looking steadily at me with gleaming eyes.

I smiled when I saw his look, and stopped playing. He smiled back at me, and reproachfully nodded his head at the music, signifying that I should go on.

When I finished, the moon, which had already risen high, was shining in and flooding the floor with its silvery light.

Kátya declared that it was shameful for me to stop at the best part of all, and insisted that I was not playing very well, but he maintained that I had never played so well as that evening; and he began to walk up and down through the rooms, from the drawing-room into the dark reception room, and back again, each time looking at me and smiling. And I also

smiled; I even felt like laughing, though there was no reason for it, — so happy was I at anything that might happen on that day.

As soon as he was behind the door and out of sight, I seized Kátya, who was near me by the piano, and began to kiss her in the place that I liked best of all, on her plump neck, under her chin; as soon as he came back again, I put on a serious face and did my utmost to refrain from smiling.

“What has happened to her to-day?” asked Kátya.

But he made no reply, and merely laughed at me. He knew what had happened to me.

“Just see what a beautiful night it is!” said he, from the reception room, where he was standing in front of the balcony window that opened into the garden.

We went to him, and indeed it was such a night as I have never seen since. The full moon hung over the house, back of us, so that it was out of sight, and half of the shadow of the roof, of the pillars, and the awning of the terrace lay foreshortened obliquely, *en raccourci*, on the sanded footpath and the oval grass plot. All the rest was bright, and flooded with moonlight gleaming on the silvery dew. The wide path between the flower-beds, across which, on one side, lay the slanting shadows of the dahlias and their supports, stretched away, fresh and cool, and shining with glittering pebbles, into the misty distance.

Under the trees could be seen the bright glass roof of the orangery, and out of the ravine rose a shadowy vapor. The still clumps of lilacs, where the flowers were not as yet in bloom, were bathed in moonlight. All the flowers, wet with dew, could be distinguished from one another. Light and shade were so mingled

in the alleys that it seemed as though they were not composed of trees and paths, but were transparent houses, rocking and swaying.

At the right, in the shadow of the house, all was dark, dim, and weird. But, with all the greater distinctness from contrast with this darkness, the fantastic crest of the poplar seemed to hang strangely suspended, near the house, the top all bathed in bright light, and ready to soar away, far away into the calm blue sky.

"Come, let us go out," said I.

Kátya agreed, but told me to get my overshoes.

"It is not necessary, Kátya," said I. "Here, Sergyéi Mikháílitch will give me his arm."

Just as though that would prevent me from dampening my feet!

But at that time all three of us understood my meaning, and it did not seem strange at all. He had never offered me his arm, but now I took it of my own accord, and it did not surprise him in the least. He and I went out together on the terrace. All this world, this sky, this garden, this atmosphere, no longer appeared the same as I had always known them.

When I looked along the alley through which we were walking, it seemed to me that we should in a moment be brought to a stop, that yonder the world of the possible would end, that all this spectacle must continue forever changeless in its beauty.

But still we moved on, and the magic shadow-wall of beauty gave way before us, and let us pass beyond, where also, so it seemed, were our garden, the trees, the paths, the dry leaves, all so well known. And we were merely walking along the paths, treading on the circlets of light and shadow, and it was merely the

dry leaves rustling under our feet, and the cool breeze which fanned my face! And this was only he, who, as he walked quietly beside me, with slow steps, discreetly allowed my hand to rest on his arm; and this was merely Kátya, who, shuffling along, followed just behind us. And that could be nothing else than the moon itself in the sky, shining down upon us through the motionless branches! . . .

But at each step the magic shadow-wall seemed to close behind us and before us, and I found it as hard as ever to believe that we might go farther, to believe in the reality of all that surrounded us.

"Ah! a frog!" exclaimed Kátya.

"Who said that, and why?" I asked myself. And I instantly realized that it was Kátya, and that she was afraid of frogs, and I looked to the ground. A little frog hopped up before me, and came to a stand-still, and his tiny shadow lay along the bright clay walk.

"And aren't you afraid of them?" he asked.

I glanced at him. One of the lindens of the alley had been cut down, and at that particular place where we were passing his face was brightly illuminated by the moonlight. It was so beautiful and full of happiness. . . .

He said, "Aren't you afraid?" but there was a deeper meaning to his words. I heard him say, "I love thee, dear maiden! I love thee, love thee!"

His glance and his arm said them; and the light, and the shadow, and the air, and everything repeated the same.

We made the circuit of the whole garden. Kátya went with us, taking short steps and getting out of breath from her exertion. She said that it was time

to go back, and I felt sorry, sorry for her, poor old soul!

"Why doesn't she feel the same as we do?" I wondered. "Why are not all young, all happy, as this night is and we with it?"

We returned to the house, but, though it was very late, he did not take his leave, although the cocks were crowing, although everybody in the house was asleep, and his horse kept stamping more and more impatiently and whinnying under the window. Kátya did not remind us that it was late, and, as we sat there talking about various trifles, we had no idea that it was already three o'clock in the morning!

The cocks were beginning to crow for the third time, and there was a faint tinge of dawn in the sky, when he went away. He took his departure, as usual, without saying anything out of the ordinary course of things; but I well knew that from henceforth he was mine, and that I should not lose him. As soon as I confessed to myself that I loved him, I told Kátya the whole story. She was very glad and very much touched because I told her, but the poor soul was able to get some sleep that night, while I, on the contrary, walked long, long, up and down the terrace, and went into the garden, and, while recalling every word, every gesture, I walked along the very same alleys where we had been together.

I could not sleep that night, and for the first time in my life I sat up till sunrise, and saw the early morning. And never since have I seen such a night and such a morning!

"But why," I asked myself, "why does he not tell me simply that he loves me? Why does he imagine such difficulties, why does he calls himself an old man,

when everything is so simple and beautiful? Why does he waste golden time, which perhaps can never return again? Let him say, '*I love,*' let him say the words, let him take my hand in his, let him press it to his lips, and say, '*I love.*' All that is necessary is for his face to flush and his eyes to be cast down before me, and then I should tell him all. Or no, not tell him, but rather throw my arms around him and press him to my heart and weep! . . . But suppose I am mistaken and he does not love me!" That thought suddenly came into my mind.

I was alarmed at the feeling that came over me; God knows where it might lead me,—and his confusion and mine also in the cherry enclosure, when I sprang down where he was, came back to my memory, and I became heavy-hearted, very heavy-hearted. Tears sprang to my eyes; I tried to pray. And a strange feeling of peace and hope came to me. I resolved to fast from this day forth, to partake of the Holy Communion on my birthday, and on that very day to become his betrothed.

Why? Wherefore? How could it be brought about? I had not the slightest idea, but from that moment my faith was firm, and I knew that this would be so. It was already perfectly light, and the people were beginning to get up, when I went to my room.

IV.

It was the Fast of the Assumption, and therefore no one in the house was surprised at my resolution to prepare for the Sacrament during these days.

During that entire week he did not once come to see us, and I was not only not surprised or alarmed or hurt, but, on the contrary, I was glad that he did not come, and I only expected that he would come on my birthday.

During that entire week, I got up every morning early, and while they were harnessing the horses I would wander alone through the garden and meditate on the sins that I had committed the day before, and consider what I ought to do on the present day in order to be satisfied with my time and not fall deeper into sin.

At that time it seemed to me so easy to be absolutely without sin. It seemed to me that all that was necessary was to try. As soon as the horses were put in, I would take Kátya or one of the maids and drive, in our two-seated drozhsky, three versts, to church. On entering the church, I always remembered that prayers were offered for all "who came in the fear of God," and I took pains to mount the two grass-grown steps of the porch under the influence of this feeling.

At this time of day there were never more than half a score of peasants or household serfs in the church, preparing for the Communion, and I tried with

strenuous humility to respond to their salutations, and I myself went to the candle cupboard to get tapers of the old soldier who served as sacristan, and I placed them before the ikons, and this seemed to me to be a meritorious action.

Through the "Holy Gate"¹ I could see the altar-cover which mama had embroidered; on the ikonostás were the two angels spangled with stars, which when I was a little girl had seemed to me so huge, and the dove with a yellow nimbus which used to engross my childish attention.

Behind the chancel rail could be seen the modelled font, at which I had stood so many times as godmother for the children of our house-serfs, and where I myself had been christened.

The old priest came in his chasuble, made of cloth that had been my father's pall, and read the church service in the very same tone in which he had so many times read it, since my earliest remembrance, at our own house, at Sónya's christening, at my father's requiem mass, and at my mother's funeral.

And the precentor's trembling voice, as it echoed through the choir, was the same; and there was the same old woman whom I always remembered to have seen at church, at every service, as she stood all bent over, next the wall, looking with tearful eyes at the *ikon* in the chancel, and pressing her clasped hands to her faded shawl, and mumbling prayers with her toothless mouth.

And there was nothing in all this to arouse my

¹ The ikonostás, or screen, which shuts off the Holy Place from the rest of the church, has three doors or gates, the middle one "the Tsarskaya dver," the Tsar's or the Holy Gate, and the "Northern" and "Southern," on either side.

curiosity, nor was it dear to me from associations alone; but it was all grand and holy now in my eyes, and seemed to me full of deep significance.

I listened to every word of the stated prayers, and endeavored to respond to them with my feeling; and where I failed to understand the full depth of them, then I mentally implored God to enlighten me, or, in place of the prayer that I could not understand, I murmured one of my own inaudibly.

When the prayers of repentance were read, I recalled my past, and that childish, innocent past seemed to me so black in comparison with the present enlightened state of my soul that I wept and was terrified; but, at the same time, I felt that all was forgiven me, and that, if my sins had been even more heinous, my repentance would have been correspondingly sweeter.

At the end of the service, when the priest said, "The blessing of God be upon you," it seemed to me that I felt a physical sense of well-being instantly take possession of me. A peculiar feeling of light and warmth, as it were, suddenly flowed into my heart.

When the service was over, the good father would come to me and inquire if it would not be a good plan to have a vesper service at our house, and when he should come; but I thanked him warmly for his offer, because I felt that it was for my sake that he suggested it, and I told him that I would come to him or would let him know.

"Do you wish to give yourself the trouble?" he asked.

I did not know what answer to make, for fear of laying myself open to the sin of pride.

After mass, I always sent the carriage home, unless

Kátya were with me, and returned alone on foot, humbly bowing low to all whom I met, and trying to find some opportunity of doing good, giving advice, sacrificing myself for some one, helping lift a load, rocking a child, or stepping out into the mud to make room for some one to pass.

One evening I heard the overseer telling Kátya that Semyón, one of the peasants, had come to beg for some boards to make a coffin for his daughter, and a little money for a mass, and that he had given it.

"Why, are they so poor?" I asked.

"Very poor; they can't even get enough to eat,"¹ replied the overseer.

Something seemed to clutch my heart, and at the same time I felt a sort of joy at hearing this. Giving Kátya the impression that I was going out for a stroll, I ran upstairs, collected all my money (it was very little, but all that I had), and, crossing myself, I went alone across the terrace and through the garden, into the village, to Semyón's cottage.

This was at the very end of the village, and I, without being seen by any one, went up to the window, laid the money on the sill, and tapped on the glass.

Some one came out of the cottage, making the door creak on its hinges, and called to me; but I, trembling and chilled with dread, ran home like a transgressor.

Kátya asked me where I had been, and what was the matter with me; but I did not even comprehend what she asked me, and I made no reply. It all suddenly seemed to me so mean and petty. I shut myself up in my room, and for a long time walked up

¹ Literally, "they sit without salt."

and down, unable to act or to think or to account for my feeling.

I thought of the pleasure which the whole family would feel, of the blessings which they would shower down on the one who had bestowed the money, and I began to feel sorry that I had not myself given it to them.

I thought also what *Sergyét Mikháílitch* would say if he knew about this foolish freak of mine, and I was glad enough that no one would ever know anything about it. And I had such a sense of joy, and all, including myself, seemed so contemptible, and yet I looked with such kindly feelings upon myself and upon all that the thought of death came to me like a vision of happiness. I smiled and I prayed and I wept, and what a passionately ardent love for myself and every one else in the world I felt at that moment!

I read the Gospel as it is found in the prayer-book; and more and more comprehensible seemed to me this book, and more attractive and simple the story of that divine life, and more terrible and impenetrable the deep feelings and thoughts which I found in its doctrines. But for that very reason how clear and simple seemed everything to me when, after laying down this book, I again directed my thoughts and observations to the life about me.

It seemed to me so hard not to live aright, and so simple to love every one and to be loved by all. All were so kind and sweet to me; even *Sónya*, to whom I continued to give lessons, was entirely different, and tried to understand me, and to satisfy me, and not to give me annoyance.

All behaved toward me as I myself behaved. In

trying to think over those who were offended with me, and whose forgiveness I ought to ask before confession, I recalled only one, a young lady, a neighbor. I had laughed at her, a year before, in presence of guests, and she had ceased to visit me. I wrote her a letter, confessing my fault and asking her forgiveness. She replied in a note, granting it, and, in her turn, asking me to forgive her. I wept with delight as I read those simple lines, in which, at that time, I could see a deep and touching significance. My old nurse wept when I asked her to forgive me.

“Why are they all so kind to me? What have I done to deserve such love?” I asked myself. And I involuntarily recalled Sergyéï Mikháílitch, and for a long time thought about him. I could not do otherwise, and I did not look upon it as an impropriety. I thought of him now, however, in an entirely different way from what I did that night when, for the first time, I realized that I loved him; I thought about him just as I did about myself, and naturally he entered into every plan concerning my future.

The impression of superiority which his presence made upon me entirely disappeared from my imagination. I now felt myself on an equality with him, and, from the height of the spiritual mood to which I had reached, I thoroughly understood him. What had hitherto been strange in him now became clear to me. For the first time I understood why he declared that happiness consisted only in living for others, and now I was in perfect accord with him. It seemed to me that we should be so endlessly and serenely happy together. And no thought entered my mind of journeys abroad, or of gay society, of brilliant life, but something entirely different — a quiet, domestic life

in the country, with constant self-sacrifice, with constant love for each other, and with constant acknowledgment of a kind and helpful Providence in all things.

I partook of the Holy Communion, as I had proposed to do, on my birthday. My heart was so full of happiness when I returned that day from church that I dreaded life, dreaded every impression, everything that might in the least disturb such happiness. But as soon as we had dismounted from our drozhsky, and were mounting the steps, the well known cabriolet rattled across the bridge, and I saw Sergyéi Mikháílitch. He congratulated me, and we went together into the reception room. Never, since our acquaintance began, had I been so calm and self-possessed as I was that morning. I felt that there was within me a whole new world, high above him, and of which he was ignorant. I did not feel in his presence the slightest restraint. He must have understood something of this; for he was affectionately gentle toward me, and treated me with a peculiarly religious deference. I went to the piano; but he shut it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Don't destroy the spell that holds you," said he. "Your soul is now full of harmony better than any earthly music."

I was grateful to him for his thoughtfulness; but, at the same time, I felt a little disappointment that he should too easily and clearly read all that ought to be kept a secret from every one, in my soul.

After dinner he said that he had come to congratulate me, and at the same time to say "good-bye," as he was going to Moscow the next day. In saying this he looked at Kátya; and then he gave me a fleeting

glance, and I saw how he feared to witness the emotion in my face.

But I was neither surprised nor annoyed, and I did not even ask him whether he should be gone long. I knew that he would say these words, and I knew also that he would not go.

How I knew, I can never, even to the present day, explain to myself; but on that memorable day it seemed to me that I knew everything: whatever had been, and whatever would be. I seemed to be in a blissful dream, when things that have not yet taken place seem to be already in existence, and long ago a part of one's knowledge, and yet all is still to come, and you know that it is to come.

He intended to go away immediately after dinner, but Kátya, who was tired in consequence of the service, went to lie down for a little while, and he was obliged to wait till she had finished her nap, so as to say good-bye to her.

The sun shone brightly into the drawing-room; we went out on the terrace. As soon as we had sat down, I began with perfect serenity the conversation that was destined to decide the fortune of my love. And I began to speak at the very moment that we sat down, neither sooner nor later, so that nothing had as yet been said, when there was nothing as yet to give a different tone or character to our talk, or to affect unfavorably what I wanted to say. I myself cannot understand whence came the calmness, decision, and accuracy that marked my expressions. It seemed as though it were not myself, but something quite independent of my will, that spoke in me. He took a seat in front of me, leaning his arm on the balustrade, and, drawing down toward him a branch of lilac, began to pull off the

leaves. When I began to speak, he let the branch fly back, and rested his head on his hand. This might have been the attitude of a man perfectly calm or very much agitated.

"Why are you going away?" I asked, in a significant tone, deliberately, and looking him full in the face.

He did not answer at once.

"Business," he exclaimed, dropping his eyes.

I saw how hard it was for him to tell me a falsehood, in answer to a question put with such frankness.

"Listen," said I. "You know what this day is for me. In many ways this day is very important. If I ask you the question, it is not out of mere compliment (you know that I am so used to seeing you, and that I am fond of you), but I ask you because I must know. Why are you going?"

"It is very hard for me to tell you the truth in regard to this," said he. "This past week I have thought much about you and about myself, and I have come to the conclusion that it is my duty to go. You know why, and, if you are fond of me, you will not ask me."

He rubbed his forehead with his hand, and shut his eyes. "This is hard for me! . . . But you understand."

My heart began to throb violently.

"I cannot understand," said I. "*I cannot; you will tell me. For Heaven's sake, for the sake of this day, tell me; I can hear the whole calmly,*" said I.

He changed his position, glanced at me, and again pulled down the branch.

"Besides," said he, after a pause, and in a voice that vainly tried to be firm, "though it is stupid and im-

possible to put into words, though it is hard for me, I will try to explain to you," he went on, contracting his brows as though with physical pain.

"Well?" said I.

"Imagine that there was a certain gentleman. Let us call him A," said he: "old, and weary of life; and a lady, young and happy, who has never as yet seen society or life. In various family relations, he had learned to love her as a daughter, and never imagined loving her otherwise."

He paused, but I did not interrupt him.

"But he forgot that B was so young that life for her was still a plaything," he went on, suddenly beginning to speak rapidly and resolutely, and not looking at me. "And that he might easily learn to love her in a different way, and that this would be sport for her. And he himself was deceived, and suddenly woke to the consciousness that another feeling, heavy as regret, had taken possession of his soul, and he was frightened. He was frightened lest their former friendly relations might be interrupted, and he resolved to depart before they should be interrupted."

In saying this, he again, as it were, carelessly rubbed his eyes with his hand, and closed them.

"Why, pray, should he be afraid of loving her in a different way?" I asked, in a scarcely audible tone. I controlled my agitation, and my voice was calm; but he really seemed to think that I was jesting.

He replied in a tone that showed he was evidently offended.

"You are young," said he, "and I am no longer young. You enjoy trifling; but I must have something else. Trifle as much as you like, only not with me; otherwise, I verily believe, I should do something

rash, and you would feel sorry. This is what A said," he added. "Well, it may be all nonsense, but you understand why I am going. And now let us not say anything more about it. Please!"

"No, no! we will speak more about it!" I cried, and the tears made my voice tremble. "Did he love her or not?"

He made no reply.

"But if he did not love her, why has he trifled with her as with a child?" I demanded.

"Yes, yes; A was to blame," he answered, hastily, interrupting me. "But all that came to an end, they parted . . . friends."

"But that is terrible! And was there no other possible ending?"

The words were barely out of my mouth when I was appalled at my temerity.

"Yes, there is," said he, uncovering an agitated face, and looking straight at me. "There are two different ways of ending it. But for Heaven's sake do not interrupt me, and hear me calmly. Some say," he began, standing up, and looking at me with a painfully sad smile, "some say that A became crazy, fell madly in love with B, and told her so. . . . But she only laughed at him. For her this was merely amusing, but for him it was a matter of life and death."

I shivered, and tried to interrupt him, to tell him that he had no right to speak for me; but he restrained me, laying his hand on mine.

"Stop!" said he, in a trembling voice. "Others say that she had pity on him, that she imagined — poor little girl, who has never seen much of the world — that she might really love him, and so consented to be his wife. And he was mad enough to believe it, to

believe that his life might begin anew; but she herself saw that she was deceiving him and he was deceiving her. Let us not say anything more about this," he concluded, evidently not having the force to speak further. And he began silently to walk up and down in front of me.

He said, "Let us not say any more about this," but I saw that, with all the powers of his soul, he was waiting for my reply. I wanted to speak, but I could not; something seemed to oppress my breast. I looked at him; he was pale, and his lower lip quivered. I felt sorry for him. I put forth all my strength, and, suddenly breaking the chain of silence which bound me, I said, in a weak, choking voice, which I feared each second would fail me:—

"But there is a third ending," said I, and paused, but he was waiting in silence. "But there is a third ending, that he did not love, but gave her deep, deep pain, and thought that he was doing right, and went away and prided himself on doing so. On your side, and not on mine, is the trifling; from the first day I have loved you — yes, loved you," I repeated, and at the word *loved* my voice, in spite of myself, changed from a gentle tone to a wild shriek, which frightened me.

He stood all pale before me; his lips quivered more and more, and two tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It is cruel!" I almost screamed, and I feared that I should suffocate with angry, unwept tears. "What is the reason?" I cried, and got up to leave him.

But he would not let me go. His head bent forward on my knees; his lips were kissing my trembling hands, wet with his tears.

"My God, if I had only known!" he cried.

"What is the reason? what is the reason?" I kept

repeating; but my soul was already full of joy — a joy never to be taken from me, never to be repeated.

In five minutes Sónya ran upstairs to Kátya, and was shouting all over the house that Masha was going to marry Sergyéi Mikháílitch.

V.

THERE was no reason for postponing our wedding, and neither of us desired such a thing. To be sure, Kátya was anxious to go to Moscow and order a trousseau; and his mother urged him to get a new carriage and furniture, and have the house furnished with new hangings, before he should marry. But we both decided that it would be better to attend to all these things afterwards, if indeed they were so necessary; and, accordingly, the wedding was celebrated a fortnight after my birthday, — without a trousseau, without guests, without groomsman, without a supper and champagne and all those conventional accessories of a wedding.

He told me how annoyed his mother was to have the marriage ceremony performed without music, without a mountain of trunks, and a complete renovation of the house, so different from her wedding, which cost thirty thousand rubles, and how she was solemnly making a secret search through the trunks in her storeroom, and taking Máryushka the housekeeper into consultation in regard to certain rugs, curtains, and salvers indispensable for our felicity.

In my house, Kátya did the same with the old nurse Kuzmínishna. And it was of no use to speak with her, in respect to this, otherwise than seriously. She was firmly convinced that when Sergyéi Mikháïlovitch and I were talking over our future we were merely talking

soft sentimentalities, and behaving foolishly, as people in such conditions are usually supposed to do, but that our material happiness in the future would depend upon the regular cut and embroidery of my underwear, and the hemming of tablecloths and napkins.

Between Pokróvskoyé and Nikólskoye mysterious messages were exchanged several times each day, respecting various preparations; and, although outwardly Kátya and his mother seemed to be on the most affectionate footing, still their intercourse began to be conducted in accordance with a subtile but somewhat hostile diplomacy.

Tatyána Semyónovna, his mother, with whom I now became much more closely acquainted, was a precise, stern mistress of the manor,¹ and a lady² of the old school. He loved her, not only as a son, for duty's sake, but also as a man, through his intellect, regarding her as the very best, most intelligent, kindest, and most lovable woman in the world. Tatyána Semyónovna had always been kind to us and to me especially, and she was glad that her son was going to marry me; but when I had visited her after my betrothal, it seemed to me that she was anxious to make me understand that I was not after all the best match for her son, and that it was well for me never to forget it. But I entirely understood her and agreed with her.

During the last two weeks of my maidenhood, we saw each other every day. He came to dinner and stayed till midnight. But, in spite of his declaration that he could not live without me, and I knew he spoke the truth, he never spent a whole day with me, and tried still to give some attention to his affairs.

Our outward relations continued up to the very

¹ Khozyáika doma.

² Báruinya.

day of the wedding the same as before; we still addressed each other formally with *vous*, you; he did not kiss even my hand, and not only did not seek but even avoided opportunities of being alone with me. He really seemed to be afraid that the affection which was in his heart would become too overmastering and injurious.

I cannot tell, either he or I had changed, and, now I felt that I stood on the same footing with him, I no longer found in him that affectation of simplicity which had formerly displeased me, and oftentimes I saw before me, instead of a man inspiring respect and awe, a sweet child, spoiled with happiness.

"There is nothing so surprisingly great in him," I often said to myself. "He is simply a human being, just as I am; nothing more."

It now seemed to me that there was nothing hidden from me, that I knew him thoroughly. And all that I saw of him was so simple and so congenial to me! Even his plans for our future mode of life coincided with mine, only they were expressed more clearly and admirably in his words.

The weather these days was wretched, and we spent most of the time in the house. Our best and most intimate talks were held between the piano and the window. The candle light was reflected in the window panes, against which, now and again, fell the rain-drops and trickled down. The rain beat on the roof, and poured from the spout into the pool; the dampness spread over the window. And how much brighter, warmer, and more cheerful, from very contrast, it seemed in our corner.

"Do you know, I have for a long time wanted to tell you one thing," said he, as we were sitting late

one evening in this place. "I have been thinking about it all the time that you were playing."

"Do not tell me anything; I know it all," said I.

"Yes, you are right; we will say nothing about it."

"Oh! but tell me: what were you going to say?" I asked.

"Well this was it: — Do you remember when I told you the story about A and B?"

"The idea of not remembering that stupid story! It's well that it ended as it did."

"Yes, a little more and I should have ruined my own happiness. You saved me. But the main thing was that I was telling a falsehood all the time, and my conscience pricks me, and I wish to finish telling it."

"Oh, please! it is not necessary!"

"Don't be alarmed," said he, with a smile. "All I wish is to set myself right in your eyes. When I began to speak, I wanted to reason."

"Reason? What for?" I exclaimed. "It is never necessary."

"Yes, I reasoned badly. After all my disillusiones, my mistakes in life, when I came to live in the country, I resolutely told myself that love, for me, was at an end, that all that was left for me was the duty of living out my remnant of life, and it was long before I realized what my feelings were toward you, and where they were leading me. I hoped and despaired. Sometimes it seemed to me that you were playing the coquette; then again my faith returned, and actually I did not know what I should do. But after that evening, — you remember, don't you, when we walked through the garden that moonlight night? — I was filled with alarm; my happiness then seemed to me too great, seemed to exceed the bounds of possi-

bility. Well, what would have happened to me if I had allowed myself to hope and found that it was in vain. But, of course, I thought only of myself; because I am a miserable egotist."

He stopped talking and looked at me.

"However, it was not absolute nonsense that I spoke at that time. For you see there was good reason for me to fear. I receive so much from you, and can give so little in return. You are still only a child, you are a bud, which is yet to unfold; you love for the first time, while I . . ."

"Yes, tell me all the truth about it," said I, but suddenly I felt overmastered by a sudden terror at what his answer might be. "No, no, it is not necessary," I added.

"Whether I have ever loved before, you mean?" he exclaimed, instantly divining my thought. "I can tell you about it. No, I have never loved before. Never have I experienced such a feeling as this."

But suddenly some painful memory seemed to flash through his mind. "No, and just here is where I need a heart like yours in order to have the right to love you," said he, gloomily. "Was it not necessary, therefore, for me to think it all over before telling you that I loved you? What is there for me to give you? Love, that is true."

"Is that little?" I asked, looking him in the eyes.

"Little, my dear, little for you," he continued. "You are young and beautiful! I often now cannot sleep at night, I am so happy, and because I keep thinking how we are going to live together. I have had many experiences in life, and it seems to me that I have now found all that is essential for happiness. The quiet, lonely life in our country solitude, with the possi-

bility of being benefactors to people to whom it is easy to do good, and who are so unaccustomed to it, then work, work which brings its own reward, then rest, nature, one's books, music, love for some congenial spirit, — such is my ideal of happiness, and I cannot conceive of a higher. And then, above all, such a friend as you are; a family perhaps, and all that any man could desire in this world."

"Yes," said I.

"For me, since I have lived out my youth, yes; but not for you," he went on to say. "You have not as yet seen anything of life; you very likely have still some desire to seek happiness in another sphere, and perhaps you would find it. It seems to you now that this is happiness because you love me."

"No, this quiet home happiness has always been my aim and ambition," said I. "And you have simply expressed what I have always thought."

He smiled.

"It only seems so to you, my dear. This is little to you. You are young and beautiful," he repeated, thoughtfully.

But I was annoyed, because he did not believe me, and because he, as it were, made my youth and beauty a reproach.

"Then, why do you love me?" I asked, angrily. "For my beauty or for myself?"

"I don't know, but I love you," he replied, looking at me with his keen, fascinating glance.

I made no answer, and could not help looking into his eyes. Suddenly, something strange took place in me; first I ceased to see all surrounding objects; then his face disappeared from before me; his eyes alone seemed to be gleaming in front of my eyes;

then it seemed to me that those eyes took possession of me; then everything grew dim, everything faded from my sight, and I had to shut my eyes in order to get rid of the sense of passionate bliss and terror which that glance of his gave me.

On the eve of the day set for the wedding, late in the afternoon, the weather cleared. And after the rains, which had begun while it was still summer, we had our first clear, cool autumn evening. Everything was wet, cool, and bright, and now, for the first time, the garden began to open out its vistas through the autumnal coloring of the leaves that already had begun to fall. The sky was clear, cool, and pale. I went to bed happy in the thought that the day of our wedding would be fair.

On that day I woke with the sun, and the thought that the time had come, as it were frightened me and filled me with fear and wonder; I went down into the garden. The sun had only just risen, and was shining through the thin yellow foliage of the linden trees that shaded the walk. The path was strewn with rustling leaves. The wrinkled, bright clusters of berries on the mountain ash gleamed red on the branches, where still hung a few crumpled leaves killed by the frost; the dabbias stood shrivelled and black. Frost, for the first time, lay like silver across the pale green grass, and on the broken burdocks near the house. On the clear, cool sky not a single cloud was or could be seen.

“Can it be to-day?” I asked myself, not daring to believe in my happiness. “Can it be that I shall wake up to-morrow not here, but in that strange house at Nikólskoye, with its pillars! Is it possible that I shall no longer have to wait for his coming, no more be

going out to meet him, talk no longer about him with Kátya? Shall I no more sit with him at the piano in our Pokróvskoyé drawing-room? Shall I no more see him to the door, and worry about him, when the nights are dark?"

But then I remembered he had told me, the evening before, that he had come for the last time, and Kátya had called me to try on my wedding dress, and said, "It is for to-morrow," and, for a moment, I really realized it and again doubted.

"Can it be that after to-day I am going to live there with my husband's mother, without Nadyózha, without old Grigóri, without Kátya? Shall I no longer kiss my nurse good-night, and have her, according to old custom, make the sign of the cross over me, and say, 'Good-night, báryshnya'? I shall no longer teach Sónya, and play with her, and knock on the wall for her in the morning, and hear her ringing laughter! Must I to-day be changed into another person, a stranger to myself, and is a new life, the realizations of my hopes and desires, opening out before me? Will this new life last forever?"

I waited impatiently for him to come; it was hard for me to be alone with these thoughts.

He came early, and only when I saw him did I really believe that this day I was to be his wife, and ceased to tremble at the thought.

Before dinner we went to our chapel, to offer a mass in memory of my father.

"If he were only alive now!" I thought, as we were returning home, and I silently leaned upon the arm of the man who had been the warmest friend of him of whom I was thinking. During the prayer, while I knelt, with my forehead pressed to the cold stones of

the chapel floor, I recalled my father so vividly, I had such a firm belief that his spirit was cognizant of me and approved of my choice, that it seemed to me as though even now it were hovering over us and giving us his blessing. And recollections and hopes and happiness and grief mingled within me in one triumphant and delicious feeling, which was still further intensified by the calm, fresh air; the calmness, the wide bare fields, the pale sky, from which fell over all things bright but gentle rays, striving to kindle the color in my cheeks.

It seemed to me that the man who was by my side understood and shared my feeling. He walked quietly and silently, and his face, into which I looked from time to time, expressed the same serious emotion, which was neither grief nor joy, and which was both in nature and in my heart.

Suddenly, he turned to me, and I saw that he had something in his mind to say. It occurred to me, "Suppose he should not speak of what I am thinking?"

But he spoke of my father, though he did not even speak of him by name.

"Once he said to me in jest, 'You must marry my Masha!'"

These were his words.

"How happy he would be now," said I, warmly pressing the arm on which I leaned.

"Yes; you were then only a child," he went on to say, looking into my eyes. "I used to kiss those eyes, and loved them only because they were like his, and I had no thought then that they would be for their own sake so dear to me. I called you Masha then."

"Say *thou* to me," said I.

"That is what I have wished," he went on. "But

only now does it seem possible to me that *thou art* wholly mine," and his calm, happy, fascinating glance rested on me. And we walked still without hurrying along the field-path, scarcely traceable amid the trampled piles of stubble; our footsteps and our voices alone broke the silence. On one side, beyond the ravine, stretched away toward the distant forest, now stripped of leaves, the brown stubble-field, where, not far from us, a peasant, with his rude plough, was noiselessly marking a black strip, that grew constantly wider and wider. The drove of horses, scattered at the foot of the hill, seemed close at hand.

On the other side, and straight ahead of us, the dark field of winter wheat, touched by the frost, and marked here and there with greenish patches, stretched away clear up to the garden and the house which could be seen rising directly behind it. Everything was bathed in the autumnal rays of the sun. Long filaments of cobwebs stretched in every direction. They floated through the air around us, and hung over the field dried by the frost; they got into our eyes and clung to our hair and our garments. When we spoke, our voices were resonant, and seemed to hover over us in the motionless atmosphere, as though we were alone in the midst of the great world, and alone under the blue arch, over which played an unscorching sun, flashing and trembling.

I also wanted to use the familiar *tui*, "thou," to him; but I felt abashed.

"Why *dost thou* walk so fast?" I asked, hurrying over the words, and almost whispering them, and feeling the blood rush to my face.

He slackened his pace, and looked still more affectionately, still more gayly and joyfully, at me.

When we reached the house, his mother and the guests whom we could not avoid asking were already assembled, and, up to the moment when, on leaving the church, we took our seats in the carriage to ride to Nikólskoye, I was no longer alone with him.

The church was almost empty ; I saw, out of the corner of my eye, only his mother, standing prim and precise on the carpeting in the choir ; Kátya, in her cap with lilac ribbons, and with tears on her cheeks ; and two or three house-serfs, who had been attracted by curiosity, and came to stare at me.

I did not look at him, but I was conscious of his presence near me. I listened to the words of the prayers, and repeated them with my lips, but there seemed to be no echo of them in my soul. I could not pray ; I looked stupidly at the ikons, the tapers, the embroidered cross on the back of the priest's chasuble ; at the ikonostás, the church-windows,—and everything was like a dream.

I only had a confused consciousness that something extraordinary was taking place in me. When the priest with the cross turned to us and congratulated us, and said that he had christened me, and now God had granted him the privilege of marrying me ; when Kátya and his mother kissed us, and Grigóri's voice was heard as he drove up the carriage, I was amazed and frightened, because it was all over and nothing extraordinary had taken place in my soul ; nothing that corresponded to the mysterious sacrament which had been performed over me.

He and I exchanged kisses ; and this kiss was so strange, so alien to our feelings.

“ Is that all ? ” I asked myself.

We went to the church-porch ; the wheels echoed

with a hollow sound under the vaulted roof; my face was fanned by the cool breeze; he put on his hat and handed me into the carriage. From the carriage window I saw the crescent of the frosty moon.

He took his seat next me, and shut the door. Something throbbed in my heart. The self-assurance with which he did this seemed to me insulting.

Kátya's voice screamed something about protecting my head; the wheels struck against a stone, and then we turned into the smooth road and were off. Throwing myself back in one corner, I looked out of the window, on the distant fields and the road, seeming to reflect a pale light from the chill rays of the moon. And, though I did not look at him, I felt the consciousness that he was next to me.

"And is this all that the moment for which I have waited so anxiously has to give me?" I asked myself, and it began to appear mean and humiliating to sit alone so near to him. I turned to him with the intention of saying something, but no word found utterance; it was as though there were in me none of that former feeling of affection, and as though humiliation and dismay had taken its place.

"Till this moment I have not been able to persuade myself that this was to be," he softly murmured, in reply to my look.

"Yes; but somehow or other it is terrible to me," I replied.

"Am I terrible to you?" he asked, taking my hand and raising it to his lips.

My hand lay lifelessly in his, and in my heart there was a sense of painful coldness.

"Yes," I whispered.

But then, suddenly, my heart began to beat more

violently, my hand trembled and suddenly pressed his hand ; a feeling of warmth came o'er me, my eyes tried to look into his, in the twilight, and I suddenly felt that I was not afraid of him ; that this dismay was — *love* ; new and vastly more tender and strong than before. I felt that I was wholly his, and that I was happy in his sovereignty over me.

PART SECOND.

I.

DAYS, weeks, two months of lonely country life went by, imperceptibly as it seemed at that time ; but, at the same time, the emotions, sensations, and delights of those two months would have sufficed for a whole lifetime.

Both my dreams and his of how our life in the country should be organized were not realized at all as we had anticipated. But our life was in no respect a disappointment of our dreams. It was not that strenuous labor, the fulfilment of duty, self-renunciation, and life for others, that I had imagined when I became his betrothed ; it was, on the contrary, an absorbing, selfish affection for one another ; a desire to be loved, a constant, causeless delight, and oblivion of all in the world.

To be sure, he sometimes went into his study, shut himself up to attend to his affairs ; sometimes he went to town, and, again, he was absent on business about the estate ; but I saw how hard it was for him to tear himself away from me. And he himself acknowledged that everything in the world seemed to him such perfect triviality, unless I were there, that he could not conceive the possibility of taking any interest in them.

It was exactly the same with me. I read, occupied myself with my music, with his mother, with the school ; but I did this only because each one of these

occupations was connected with him and met with his approbation; but, as soon as ever the thought of him failed to be connected with any particular task, my hands would fall at my side, and it would seem so odd to think that there was any one beside him in the world.

Possibly this was an unworthy, selfish thought; but it gave me pleasure and elevated me high above all the world.

In my eyes he was the only being on earth, and I considered him the handsomest and most perfect man in the world; consequently, I could not live for any one beside him, or help trying to be in his eyes what he thought me to be. And he considered me the first and the most beautiful woman in the world, endowed with every possible perfection, and I strove to be this woman in the eyes of the first and best man in all the world.

Once he came into my chamber while I was engaged in prayer. I glanced at him and continued with my devotions. He sat down at the table, so as not to disturb me, and opened a book. But it seemed to me that he was looking at me, and I looked round. He smiled; I began to laugh, and could not go on with my devotions.

"And have you already said your prayers?" I asked.

"Yes, but go on; I will leave you."

"You say your prayers, I hope; don't you?"

He made no reply, and was about to go; but I detained him.

"My sweetheart,¹ please, for my sake, read a prayer with me."

He stood by my side, awkwardly dropping his

¹ *Dusha moyá*, "my soul."

hands, and began with a serious countenance, but falteringly, to read. Now and then he turned to me, as if to find approbation and encouragement in my face.

When he had read it through, I laughed and gave him a hug.

"That's the way with thee; it's just as though I were ten years old again!" he exclaimed, reddening, and kissing my hand.

Our house was one of those old country mansions in which lived, in mutual love and reverence, several generations of one family. It was all redolent of sweet, pure family recollections, and these, when I came to live in it, seemed suddenly to have become part and parcel with my own traditions.

The furnishing and adornment of the house were in the old-fashioned style such as Tatyána Semyónovna preferred; it could not be said that they were elegant and magnificent; but there was an abundance of everything, from servants to furniture and food; everything was tidy, solid, stiff, and awe-inspiring. In the reception room, the furniture was arranged with symmetrical precision; the wall was hung with portraits; home-made rugs and striped linen were spread on the floor.

In the drawing-room stood an old grand piano, chiffonnières of two distinct styles, sofas, and brass and mother-of-pearl tables. My boudoir, by the care of Tatyána Semyónovna, was furnished with the most beautiful furniture of different centuries and styles, and, among other things, an old pier-glass, into which I could never glance without a sense of bashfulness, but which finally became as dear to me as an old friend.

Tatyána Semyónovna did not let her voice be heard in the house; but everything went like clock-work, though there were a great many superfluous servants. All of these servants, who wore soft shoes, without heels, — Tatyána Semyónovna considered squeaking shoes and the noise of heels as the most unpleasant things in the world, — all the servants seemed proud of their station, trembled before the old lady, looked upon my husband and me with patronizing affection, and evidently did their work with extraordinary contentment.

Regularly every Saturday, all the floors in the house were washed, and the rugs beaten; on the first day of the month a *Te Deum* was performed, and holy water sprinkled; every time that a name's day occurred — Tatyána Semyónovna's, her son's, or mine (mine occurred for the first time that autumn) — a banquet was given to all the neighborhood. And all this sort of thing had been done, without ever a break in the custom, since Tatyána Semyónovna's earliest remembrance.

My husband did not interfere in the domestic economy, and merely took charge of the management of the farm and the serfs; and that occupied him a good deal. Even in winter he got up very early, and was usually gone when I woke. He returned generally to morning tea, which we drank by ourselves, and almost always at this time, after the troubles and annoyances of his work, he would appear in that extraordinarily jolly frame of mind which we used to call *wild enthusiasm*.

Oftentimes I tried to induce him to tell me what he did in the morning, and he would relate such absurdities that we almost died laughing; sometimes

I urged him to give me a serious account, and he would restrain himself and tell me. I looked into his eyes, at the motion of his lips, and remembered nothing, but I was merely delighted to see him and to hear his voice.

“Well, what have I been telling you? Let us hear it,” he would say, and I could not tell him the first word. It was so absurd that *he* should tell *me* about anything else than our own selves. It scarcely made any difference what it was that he had been doing. It was not until long afterward that I began to understand or feel any interest in his labors.

Tatyána Semyónovna did not make her appearance till dinner time; she drank her tea alone, and only sent a messenger to inquire how we had slept. In our especial, insantly happy little world, it sounded so strange to hear the voice from her solemn, orderly quarters, so different from ours, that oftentimes I could not refrain from laughing heartily in reply to the maid who, with folded arms, gravely announced that “Tatyána Semyónovna has sent to inquire how you feel after your yesterday’s ride, and she begs to inform you, in regard to herself, that she suffered all night long from the neuralgia, and that a stupid dog in the village barked and prevented her from getting any rest. And she also would be pleased to know how you liked to-day’s baking; and begs to remark that Taras did not make the bread to-day, but that Nikolashka was allowed to try his hand for the first time, as an experiment, and has done not at all badly, says she, especially in the rolls, but he cooked the pies too much.”

Till dinner time we were very little together. I played, read to myself; he wrote or went out again; but at four o’clock, when we had dinner, we went to

the drawing-room; "Mamasha" sailed out of her room, and several visitors, indigent ladies of noble birth, several of whom we always had at the house, made their appearance. Regularly, each day, my husband, in accordance with immemorial custom, offered his mother his arm, to take her out to dinner; but she insisted that he should give me his other, and regularly, each day, we got into a tangle at the door, which was too narrow for all of us. Mother presided at dinner, and the conversation proceeded with dignified sobriety and not a little solemnity. The few simple words that my husband and I exchanged made an agreeable contrast to the stiffness of these dinner-table conferences. Occasionally, disputes arose between mother and son, and they said sarcastic things to one another; I especially enjoyed these disputes and sarcasms, because they served to bring out in all the stronger light the firm and tender love that united them.

After dinner, *maman* went into the reception room and sat down in her great armchair, rubbed tobacco or cut open the leaves of newly purchased books; while my husband and I would read aloud, or go into the drawing-room to the piano. We read a great deal during these weeks, but music was our favorite and supreme enjoyment; for each time it touched new chords in our hearts, and, as it were, discovered each of us to the other again. When I played his favorite pieces, he would sit on the sofa at the other end of the room, where I could hardly see him, and from very shyness would try to conceal the impression which the music made upon him; but often, when he did not expect it, I would jump up from the piano, run over to him, and try to detect on his face the traces of the emotion, an

unnatural light and moisture in his eyes, which he tried in vain to hide from me. Mamasha often wanted to visit us in the drawing-room, but she was afraid of interrupting us, and sometimes, apparently not looking at us, she would pass through the room with a pretended grave and indifferent face; but I knew that she had no reason to go to her room, and so would quickly return.

In the evening, I poured tea in the great reception room, and once more all the people of the house gathered at the table. This solemn seat of ceremony before the polished samovár, and the distribution of the glasses and cups, for a long time filled me with trepidation. It seemed to me that I was not yet fitted for this responsibility, that I was too young and giddy to turn the faucet of the big samovár, to put the glass on the butler's salver, and say, "For Piótr Ivánovitch, for Márya Minitchna, and ask her if it is weak enough," and to put in the lumps of sugar for the nurse and the servants.

"Splendid, splendid," my husband used often to say. "Just like a grown-up lady!" and this confused me more than ever.

After tea, *maman* played solitaire or heard Márya Minitchna tell fortunes; then she would kiss us and make the sign of the cross over us, and we would retire to our own rooms. Generally, however, we would sit up till midnight, and this was the best and pleasantest part of the day. He would tell me about his past; we would make plans. Sometimes we would discuss philosophy, and do our best to talk low so as not to be heard upstairs, and that no suspicion of it might reach Tatyána Semyónovna, who believed in early retiring. Sometimes we would get hungry, and go softly down

to the sideboard, find some cold supper, provided by Nikíta's thoughtfulness, and eat it in my boudoir, by the light of a single candle. We lived quite like visitors in this splendid old mansion, over which brooded the stern spirit of old personified in Tatyána Sem-yónovna. Not only she, but the servants, the old serving-maids, the furniture, and the paintings inspired in me a certain respect, a certain awe, and a consciousness that we were not exactly fitted for such associations, and that it was our duty to live a circumspect and careful sort of existence here.

As I look back upon it now, it seems that much must have been really stiff and uncomfortable — that stern, unchangeable order, and that throng of lazy, inquisitive people in the house; but, then, at that time that very restraint gave an additional strength to our love.

Neither he nor I gave the slightest sign that anything displeased us. On the contrary, he would have resolutely shut his eyes to the fact that it was disagreeable. Mamanka's valet, Dmitri Sidorof, a great lover of smoking, while we were in the drawing-room, each day, after dinner, went regularly to my husband's study and took tobacco from his drawer, and it was worthwhile to see with what merry dismay Sergyéi Mikháílitch came to me on his tiptoes, and, making a warning gesture with his finger, and winking, pointed to Dmitri Sidorof, who never suspected that he was suspected. And, when Dmitri Sidorof went out without noticing us, in his joy that all had ended so satisfactorily, as in everything else, my husband said that I was charming, and kissed me.

Sometimes, this easy-going way, this forgiving disposition, and, as it were, apparent indifference, were not pleasing to me; I did not realize that I was open

to the same fault, and I called it weakness. "Just like a child that does not dare to show his will," I said to myself.

"Ah, my dear," he replied, one time, when I told him how much surprised I was at his weakness, "would it be possible for me to be angry with any one when I am so happy? It is easier for me to let things go than to try to force others; I was convinced of that long ago — and there is no state where it is impossible to be happy. And we are having such a good time! I cannot be angry; for me now there is no such thing as *bad*; it is only pitiful, and rather amusing. But the main thing is — *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien*. Would you believe me, when I hear the door-bell, or read a letter, or simply when I wake up, I have a feeling of terror. Terror because I must live, lest some change may take place; for nothing could be better than what is now."

I believed him, but I did not understand him; it was delightful to me, but it seemed to me that it was just as it ought to be; that it could not be otherwise, that it was always so, with all people, and that elsewhere there were other forms of happiness, different perhaps, but not greater.

Thus passed the two months; winter came, with its cold weather and snowstorms; and, though he was still with me, I began to feel the loneliness, began to feel that life was monotonous, and that it offered neither of us anything new; and that we seemed to be returning forever in our old tracks. He began to busy himself more than before with his own affairs, to the neglect of myself, and again my former idea came back to me — that he had in his soul an especial world, from which I was debarred.

His perpetual self-complacency irritated me. I loved him no less than before ; I was no less happy in his love. But my love had come to a standstill, and ceased to grow ; and now, beside love, a new feeling, of restlessness, began to take possession of my soul.

The continuance of love was very insignificant after the first experience of finding that I loved him. What I longed for was activity, and not the calmness of a settled life ; emotions, perils, and self-renunciations, instead of thought. I had within me an exuberance of strength, which found no field of activity in our quiet life. I was attacked by storms of melancholy, which I tried to hide from his knowledge, as something naughty, and fits of unnatural tenderness and gayety that frightened him.

He noticed my state of mind even before I did, and proposed that we should go to town ; but I begged him not to go, and not to change our way of living, not to destroy our happiness. And indeed I was happy ; but it tormented me that this happiness caused me no exertion, no sacrifice, when I was tormented by all the potentiality of labor and self-sacrifice. I loved him, and I saw that I was everything to him ; but I wanted all to see our love, I wanted something to come as a stumbling-block in the way of my loving, and still I should have loved him.

My mind and my feelings even were occupied, but there was still above and beyond all that another feeling, that of youth, the necessity for exertion ; and these found no scope in our quiet life.

Why did he tell me that we might go to town, when that was the only thing that I wanted ? If he had not told me so, perhaps I should have understood that the feeling that tormented me was unwholesome

nonsense, and my fault, that the very sacrifice which I was searching for was there before me—in the stifling of this feeling.

The thought that I had the power of saving myself from melancholy by merely going to town constantly recurred to me in spite of myself, and at the same time it seemed mean and detestable, simply for my own pleasure, to tear him away from all that he loved.

But time passed on, the snow piled up higher and higher above the walls of the house, and we were always and forever alone, alone, and still we were always the same in each other's eyes; but yonder, somewhere, in the brilliancy, in the whirl of life, were throngs of men and women suffering and rejoicing, without a thought of us or our petty existence.

Worse than all was my consciousness that each day the habits of our life were forging it into one definite form, that our sensations were growing dull, and corresponded to the smooth, passionless course of time. In the morning we were cheerful, at dinner deferential, in the evening affectionate.

"To do good!" said I to myself, "it is excellent to do good and to live honorable lives, as he says; we have still time for that, but there is something for which now and now only I have the requisite power."

This was not what I wanted; I needed a struggle; what I needed was that feeling should guide life, and not that life should guide feeling. I wanted to go with him to the edge of an abyss and say, "Here a step, and I will throw myself over; here a motion, and I have gone to destruction;" and for him, turning pale, to seize me in his strong arms, hold me back over it

till my heart grew cold within me, and then carry me away wherever he pleased.

This state of affairs had a bad effect upon my health, and I began to suffer in my nerves. One morning it was worse than usual; he came back from the office out of spirits, which was a rare event for him. I immediately noticed it, and asked him what the matter was; but he was not inclined to tell me, saying that it was not worth while, there was no need of it. I afterwards learned that the police ispravnik had called upon our peasantry, and, out of an unfriendly disposition to my husband, had made illegal claims on them, and threatened them. My husband could not as yet look with any degree of coolness on all this, a merely wretched and impertinent piece of business; he was angry, and therefore he did not wish to talk with me about it. But it seemed to me that he did not want to tell me about it because he considered me still a child, who could not understand what interested him.

I turned from him, said nothing, and sent to invite Márya Minitchna, a visitor of ours, to tea. After tea, which I brought to a most remarkably hasty conclusion, I took Márya Minitchna into the drawing-room, and began to talk in very loud tone about some trifle or other, of absolutely no interest to me. He came into the room, and from time to time looked at us. These glances of his had such a peculiar effect upon me that I had all the time stronger and stronger inclination to talk and even to be merry; everything that I said, as well as everything that Márya Minitchna said, seemed to me laughable. Without making any remark, he went off to his study and closed the door behind him. As soon as he was out of

hearing, all my gayety suddenly vanished, so that Márya Minitchna was struck by it, and asked me what was the matter.

Without answering her, I sat down on the sofa, and felt a strong inclination to cry.

"And what does he think of this performance?" I asked myself. "Some trifle which seems important to him; but just let him try to tell me, I will show him that it's nonsense. No, he must think that I have no sense; he must needs humiliate me with his majestic calmness, and always be so superior to me. But I am as right as he is, though it is so stupid and dull here, though I have such a desire to live and stir about," I said to myself, "and not to stay always in one place, and feel how time is passing. I want to advance, and every day, every hour, I want something new; but he wants to stand stock-still, and hold me back too. And how easy it would be for him. For this it is not necessary to take me to town; it needs only for him to be like me, not to make a display, not to put checks on one's self, but simply to live. This is the very advice that he gave me, but he himself does not follow it. That's what the trouble is!"

I felt that my heart was filling with tears, and that I was angry with him. This exhibition of temper alarmed me, and I went to him. He was sitting in his study, writing. When he heard my steps, he glanced up for a moment calmly and indifferently, and went on with his writing. This look of his displeased me; instead of going to him, I stood by the table at which he was writing, and, opening a book, I began to turn the leaves of it. Once more he stopped and looked at me.

"Masha!" said he, "you are out of sorts."

I answered with a chilling glance, which said, "What makes you ask?—mere curiosity?" He shook his head, with a sweet, affectionate smile; but for the first time I did not give him an answering smile.

"What has been the trouble with you to-day?" I asked. "Why wouldn't you tell me?"

"A mere trifle; a slight unpleasantness," he replied. "However, I can tell you now. Two peasants have been summoned to town."

But I did not give him a chance to finish his story.

"Why didn't you tell me this when I asked you at tea?"

"I should have made some foolish remark, for I was angry then."

"But then was the time that I wanted to know."

"Why?"

"Because you think that I can never be of any help to you."

"What is that?" he exclaimed, throwing down his pen. "I think that I cannot live without you. You not only help me in everything, but you do everything. How did you get such an idea!" he cried, laughing. "I live only for you. Everything seems good to me. I am happy simply because you are here, because you need . . ."

"Yes, I know that I am a dear child, who needs to be calmed," said I, in such a tone that he was amazed, and, apparently for the first time noticing what a state of mind I was in, gazed at me. "I don't want calmness; you have enough, quite enough for us both," I added.

"Well, now you see what the trouble was," he began hurriedly, interrupting me, apparently fearing to let

me say all that I had in mind. "How should you decide the question?"

"I don't want to now," I replied. Though I had a strong desire to hear him, still I took a keen delight in disturbing his equanimity. "I don't want to play at life, I want to live," said I, "just as you do."

Over his face, which always answered so readily and quickly to every emotion, passed an expression of pain and earnest attention.

"I want to live in the same way as you do, on an equality with you. . . ."

But words failed me; such grief, such deep grief was expressed in his face. He was silent for a little.

"Yes; but you do live on an equality with me, don't you?" he asked; "except that I and not you have to deal with police *ispravniks* and peasants. . . ."

"No, not in this thing alone," I said.

"For Heaven's sake, understand me, my love," he went on to say. "I know that it is always painful for us to have anxieties; I have had experience of life, and I knew this. I love you, and really I cannot help wishing to save you from anxiety. My life consists in this—in love for thee; and so don't disturb my life."

"You are always right!" I cried, not looking at him.

I felt annoyed that his soul had again become clear and calm, when mine was still filled with vexation and a feeling like repentance.

"Masha! what is the matter with you?" he exclaimed. "The question is not whether I am right or you are right, but something quite different; what have you to complain of against me? Don't speak rashly, think it all over, and tell me all that you have in your mind. You are angry with me, and of course

you must have good reason, but do let me understand wherein I am to blame."

But how could I tell him what was in my soul? The very fact that he understood me so immediately, that I was again like a child before him, that I could not do anything without his understanding all about it and even foreseeing it, — all this made me still more indignant.

"I have nothing at all to complain of against you," said I. "Simply everything seems tedious to me, and I do not wish it to be so. But you say it must be so, and there again you are right."

I said this and did not look at him. I attained my purpose: his calmness disappeared; pain and apprehension were in his face.

"Masha!" he exclaimed, in a low, agitated voice, "this is no trifling matter, what you are doing now to me. Now our fate is being decided. I beg of you not to reply to me, but to listen. Why do you want to torture me?"

But I interrupted him.

"I know that you are right. You had better not speak; you are right," said I, coldly, as though it were not myself, but an evil spirit that spoke in me.

"If you knew what you were doing!" said he, in a trembling voice.

I burst into tears, and it gave me relief. He sat near me and said nothing. I was sorry for him, and ashamed of myself, and vexed at what I had done. I did not look at him. I had an impression that he must be looking at me, either sternly or in perplexity, at that moment. I looked up; his sweet, affectionate glance was fixed upon me, as though asking my forgiveness. I seized his hand, and said: —

"Forgive me! I myself did not know what I was saying."

"Yes; but I know what you said, and that what you said was the truth."

"What?" I asked.

"We must go to Petersburg," said he. "There is nothing for us to do here."

"Just as you please," I replied.

He took me in his arms and kissed me.

"Forgive me!" he murmured; "I was to blame toward you."

That evening I played a long time to him, and as he walked up and down the room he kept repeating something. He had the habit of whispering, and I often asked him what he was saying; and he always, after a little thought, told me pretty nearly what he was repeating: generally poetry, and sometimes terrible rubbish, but I was enabled to tell by it how he felt in his mind.

"What are you repeating to yourself?" I asked.

He stopped walking, and, after a little thought, he smiled, and repeated two lines by Learmontof: —

*"But he, insensate, begged for tempests, . . .
As though in tempests peace were found . . ."*

"No! he is more than a man; he knows everything," said I to myself. "How is it possible not to love him?"

I jumped up, took his arm, and began to walk with him, trying to keep step.

"Well?" he asked, with a smile, looking at me.

"Well," I replied, in a whisper; and a strangely merry frame of mind took possession of both of us; and, taking longer and longer steps, and standing higher

and higher on our tiptoes, and with the same step, to the great indignation of Grigóri, and to the amazement of mamasha, who was playing patience in the reception room, we rushed through all the rooms, into the dining-room, and there we stopped, looking at each other, and burst into hearty laughter.

At the end of a fortnight, just before Christmas, we were in Petersburg.

II.

OUR journey to Petersburg, our week in Moscow, his relatives and mine, our settling down in new quarters, the road, strange cities, faces, — all this went by like a dream. It was all so varied, so new and so gay, it was all so warm and brightly lighted by his forethought, his love, that the quiet country existence seemed long past and insignificant.

To my great amazement, instead of worldly pride and coolness, which I had expected to find in society people, I was met by all with such sincere affection and heartiness (not merely my relatives but strangers) that it seemed as if they all had thought of me, were only waiting for me to have their happiness complete. Most unexpectedly, also, my husband discovered many acquaintances in the circle of society which seemed to be the best of all; he had never spoken to me of them, and oftentimes I thought it strange, and not altogether pleasant, to hear him pass such harsh judgments on some of these people, who seemed to me so nice. I could not understand why he was so curt in his treatment of them, and why he tried to avoid many acquaintances whom I liked. It seemed to me the more intimately acquainted you become with good people the better, and they were all good.

“Well, you see how we are situated,” said he, before we left the country. “Here we are little Cræsus, but there we shall be very far from rich; and so we can stay in town only till Easter, and not

go into society, otherwise we shall get into trouble; yes, and for your sake, I shouldn't wish . . ."

"Why society?" I asked. "Only let us go to the theatre, see our relatives, hear the opera and good music, and we will return to the country even before Easter."

But as soon as we reached Petersburg these plans were forgotten. I found myself suddenly in such a new, delightful world, I was occupied with so many pleasures, such new interests rose up before me, that I forthwith, though quite unconsciously, recanted all the past, and all the plans that I had made.

"All that was such nonsense! I had not even begun to live; this is the real life! yes, what more is there in store for us?" I asked myself.

The restlessness and touches of melancholy which had disquieted me in the country suddenly and entirely disappeared like magic. My love for my husband became calmer; and here the thought that my husband's love might be growing less never occurred to me. Yes, and I could not doubt his love; my every thought was immediately understood; my every feeling divined; every desire fulfilled by him. His excessive calmness here disappeared, or, at least, no longer annoyed me.

Moreover, I was conscious that he still loved me, even more than before. Oftentimes, after making a call on a new acquaintance, or after having had company at our own apartments, when I, inwardly trembling for fear of committing some blunder, fulfilled the duties of a hostess, he would say:—

"*Ai du!* little girl, famous! don't be worried! truly it was capital!"

And I was very happy. Soon after our arrival, he

wrote to his mother, and, when he called me to add a line, he was not willing for me to read what he had written; but afterward, of course, I had my way and read it.

"You would not know Masha," he wrote. "And I myself hardly know her. Where did she get this gentle, gracious self-confidence, her *affableness*, her clever wit, and her sweetness? And it is all so simple, so gentle, so kindly. Every one is enthusiastic about her, and I myself cannot love her enough, even if it were possible to love her more."

"Ah! so that is what I am, is it?" I said to myself; and I felt so happy and good, and it even seemed to me that I loved him more than ever. My success with all our acquaintances was entirely unexpected to me. On every side I heard that I had immensely pleased this uncle, that there a certain aunt was quite crazy over me; another man told me that there were no such women as I was in all Petersburg; another assured me that it was within my power to be the most exquisite woman in society. More than all, my husband's cousin, the Princess D., an elderly society lady, who had taken a sudden fondness for me above all, told me the most flattering things, which quite turned my head. When, for the first time, this cousin invited me to go to a ball, and asked my husband's consent, he turned to me, with a slightly crafty smile, and asked if I wanted to go. I nodded my head in sign of assent, and was conscious that my face flushed.

"The culprit confesses what she wants," said he, with a good-natured laugh.

"Why, you said that it would be impossible to go into society; and that you did not like it," I replied, smiling and looking at him with a supplicating glance.

"If you would like very much to go, then we will," said he.

"Good, nothing could be better."

"So you would like to go? Very much?" he asked again.

I made no reply.

"Society is not a great misfortune in itself," he went on to say, "but the unattainable ambitions of the world are bad and unworthy. Certainly we must go, and we will!" said he, firmly, in conclusion.

"To tell you the truth," said I, "there is nothing in the world that I was so anxious for as to go to this ball."

We went, and the enjoyment that I experienced exceeded all my expectations. At the ball, it seemed to me, more than ever, that I was the centre around which everything revolved; that it was for my sake alone that the great drawing-room was lighted up, the music played, and all this throng of people, admiring me, was gathered together. All, from the hairdresser and chambermaid to the young men who danced and the old men who looked on, it seemed to me, spoke to me and made me feel that they liked me. The general consensus of opinion in regard to me at that ball, and reported to me by the Princess D., agreed in this: that I was quite unlike any other woman; that there were a peculiar rustic simplicity and charm about me. This triumph so elated me that I coolly told my husband how much I should like to go to two or three more balls this year, "so as to be satisfied for once," I added, acting against my conscience.

My husband consented, and the first time went with me with apparent willingness, being pleased with my success, and, as it seemed, entirely forgetting or disavowing what he had said before.

At last he evidently began to grow tired of it, and to be weary of the life that we led. But such was not the case with me; even if I noticed occasionally his significantly serious look fixed questioningly upon me, I affected to ignore its meaning. I was so carried away by this suddenly kindled liking that all these strangers seemed to show me, by this atmosphere of elegance, these pleasures and novelties, which I now for the first time in my life experienced, — his moral influence, restraining me, seemed so suddenly to disappear; it was so agreeable to me to feel that in this new world I was not only on an equality with him, but even stood on a higher footing, and therefore could love him more and deeper than before, — that I could not understand how he could find anything unpleasant for me in worldly life. I experienced a new feeling of pride and self-respect, when, on entering the ball-room, all eyes were turned upon me; but he, apparently feeling ashamed to lay claim to me before all that throng, made haste to leave me, and disappeared in the black mass of dress coats.

“Just wait,” I often thought. “Wait till we go home, and then you will find out, and know for whose sake I have striven to be handsome and brilliant, and whom I love out of all those that have surrounded me this evening.”

It really seemed to me that I rejoiced at my successes, merely for the sake of being in the condition of sacrificing them to him.

One way, I thought, in which this society life might be injurious to me was the possibility that I might fascinate some of the men who met me in society, and arouse my husband's jealousy; but he had such a firm confidence in me, he seemed so calm and equable, and

all these young men seemed to me so contemptible in comparison with him, that the only danger in society, so far as my observation went, was not alarming to me. But still, the attentions of many of these young men in society added to my conceit, fanned my selfishness, caused me to reflect that there was considerable merit in my love toward my husband, and made my behavior toward him more independent and perhaps careless.

"Ah! I saw how you had a very lively conversation with N. N.," said I, one time, as we were returning from a ball; and threatened him with my finger, mentioning by name one of the best known ladies of Petersburg, with whom he had really been talking that evening. I said this in order to stir him up, because he was extraordinarily silent and blue.

"Ah! why say such a thing? And for you to say it, Masha!" he muttered through his teeth, and frowning as though from physical pain. "How little this concerns you and me! Leave that to others; these false relations have the power of destroying our peace of mind, and I still hope that the reality will return."

I was ashamed, and said nothing.

"Will it return, Masha? What do you think?" he asked.

"It never has been destroyed, and never will be destroyed," said I; and at that time it really seemed to me that such was the case.

"God grant that it may not!" he exclaimed. "For then it would be time for us to return to the country."

But this was the only time that he spoke so to me; the rest of the time it seemed to me that he was en-

joying himself as much as I was, and I was so happy and gay. If sometimes he felt the sense of tedium, I consoled myself by thinking how bored I had been for his sake in the country; if our relations were somewhat altered, then all would be the same as before as soon as summer came, and we were again alone with Tatyána Semyónovna, in our home at Nikólskoye.

Thus the winter passed imperceptibly away, and, contrary to our plans, we spent Easter-tide also in Petersburg. The following week, just as we were all ready to start, — everything was packed up, and my husband, having purchased various gifts, and flowers and articles for home use in the country, was in a remarkably gay and affectionate mood, — his cousin, the Princess D., came to see us, and proceeded to urge us to stay until Saturday, so as to go to the Countess R.'s reception. She declared that the Countess R. was very anxious to have me be present, and that Prince M., who was at that time in Petersburg, and, ever since the last ball, had wished to make my acquaintance, was going to the rout simply for this, and insisted that I was the most beautiful woman in Russia. The whole city was going to be there, and, in one word, it wouldn't be anything if I did not go.

My husband was at the other end of the room, engaged in conversation with some one.

"Well, you will come, will you not, Marie?" asked our cousin.

"We were going to the country, day after to-morrow," I replied, doubtfully, and looked at my husband. Our eyes met; he turned hastily away.

"I will tell him to stay," said our cousin. "And we will go Saturday and turn all heads. What?"

"But this would upset all our plans, and besides we are all packed," I replied, beginning to yield a little.

"Yes, it would be better for her to pay her respects to the prince this evening," said my husband, from the end of the room, in a repressed tone of indignation, which I had never before heard from him.

"Ah! he is jealous, now I see it for the first time," remarked our cousin. "But, you see, I am not speaking in behalf of the prince, Sergyéi Mikhálovitch, but for all of us. How anxious the Countess R. is to have her come!"

"This depends wholly upon her," rejoined my husband, coldly, and went out.

I saw that he was more than usually excited; this troubled me, and so I gave our cousin no definite answer.

As soon as she had gone, I went to my husband. He was walking thoughtfully, back and forth, and did not see or hear me when I stole on tiptoe into the room.

"He is recalling his dear Nikólsky home," I said to myself, as I looked at him. "And the morning coffee, in the bright reception room, and his fields, and his peasants, and the evenings in the parlor, and our mysterious midnight suppers. No!" I said to myself, decidedly, "all the balls in the world, and the honeyed words of all its princes, would not weigh in exchange for his joyous moods, for his gentle caresses."

I was going to tell him that I was not going to the rout, that I did not care to go, when he suddenly looked up, and, on seeing me, frowned, and the sweetly thoughtful expression of his face changed. Once more, keen sagacity, wisdom, and patronizing calmness appeared in his expression. He was unwilling for me to look upon him simply as a man; it was essential for

him always to stand before me like a demi-god on a pedestal.

"What is it you want, my dear?" he asked, turning toward me with calm indifference.

I made no reply. It vexed my very soul to have him wear a mask before me, to have him unwilling to be as I liked him best.

"So you would like to stay and go to the reception?" he asked.

"I did want to, but I see that it does not suit you. Besides, we are all packed," I added.

Never before had he looked at me so coldly, never before had he spoken to me so coldly.

"I am not going till Tuesday, and I will have the things unpacked," he said, "so you can go if you would like. You will please do me the favor of going. I shall not leave town."

As always when he was agitated, he began to stride up and down the room, and he did not look at me.

"I really do not understand you," said I, without moving from where I stood, and following him with my eyes. "You say that you are always so calm." (He had never said such a thing.) "Why do you speak to me so strangely? For your sake I was ready to deprive myself of this pleasure, and you speak to me in such a sarcastic tone, in such a way as you have never spoken with me before, and compel me to go."

"Well, now! You make a *sacrifice* of yourself" (he laid a special stress on that word), "and I make a sacrifice of myself; which is better. A contest of magnanimity! Such is the basis of *family happiness*, is it not?"

This was the first time I had heard him make use of such bitterly sarcastic words. And his sarcasm did

not touch me, but rather offended me; and the bitterness did not frighten me, but hardened me. Could it be that *he* said such things, he who always feared formality in our relations, he who was always so simple and true?

And for what reason?

Simply because I wanted to sacrifice for him a pleasure in which I could see no harm, and because a moment before this I had understood and loved him so! Our rôles were exchanged; he avoided my simple and straightforward words, and I was in search of them.

"You have changed very much," I said, with a sigh. "What crime have I been guilty of, in your eyes? It is not this reception, but some old grudge that you have in your heart against me! Why this lack of frankness? Once you did not avoid it. Speak honestly, and tell me what fault you have to find with me." "What will he say to this?" I asked myself, remembering, with self-congratulation, that not once during the winter had he had cause to find fault with me.

I went into the middle of the room, so that he would have to pass close by me, and I looked at him. "He will come to me, he will take me into his arms, and that will be the end of it," I thought, and I even began to feel sorry that I should not have the chance to show him how much in the wrong he was. But he paused at the end of the room and looked at me.

"So you still don't understand me?" he asked.

"No."

"Well, then, I will explain to you. The feeling that I have, and cannot help having, fills me with mortification, with the deepest mortification."

He paused, evidently startled by the harsh sound of his voice.

"Well, what is it?" I asked, with tears of indignation in my eyes.

"It is mortifying to me because this prince thinks you are beautiful, and because you are, therefore, eager to make his acquaintance; forgetting your husband, and your own self, and your dignity as a woman, and because you are unwilling to understand the feelings that your husband must cherish in your stead, since you seem to have no sense of your dignity as a woman; on the contrary, you come and tell your husband that you are *sacrificing* yourself; in other words: to be presented to His Highness is a great honor for me, but I am willing to *sacrifice* it."

The longer he spoke, the more excited he became through the sound of his own voice, for this voice sounded harsh, cutting, and brutal. I had never seen him so or expected to. The blood rushed to my heart; I was frightened, but at the same time I was supported by a sense of undeserved injury, and of insulted pride, and I was bound to have my revenge.

"I have been expecting this for a long time," I said. "Go on, go on!"

"I know not what *you* have been expecting," he continued, "but I had good reason to look for the worst, seeing you every day growing more and more absorbed in the vileness, the idleness, the luxury, of this senseless society; and I have expected . . . I have expected this very thing that, to-day, fills me with shame and pain such as I never felt before; pain for myself, when this friend of yours, with her vulgar hands, pried into my heart, and began to talk about jealousy, *my* jealousy!—and toward whom? a man with whom neither of us is acquainted! And you, as though purposely, have no desire to understand me,

and you speak of making a sacrifice for me? Of whom? . . . And shame for you, shame for your degradation! . . . Sacrifice indeed!" he cried.

"Ah! now we see a husband's power," I said to myself, "to insult and humiliate a woman who has not done the slightest thing wrong. This is what it means by a husband's rights, but I won't give in to them."

"No, I will not make any sacrifice for you," I said, feeling how unnaturally my nostrils were dilated, and how the blood was rushing to my face. "I shall most certainly go to the rout Saturday; nothing shall hinder me!"

"Well, God give you much pleasure; but all is at an end between us!" he cried, carried away by uncontrollable rage. "Henceforth you shall not torment me. I was a fool when I . . ." he began again, but his lips twitched, and he restrained himself by an evident effort from finishing the sentence that he had begun.

I was afraid of him and loathed him at that instant. I had many things that I wanted to tell him, so as to retaliate for his insulting remarks; but if I had opened my lips I should have burst into tears and lost my dignity before him. I left the room without saying a word. But, as soon as I ceased to hear the sound of his steps, I was overwhelmed by the horror of what we had done. I felt terribly at the thought that the bond on which my happiness depended was torn asunder forever, and I felt strongly drawn to return.

"But is he sufficiently calm," I asked myself, "to understand me, if I should silently stretch out my hand and look at him? Would he understand my magnanimity? Or would he accept my repentance and forgive me, with the consciousness of being in the right

and with proud calmness? And why? Why should he whom I have loved insult me so abominably?"

I went, not to him, but to my chamber, where I sat long alone, weeping, remembering with horror each word of the conversation that had passed between us, substituting for these words other friendly words, and then again, with dismay and a sense of insult, recalling the whole scene.

When I went to tea in the evening, and met my husband in the presence of S., who was staying with us, I had the consciousness that this day a wide abyss had opened between us. S. asked me when we were going.

Before I had time to reply, my husband said:

"Next Tuesday. We are going to the reception at the Countess R.'s. You intend to go, do you not?" he asked, turning to me.

I was terrified at the sound of this simple question, and looked timidly at my husband. His eyes were fixed directly upon me; their expression was angry and sarcastic; his voice was steady and cold.

"Yes," I replied.

In the evening, when we were alone, he came to me, and, holding out his hand, "Please forget what I said to you," said he.

I took his hand, a smile trembled over my lips, and the tears were ready to well up in my eyes; but he withdrew his hand, and, as though fearing a sentimental scene, he sat down in an armchair, at quite a distance from me.

"I wonder if he can consider himself wholly in the right?" I thought, and I was ready for a reconciliation; a request not to go to the rout was on my tongue's end.

"I must write my mother that we have postponed our return," said he, "otherwise she will be anxious."

"And when do you expect to go?" I asked.

"On Tuesday, after the reception," he replied.

"I hope that you are not doing it on my account," said I, looking into his eyes, but his eyes merely looked, and gave me no reply, as though a veil were drawn over them between him and me. His face suddenly seemed to me old and disagreeable.

We went to the rout, and, to all appearances, our relations were again most friendly. But really these relations were absolutely unlike what they had been.

At the reception, I was sitting with other ladies, when the prince came to me, and I was obliged to stand up in order to talk with him. In standing I involuntarily looked for my husband, and caught sight of him at the other end of the drawing-room. He looked at me and turned away. I suddenly felt such a sense of mortification and pain that I grew painfully confused, and blushed to the roots of my hair under the prince's gaze. But I was compelled to stand and listen to what he said, while he surveyed me from head to foot.

Our conversation was not of long duration; there was no place for him to sit near me, and he evidently saw that I felt very much constrained. We talked about the last ball, about where I lived in the summer, and other things. As he left me he expressed his desire to make my husband's acquaintance, and I saw them meet and talk with each other at the end of the room. The prince was evidently talking about me, because, in the midst of a sentence, he looked around to where I was and smiled.

My husband's face suddenly flushed; he made a low

bow, and turned away from the prince. I also blushed, for I was mortified on account of the remark which the prince had evidently made about me, and especially at my husband. It seemed to me that all must have observed my awkward bashfulness at the time that the prince was talking with me, and must have noticed my husband's strange behavior; God knows how they may have interpreted that. Was it possible they knew of my quarrel with my husband?

My cousin brought me home, and on the way we talked about my husband. I could not refrain from telling her everything that had occurred between us because of this unhappy reception. She calmed me, saying that this was a perfectly insignificant misunderstanding, such as were very frequent in married life, and led to no consequences; she explained to me what from her point of view my husband's character was; she declared that he was reticent and proud; I agreed with her, and it seemed to me that I myself began now to have a calmer and better appreciation of him.

But then, when my husband and I were alone together again, this judgment of him lay like a crime on my conscience, and I was conscious that the abyss that separated us had grown wider than ever.

III.

HENCEFORTH, our life and relations underwent a complete change. It was no longer as pleasant as before to be alone together. Questions arose which we avoided, and it was easier for us to talk in the presence of a third person than when by ourselves.

Whenever the talk turned on country life or a ball, we felt that we were treading on dangerous ground,¹ and we avoided each other's eyes.

We both seemed to feel wherein lay the abyss which separated us, and tried to avoid falling into it.

I was persuaded that he was proud and passionate, and that it was necessary to be on my guard not to irritate him. He was persuaded that I could not live without society, that the country was not to my mind, and that it was necessary to give in to this unhappy taste. And we both avoided direct reference to these subjects, and both judged the other falsely.

We had both ceased long ago to be in each other's eyes the most perfect people in the world; but made comparisons with others, and secretly judged each other.

I became ill before we left Petersburg, and, instead of going to the country, we took a summer place near the city, and my husband went alone to see his mother. When he went, I was sufficiently recovered to go with him, but he insisted that I should stay behind,

¹ Rus. "As it were, little boys walked in our eyes."

alleging, as an excuse, that he was afraid for my health. I felt that, in reality, he had no fear about my health, but was afraid that we should not be happy in the country.

I was not very urgent, and I stayed behind. Without him it was dull and lonely, but when he came back I discovered that he did not bring into my life what he had once done. Our former relations, when every thought unshared with him caused the impression of being guilty of a crime, when every act, every word of his seemed to me the model of perfection, when from very joy, in looking at each other, we felt like laughing at every little thing, — these relations passed so insensibly into others that we could not tell what had become of them.

Each of us had separate interests and occupations, which we no longer thought of sharing. It even began to seem no longer mortifying that we each had our own special world, from which the other was excluded. We became used to this idea, and at the end of a year "the boys ceased to dance in our eyes" when we looked at each other.

His boyish fits of gayety, in which we shared, entirely ceased; his lenience, which formerly roused my indignation, and his indifference to everything, disappeared; there was nothing more of that significant glance which once confused and delighted me; no longer did we share in our prayers and our enthusiasms; and indeed it now happened that we saw little of each other; he was constantly away on journeys, and he had no fear or regret at leaving me alone; I went constantly into society where I had no need of him.

We had no more scenes or open quarrels, and I en-

deavored to satisfy his requirements; he fulfilled all my desires, and, to all outward appearance, we still loved each other.

When we were together, which happened rarely, I had no sensation of pleasure, or emotion, or confusion, any more than as though I were alone. I knew very well that he was my husband and not a stranger, but a worthy man, — my husband, whom I knew as well as myself.

I was persuaded that I could foretell all that he would do or say, and how he would look at any matter; and if his actions or views disappointed my expectations, then it seemed to me that he was mistaken.

I had nothing to expect from him; in a word, he was my husband, and that was all. It seemed to me that this was so, and inevitably so; that there never could be, and never had been, other relations between us.

When he went away, especially at first, I felt terribly lonely; when deprived of his support, I realized, as never before, the meaning of it; when he returned, I would throw myself into his arms with joy, and yet within two hours I had entirely forgotten this joy; it quite passed out of my memory, and I had nothing to say to him.

Only in these quiet, sober moments of affection, which we sometimes had, it seemed to me that there was something wrong, that there was a pain in my heart, and it seemed to me that I read the same impression in his eyes. I felt that this affection had a limit, beyond which, it seemed to me, he had no desire and I no power to go. Sometimes I felt some regret, but I never allowed myself time to meditate on the rea-

son for it; and I tried to forget this vague melancholy, by plunging into all the diversions which were always within my reach.

Society life, which from the very first had dazzled me with its brilliancy and its power of flattering my conceit, quickly attained complete ascendancy over my inclinations, and became a second habit with me, and imposed its fetters upon me, and usurped in my mind all the place to which thought was rightfully entitled.

I never stayed by myself alone, and I was afraid to look my position fairly in the face. All my time, from my waking hour, late in the morning, till I went to bed, late at night, was full, and, even when I did not go out, there was something to occupy me. I was neither happy nor unhappy; but it seemed to me that it must always be this way, and never change.

Thus passed three years, and our relations remained the same; it seemed as though everything remained stationary, congealed, and unable to change, either for the better or the worse.

During these three years of our married life, two important events occurred; but neither of them brought about any change in my life.

They were the birth of my first baby, and the death of Tatyána Semyónovna. At first, the feeling of motherhood took possession of me with such force, and such unexpected exultation welled up in my heart, that I thought a new life was going to begin for me; but after two months, when I was able once more to go out, this feeling, growing weaker and weaker, changed into the habitual and cold fulfilment of duty.

My husband, on the contrary, from the time of the birth of our oldest son, became his old self again, gentle, unruffled, contented with staying at home, and

he poured out all his affection and gayety upon the child.

Oftentimes, when, dressed for some ball, I went into the nursery, to make the sign of the cross over my child, I would find my husband there; I noticed his reproachful and sternly observant glance fixed upon me, and my conscience would upbraid me. I would suddenly repent of my indifference to my child, and ask myself: "Can it be that I am worse than other women? . . . But what can I do?" I asked myself. "I love my son, but I cannot spend all my time with him; it would be tiresome, and not for anything in the world would I make a pretence."

His mother's death was a great grief for him; it was hard, as he said, to live without her at Nikólskoye; but, though I also missed her, and sympathized with my husband's sorrow, I found now much more pleasure and comfort in the country.

During all these three years, we lived, for the most part, in the city, spending only two months one summer in the country, and the third year we went abroad.

We spent the summer at the baths.

I was then twenty-one years old; our circumstances were, I supposed, in a flourishing condition; I did not expect from domestic life anything more than it already gave; everybody whom I knew, it seemed to me, was fond of me; my health was excellent; my toilets were the handsomest at the baths; I knew that I was pretty; the weather was lovely, a peculiar atmosphere of beauty and elegance surrounded me, and I felt very light-hearted.

I was not as light-hearted as I used to be at Nikólskoye, when I had the consciousness that I was happy in myself, when I was happy because I deserved to be,

when my happiness was great but was capable of being greater, and when I longed for still greater joy.

Then it was another thing; but this summer, also, everything was delightful, I had nothing to desire; I had nothing to hope for, I had nothing to fear, and it seemed to me that my life was full and my conscience was untroubled.

Out of all the young men that season there was not one whom I should have singled out for special distinction, or should have preferred, even to old Prince K., our envoy, who paid me great attention.

One was too young, another too old; there was a fair-haired Englishman, a Frenchman with an imperial — to all of them I felt perfectly indifferent, yet all of them were indispensable to me. All these faces had the same monotonous lack of distinction, and yet they formed a part of the joyous atmosphere of life which shed its light upon me.

Only one of them, an Italian, the Marchese D., attracted my attention more than the others, by his absurd way of showing his admiration of me. He never missed an opportunity of being with me, of selecting me as his partner at the hops, of riding with me, of playing casino, etc., and of telling me how beautiful I was!

Several times I saw him from our windows, loitering near the house, and often the disagreeable boldness of his brilliant eyes made me blush and turn away.

He was young and handsome and elegant, and, strangely enough, his smile and the expression of his forehead were like my husband's, though vastly more attractive. I was amazed by this resemblance, though, on the whole, in his lips, in his eyes, in his long chin, instead of the charming expression of goodness and

ideal serenity, peculiar to my husband, there was in him something coarse and animal. I surmised then that he was in love with me. I sometimes thought of him with proud pity, I sometimes tried to soothe him, to bring him to a state of quiet, trustful friendship; but he bitterly resented these attempts, and continued unpleasantly to disturb me with his passion, unexpressed, it is true, but ready at any moment to break forth.

I did not acknowledge it to myself, but I was afraid of this man, and against my will I often thought of him. My husband had made acquaintance with him, and treated him with even more coolness and hauteur than the rest of our acquaintances, to whom he was only the husband of his wife.

At the end of the season I was taken ill, and did not leave my room for a fortnight. When for the first time after my illness I came out one evening to hear the music, I learned that, while I was housed, the long expected Lady S., a renowned beauty, had arrived. A group gathered around me, and I was greeted warmly; but a much more interesting circle was attracted around the newly arrived lioness. The sole topic of conversation, so far as I could learn, was this lady and her beauty. She was pointed out to me, and truly she was charming; but I was disagreeably impressed by the conceited expression on her face, and I said so.

This day everything that had before seemed bright and gay was wearisome to me. On the next day, Lady S. arranged an excursion to the castle, but I declined to go. I was almost the only one left behind, and everything had undergone a complete transformation in my eyes. Everybody and everything seemed

to me stupid and tiresome; I felt like crying, and I wanted to finish the baths as soon as possible, and return to Russia.

At the bottom of my heart there was a strange wicked feeling, but still I would not acknowledge it to myself. I pretended that I was ill, and ceased to go into large gatherings; only, in the morning, occasionally, I went out to drink the waters, or, with L. M., a Russian lady of our acquaintance, rode into the suburbs. My husband was absent at this time, having gone for a short visit to Heidelberg, until I should have finished the course of treatment, when he would return and take me back to Russia.

Once Lady S. induced all the people to go on some pleasure excursion, and after dinner L. M. and I drove to the castle. While we slowly drove along in our carriage, over the winding highway, between the century-old chestnut trees, through which could be seen far away those exquisitely beautiful suburbs of Baden, bathed in the rays of the setting sun, we conversed seriously, as we had never done before. L. M., though I had known her long, now for the first time appeared to me as a beautiful, intelligent woman, with whom one might safely indulge in confidences, and with whom it was delightful to be on friendly terms.

We talked about our families, our children, and the emptiness of Baden life; we both longed to get back to Russia, to our country homes, and we fell into a mood at once pleasurable and melancholy.

Under the influence of these serious thoughts and feelings, we went into the castle. Within the walls it was shady and cool; above our heads the sunlight played on the ruins.

We heard steps and voices.

Through the gate, as in a frame, we could see that charming view of Baden, which, nevertheless, to us Russians, seems so cold. We sat down to get breath, and in silence looked at the sunset.

The voices grew louder, and I thought that I heard my name mentioned. My attention was attracted, and I could not help hearing every word that they said. I knew the voices; they were the Marchese D. and his friend the Frenchman, whom I also knew. They were talking about *me* and Lady S.

The Frenchman was making comparisons between us, and descanting on our respective charms. He said nothing derogatory, and yet the blood rushed to my heart when I heard what he said. He entered into an elaborate eulogy of what was beautiful in me and in Lady S. I was the mother of a child already, but Lady S. was only nineteen; my hair was prettier, but, on the other hand, Lady S. had a more graceful figure; Lady S. was of high birth, while your friend, said he, "is nothing but one of those petty Russian princesses¹ who are beginning to flock here in such numbers."

He concluded with the observation that I had done excellently well not to enter the lists as Lady S.'s

¹ The Russian title *knyáz*, *knyagína*, *knyazhna*, translated prince, princess, for lack of any better definition, means that the bearer is descended either from the semi-mythical Varangian Rurik, or from some petty Tatar or Circassian ruler, whose possessions were swallowed up by Russia. A wealthy Knyáz Galitsin, once, according to a popular tradition, demanded free ferriage across a river. "Am I not also a Knyáz Galitsin?" proudly insisted the ferryman. The prince who first aroused Sergyéi Mikháilovitch's jealous indignation was a European prince. — *Tr.*

rival, and that my day was practically over, as far as Baden was concerned.

"I am sorry for her. . . . Unless, indeed, she should take it into her head to console herself with you," he added, with a gay and cruel laugh.

"If she should go, I should follow her," rudely exclaimed the voice with the Italian accent.

"Happy mortal! he can still love," sneered the Frenchman.

"Love!" exclaimed the Italian, and then paused. . . . "I cannot help loving! Without love there is no life. To turn life into a romance, this is the one thing that is beautiful. And my romance never breaks off in the middle, and this one I shall carry out to the very end."

"*Bonne chance, mon ami!*" said the Frenchman.

We did not hear any more, because they passed around the corner, and soon their steps sounded on the other side. They came downstairs, and in a moment or two they entered through a side door, and stopped in amazement to see us. I blushed when the marchese joined me, and felt terribly when, as we came out of the castle, he offered me his arm. I could not refuse it, and he and I followed L. M., who started for the carriage under the escort of his friend.

I was mortified at what the Frenchman had said about me, though in my heart of hearts I recognized that he had only expressed my own convictions; but the marchese's words had surprised and disturbed me by their audacity. I was tormented by the thought that I had overheard what he said; and yet it did not in the least make him abashed to see me. I felt annoyed to have him so close to me; and, without looking at him, without answering him, and trying to take his

arm in such a way as not to hear his words, I hurried after L. M. and the Frenchman.

The marchese said something about the exquisite view, about the unexpected pleasure of meeting me, and many other things still; but I did not heed what he said. I was thinking at this moment of my husband, of my son, of Russia; somehow I felt a strange sense of shame and pity and longing; I was anxious to get home as quickly as possible, and go to my lonely room in the Hôtel de Bade in order to think over all that had so suddenly arisen in my soul. But L. M. went slowly; it was still quite a distance to the carriage; my cavalier, it seemed to me, stubbornly slackened his steps, as though with the express purpose of keeping me back.

"This must not be!" I said to myself, and tried hard to walk faster. But he actually detained me, and even pressed my arm. L. M. disappeared around a turn, and we were left absolutely alone. I was overwhelmed with terror.

"Excuse me," said I, coldly, and tried to disengage my arm, but the lace on my sleeve caught on one of his buttons. Bending over, he tried to detach it, and his ungloved fingers touched my hand. A strange, new feeling, not of horror, nor yet pleasurable, made a cold shiver run down my back. I looked at him with the intention of expressing, by a cutting glance, all the contempt which I felt for him; but my eyes failed to express that; they expressed only apprehension and agitation.

His moist, burning eyes, in close proximity to my face, looked passionately at me, at my neck, at my bosom, his two hands clasped my arm above the wrist, his parted lips said something, — were uttering

a declaration of love, were vowing that I was all the world to him, and those lips drew closer to mine, and those hands pressed mine more firmly, and seemed to burn me!

Fire flashed through my veins, a cloud came into my eyes, I trembled, and the words with which I intended to restrain him stuck in my throat. Suddenly I felt a kiss on my cheek, and, all of a tremble, and cold, I paused and looked at him. Without the power of speech or motion, terrified, I waited and longed, for . . . what?

All this lasted but a second. But this second was terrible. I seemed to have such a complete view of the man in that time. His face was so easily read by me: his low, curved brow, showing under his straw hat, and looking like my husband's; his handsome, straight nose, with dilated nostrils; his long moustaches, twisted to a point, and his imperial, his smooth-shaven cheeks, and his sunburned neck. I detested him, I feared him, so foreign he appeared to me! But at that moment how powerfully I was under the influence of the emotion and passion of that hateful stranger!

I had such an irresistible desire to return the kiss of his bold and handsome mouth, the pressure of those white hands with their delicate veins and with the rings on the fingers! So strongly tempted was I to throw myself headlong into the abyss of forbidden delights suddenly yawning before me. . . .

"I am so unhappy," I said to myself. "So why not let an unhappiness still greater and more hopeless accumulate on my head!"

He threw one arm around me, and bent his face down to mine.

"Why not let still greater shame and sin accumulate on my head!"

"*Je vous aime*," he whispered, in a voice which was so like my husband's! My husband and child recurred to my memory as dear objects loved in other days, long ago, and now forever disconnected with my life.

But suddenly, at this instant, we heard L. M.'s voice at the turn of the path, calling me. I came to my senses, tore myself away from him, and, without looking at him, almost ran after L. M. We took our seats in the carriage, and I scarcely deigned to give him a parting glance. He took off his hat and asked some question with a smile. He could not understand the inexpressible loathing which I felt for him at that moment.

My life seemed to me so unhappy, my future so hopeless, my past so dark! L. M. spoke to me, but I did not heed one word she said. It seemed to me that she was talking only out of pity, in order to hide the contempt which she felt for me. In each word, in each glance, I detected her scorn and insulting pity. That shameful kiss burned on my cheek; the thought of my husband and my boy were unendurable.

Alone in my room, I hoped to be able to comprehend my situation, but it was terrible to me to be alone. I could not drink the tea which was brought to me, and, without knowing why, with feverish haste I immediately began to pack up so as to take the evening train to Heidelberg, where my husband was.

When I was safely seated with my maid in the empty car, and the engine had started, and the cool breeze blew in upon me through the window, I began to come to myself, and more clearly to realize my past and my future.

All my married life, from the day of our arrival at Petersburg, suddenly appeared before me in a new

light, and lay like a burden on my conscience. For the first time I had a lively recollection of our early married life in the country, and our plans. For the first time the question came into my mind: "How has he been enjoying himself during all these months?"

And I felt that I was guilty toward him.

"But why did he not stop me? Why has he played the hypocrite before me? Why has he avoided any reconciliation? Why has he insulted me?" I asked myself. "Why, why did he not exercise the power of his love over me? Or has he not really loved me?" But, however much he had been to blame, another man's kiss had been imprinted on my cheek, and I still felt it.

The nearer I came to Heidelberg, the more distinctly I saw my husband in my imagination, and the more I dreaded the approaching meeting. "I will tell him all, all, I will weep tears of repentance," I thought, "and he will forgive me." But I myself did not know what this "all" was that I should tell him, and I myself did not believe that he would forgive me.

As soon as I entered my husband's room, and saw his calm, though astonished face, I felt that I had nothing to tell him, no acknowledgment to make, and nothing for which to ask his forgiveness. My inexpressible grief and rue were still to be kept in my own secret heart.

"What made you think of doing this?" he asked. "I was intending to join you to-morrow."

But, looking more closely into my face, he seemed to be alarmed.

"What is the matter? What is there wrong?" he exclaimed.

"Nothing," I insisted, with difficulty repressing my

tears. "I have come away for good. Let us go home to Russia to-morrow."

He looked at me attentively for some time, without speaking.

"Come, now, tell me what has happened to you," he said.

I could not help blushing, and cast down my eyes. His eyes flashed angrily, as from a sense of injury. I was alarmed at the suspicion that he might have, and, with a power of dissimulation which was quite unexpected even to myself, I said:—

"Nothing has happened; I simply became bored and melancholy at being alone, and I got to thinking much about our life and about you. How long I have been to blame toward you! What made you come with me where you had no desire to come? I have been to blame toward you," I repeated, and again the tears welled up in my eyes. "Let us go to the country and stay there."

"Oh, dear! spare us sentimental scenes," said he, coldly. "It is well that you are willing to go to the country, because we are short of money; but, as for staying there, that is a delusion. I know that would not suit you. But now have a little tea, you will feel better," said he, in conclusion, getting up to call his man.

I imagined all that passed through his mind, and I felt humiliated by the terrible ideas which his incredulous and evidently censuring glance made me know that he had conceived in regard to me. No, he could not and would not understand me!

I said that I would go and see my child, and left him. All I wanted was to be alone and to weep, weep, weep. . . .

IV.

THE long uninhabited, empty house at Nikólskoye came to life again, but what had once been alive in it could not come to life again. Mamasha was no more, and my husband and I were alone there, face to face. But now being alone was not only not desirable, but it was irksome to us. The winter passed all the more gloomily for me because I was ill, and my health was not restored until after the birth of our second son. The relations between my husband and me continued to be the same; coldly amicable, just as when we lived in the city, but in the country every floor, every wall, the sofa, reminded me of what he had once been for me, and of what I had lost. It seemed as though an unforgiven offence separated us, as though he were punishing me for something and pretending not to notice that he was doing so. To ask forgiveness was useless, what was there to ask mercy for? he punished me only by not giving me all of himself, all of his soul as before; but he never gave it to any one or to anything. So that it might have been thought it was lacking in him.

Sometimes it occurred to me that he only pretended to be what he was for the sake of torturing me, but that in reality his old feeling still existed, and I tried to bring it out. But every time it seemed as though he avoided all frankness, as though he suspected me of duplicity and feared any sentimentality as something

ridiculous. His look and voice seemed to say: "I know all, I know all; don't say anything; I know what you wish to say. And I know too that you talk one way and act another."

At first I was offended at this fear of frankness, but afterward I became wonted to the idea that it was not frankness, but lack of any necessity for frankness. My tongue would not have been tempted now to tell him impulsively how I loved him, or to ask him to read the prayers with me, or to invite him to hear me pray.

We felt ourselves subject to the rules of conventional propriety. We each lived separate existences. He with his own occupations, in which I had now no need or wish to share; I with my idle amusements, which did not humiliate and pain him as once they did. Our children were still too young to be able to reconcile us.

But the spring came. Kátya and Sónya returned to the country for the summer; our house at Nikólskoye was undergoing repairs and we moved over to Pokróvskoyé. It was the same old mansion with the terrace, with the folding table, and the piano in the bright drawing-room, and my old room with its white curtains and my maidenhood dreams, which seemed to have been forgotten there. In this room stood two little beds; one had once been mine, and here every evening I made the sign of the cross over my fat, frolicsome little Kokosha; the other was still smaller, and here Ványa's cunning little face peered out of his swaddling-clothes.

After bidding them good-night, I often lingered in the quiet chamber, and suddenly from all the corners, from the walls, from the curtains, would arise the old forgotten dreams of my youth. Old voices began to sing

my maidenhood songs. And where were these visions? Where were these dear, sweet songs?

All that I had hardly dared hope for had been realized; vague, confused dreams had taken form; but the reality was a dull, hard, and unhappy life.

But all outwardly was the same; the same garden into which I looked from the window, the same lawn, the same paths, the same benches yonder above the ravine, the same song of the nightingales ringing over from the pond, and the same moon rising over the house; and yet all was so terribly, so hopelessly changed! So cold and cheerless was everything that ought to have been precious and sympathetic!

Just as of old, Kátya and I sat together in the parlor and talked about him. But Kátya had grown wrinkled and wan, her eyes no longer gleamed with pleasure and hope, but expressed sympathetic melancholy and grief. We did not go into raptures about him, as we used to do; we criticised him; we did not wonder why it was that we were so happy, and we had no desire, as in old times, to tell the whole world what we thought; like conspirators, we whispered together, and a hundred times we asked each other why such a melancholy change had taken place! And he too was just the same as always, only the line between his eyes was heavier, there were more gray hairs around his temples, but his deep, thoughtful gaze was constantly veiled from me as by a cloud. And I too was still the same, but there was no longer any love or desire for love in my heart. No necessity for work, no self-content. And how distant and impossible seemed to me my early religious enthusiasms and my former love to him, and my former fulness of life! I could not now comprehend what formerly seemed to me so clear and true:

the happiness of living for others. Why live for another when I did not even care to live for myself?

I had entirely given up my music from the day that we went to Petersburg; but now the old piano, the old music books, inspired me with a longing for it.

One day I was not well, and had stayed alone at home. Kátya and Sónya had gone with my husband to Nikólskoye to see the improvements. The tea-table was set; I went downstairs, and, while waiting for their return, I took my seat at the piano. I turned to the *Sonata quasi una Fantasia*, and began to play it. No one was in sight or hearing; the windows into the garden were opened, and the familiar notes, plaintive and solemn, echoed through the room. I finished playing the first movement, and, quite unconsciously, through old habit, looked round to the corner in which he used to sit when he listened to me. But he was not there; the chair stood in its place, from which it had never been removed; and from the window I could see the lilac bush against the bright western sky, and the afternoon sunlight pouring in through the open window.

I bent over the piano, hid my face in both hands, and was lost in thought. I had been sitting so a long time, recalling, with anguish, the old days which would never return, and thinking with apprehension of the unknown future. But it seemed as though there were only a blank ahead of me, as though I had no expectations and no hope!

"Can it be that my life has been wasted?" I asked myself, with horror, lifting my head; and, in order that I might forget and not think, I began once more to play, and the same andante as before.

"God forgive me," I thought, "if I have been at

fault; restore to me all that was so beautiful to my soul, teach me what to do! how to live now!"

The noise of wheels was heard on the grass. The carriage stopped in front of the steps; then across the terrace came the familiar, cautious footsteps, and then they ceased. But the old feeling was no longer stirred in me by the sound of those well known footsteps. When I had finished, the footsteps were heard behind me, and a hand was laid on my shoulder.

"What a clever girl you are to play that sonata," said he.

I made no reply.

"Haven't you had tea?"

I shook my head and did not look at him, lest I should show the traces of emotion remaining in my face.

"They will be right in; one of the horses was skittish, and they are coming on foot from the main road," said he.

"Let us wait for them," said I, and went out on the terrace, hoping that he would follow me; but he asked after the children and went to them.

Once more his presence, his unaffected kindly voice made me feel that not all was lost.

"What is it that I lack? He is good and kind, a good husband, a good father; I myself do not know what was for my own good."

I went to the balcony and sat down under the awning of the terrace, on the very same bench where I had sat on the day of our engagement. The sun had already set; it was beginning to grow dark, and a black cloud, heavy with a spring shower, was coming up over the house and garden; low in the west, through the trees, could be seen a clear space of sky touched with

the fading twilight, and the faint golden light of the evening star. Over everything lay the shadow of the cloud, and everything was waiting for the gentle coming of the vernal shower.

The breeze had died down. Not a leaf, not a grass-blade stirred, the odor of the lilac and wild cherry trees was strong as though all the air were in bloom ; it hung over the garden and the terrace, and seemed to come in waves, now stronger, now fainter, making you feel like closing your eyes so as to shut out sight, hearing, and revel in this sweet perfume.

The dahlias and rose-bushes, not as yet in bloom, stood motionless in the dark, newly turned soil of the flower-beds, and seemed to be slowly growing on their white supports ; the frogs, as though making the most of their opportunity before the rain should drive them into the water, were whistling with loud, cheerful notes under the ravine. The mellifluous sound of falling waters rose perpetually above their clamor. In the meantime the nightingales sang, and could be heard flying in alarm from spot to spot. Again this spring one nightingale had tried to build his nest in the bush near the window, and when I went out I listened as he flew beyond the alley, and from there gave one burst of melody and then ceased, also full of longing. In vain I tried to calm myself ; I also seemed to be waiting and longing for something.

He came downstairs and took a seat near me.

"I am afraid they will get wet," said he.

"Yes," said I, and we both were silent.

The cloud came nearer and nearer, though there was no wind ; everything had grown more silent, more fragrant, and more motionless ; then suddenly a drop fell, and seemed to dance along the canvas awning of

the terrace; another fell on the rubble walk, it began to splash on the burdock, and the cool, round drops, increasing, began to fall in a smart shower. The nightingale and the frogs entirely ceased; only the mellifluous sound of the falling waters in the distance beyond the rain seemed to fill the spaces of the air, and some bird which must have sought shelter under the dry leaves not far from the terrace, at regular intervals repeated its two monotonous notes. He got up and started to go away.

"Where are you going?" I asked, detaining him. "It is so pleasant here."

"I ought to send an umbrella and some rubbers," he replied.

"It isn't necessary, it will be over in a moment."

He agreed with me, and we stood together by the parapet of the terrace. I rubbed my hand along the wet, slippery railing and put my head out over. The cool raindrops irregularly sprinkled my head and neck. The cloud, growing lighter and thinner, was passing over us; the even sound of the rain changed into the pattering of a few drops, falling from the awning and from the foliage. Again the frogs set up their piping, again the songs of the nightingales gushed forth answering each other from the wet bushes, now on this side, now on that. Everything grew light before us.

"How lovely!" he exclaimed, sitting down on the balustrade and smoothing my wet hair with his hand.

This simple caress had the effect upon me of a reproof, and I felt like bursting into tears.

"And what more does a human being want?" he went on to say. "I am so content now! there is nothing that I lack, I am perfectly happy."

"That was not the way that you used to speak to me

of your happiness," I said to myself. "However great it was, you used to say that still there was something that was lacking. But now you are calm and satisfied, while in my soul there seem to be inexpressible remorse and unwept tears."

"I like it too," said I, "but at the same time it makes me feel melancholy, for the very reason that everything is so beautiful around me. Everything in me is so incoherent, so shallow, so full of longing, and here it is so calm and beautiful. Can it be that for you no pain is mingled with the beauty of nature, as though there were a longing for something that was past?"

He drew away his hand from my head, and was silent for a little.

"Yes, I used to feel that way, especially in spring," said he, as though collecting his thoughts. "And I sometimes used to sit up whole nights, wishing and hoping! such lovely nights they were! . . . But then everything was in prospect, but now it is in retrospect; now I am satisfied with all that is, and that is excellent," he added, with such perfect nonchalance that, however painful it was to me to hear him say so, I was convinced that he was speaking the truth.

"And have you no longings?" I asked.

"Not for anything impossible," he replied, divining my thought.

"Here you are wetting your head," he added, caressing me as though I were a child, and again laying his hand on my wet hair. "You think because you see the shower wetting the leaves and the grass that you ought to be the grass and the leaves, and the shower too. But I take pleasure in them only as in everything else in the world that is beautiful, young, and happy."

"And have you not regrets for what has passed?" I went on to ask him, feeling that my heart was growing heavier and heavier.

He pondered a moment, and sat in silence. I saw that he was anxious to answer me with perfect sincerity.

"No," he replied, laconically.

"'Tis false! 'tis false!" I exclaimed, drawing nearer to him, and looking him full in the face. "Have you no longing for what is past?"

"No," he maintained; "I am thankful for it, but I have no desire for it to return."

"But why would you not want it to return?" I asked.

He turned away, and began to look down into the garden.

"I do not wish for it any more than for wings," said he. "It is an impossibility."

"And you would not like to live your life over, so as to live it better? You would not reproach yourself or me?"

"Certainly not! All has been for the best."

"Listen," said I, touching his arm so as to attract his attention. "Listen to me! Why have you never told me what you wished, so that I might have lived in exact accordance with your wishes? Why have you given me such perfect freedom, when I was unfit to make good use of it? Why did you cease to teach me? If you had only been willing, if you had only led me in any other way, then nothing, nothing of this sort would have been," said I, in a tone which expressed more and more energetically cold vexation and reproach, but not a trace of the old love.

"What would not have been?" he asked, in surprise, turning round to me. "Why, there is nothing

wrong. It is all well, perfectly well," he added, with a smile.

"Can it be that he does not understand, or is it worse still, that he does not care to understand?" I asked myself, and the tears stood in my eyes.

"Can it be that, if I had not been guilty in your eyes, you would have punished me so, by your indifference, by your scorn even?" I exclaimed, suddenly. "Can it be that for no fault of mine you have suddenly taken from me all that I held dear?"

"What is the matter, my love?" he asked, evidently not understanding what I had said.

"No, let me speak. . . . You have taken from me your trust, love, respect even; because I do not believe that you love me now, after what has passed. No, I must have a chance to speak to the end all that has been tormenting me this long time!" I exclaimed, without allowing him to interrupt me. "Was I to blame that I did not know life, and that you left me to acquire a knowledge of it alone? . . . Am I to blame because, having learned all that it was necessary, I have been struggling for a year to return to you, and yet you repulse me, as though you did not comprehend what I wanted, and all the time in such a way that it has been impossible to blame you; and yet you have made me feel guilty and wretched. Yes, you would cast me back into a life which could make only your unhappiness and mine!"

"But when did I do such a thing?" he asked, with genuine dismay and amazement.

"Did you not say, last evening, and have you not constantly said, that I would not be content to live here, and that we must go back for the winter to St. Petersburg, which I detest so," I continued. "In-

stead of helping me, you have avoided every frank explanation, every true affectionate talk with me. And then, if I should fall altogether, you would reproach me, and rejoice in my fall."

"Stop, stop!" he cried, sternly and coldly, "that is not true what you have just said. It only shows that you occupy a false position in regard to me, that you do not . . ."

"That I do not love. Speak it! speak it!" I said, taking the words out of his mouth, and bursting into tears. I sat down on the bench and buried my face in my handkerchief.

"That is the way that he has misunderstood me!" I thought, trying to restrain the sobs that choked me. "Our old love is at an end," said some voice in my heart.

He did not come to me or try to comfort me. He was offended at what I had said. His voice was calm and dry.

"I do not know what you have to reproach me for," he began; "if you mean that I do not love you as much as formerly, then . . ."

"Love!" said I, with my face buried in my handkerchief, which was more copiously wet with scalding tears.

"For this, time and we ourselves are to blame. Each period in life has its own love . . ."

He was silent.

"And shall I tell you all the truth, if, as you say, you desire frankness? When I first knew you, I spent sleepless nights thinking about you, and fashioned my own ideal of love; and this love grew and grew in my heart. Then, at Petersburg, and when we were abroad, I no longer spent terrible nights, and I tore this love to tatters, and demolished it since it tor-

mented me. I did not destroy it, but I only destroyed that part of it that tormented me; I calmed myself, and still I love you, but with a different kind of love."

"Yes, you call it love, but it is torture!" I exclaimed. "Why did you let me go into society if it seemed to you so harmful that on account of it you ceased to love me?"

"It was not society, my love."

"Why did you not exert your power?" I continued. "Why did you not bind me, kill me? It would have been better for me now than to be deprived of all that constitutes my happiness; it would have been well for me, and not shameful!" And again I sobbed and hid my face.

At this moment Kátya and Sónya came on the terrace, merry and dripping, and with loud voices and laughter, but when they saw us they became quiet, and immediately left us.

For a long time we did not speak, even after they had gone. I had had my cry, and felt relieved. I looked at him. He sat there with his head resting on his hand, and tried to make some reply to my glance; but he only sighed deeply, and still leaned on his elbow.

I went to him and took his hand. His glance rested thoughtfully on me.

"Yes," he continued, as though carrying out his thought, "to all of us, and especially you women, it is necessary to have personal experience of all the triviality of life in order to return to life itself; and it is impossible to believe any one else's report. You were as yet far from having at that time an experience of this brilliant and charming triviality which I was surprised at in you. And I left you to have your own

taste of it, and I felt that I had not the right to prevent you, although for me the time of this had gone by long before."

"Why, then, did you live with me and let me live out my experience of this triviality, if you love me?" said I.

"Because, even though you had had the desire, still you would not have had the power of believing me; you yourself needed to learn for yourself, and you have learned."

"You have reasoned much, very much," said I, "but your love was small."

Again we relapsed into silence.

"What you have just said is cruel, but it is true," he broke out, suddenly, rising and beginning to walk up and down the terrace. "Yes, it is true. I was to blame." He added, halting in front of me, "I should either not have permitted myself to love you at all, or to have loved more, yes."

"Let us forget it all," said I, timidly.

"No, what has passed will never return, thou wilt never return," and his voice grew tender as he said this.

"All will be the same as before," said I, laying my hand on his shoulder. He took my hand and pressed it.

"No, I did not tell you the truth when I said that I did not regret the past; yes, I regret it, I mourn over your vanished love, which is gone never to come back. Who is to blame for that? I know not. Love remains, but not the same; its place is occupied, but by a feeble love, lacking strength; vigor, recollections, and thankfulness remain, but . . ."

"Don't speak so," said I, interrupting. "Let all be again as it used to be. It can be, can it not?" I asked,

looking into his eyes. But his eyes were bright and calm, and gazed at me without showing their depths.

Even while I said this, I felt that what I desired and asked him for was an impossibility. He smiled his serene, sweet smile, with, as it seemed to me, a little of the old-time look about it.

I stood silently near him, and my mind became easier.

"Let us not try to repeat the experiment of life," said he. "Let us not deceive each other. There will be none of the old anxieties and agitations, and thank God for it! There is nothing for us to seek for, and nothing to trouble us. We have already made our experiments, and sufficient happiness has fallen to our lot. . . . Now it is necessary for us to step aside and give room for some one to pass," said he, pointing to the nurse, who, with Ványa, came and stood at the terrace door. "And so it is, dear friend," he said, in conclusion, drawing my head to his breast, and kissing me on my hair. It was not a lover, but an old friend, who kissed me.

And from the garden arose stronger and sweeter the fragrant coolness of the night, the sounds and the silence grew more triumphant, and the stars burned more brilliantly on the sky.

I looked at him, and my mind was suddenly calmed; as it were, that moral, painful nerve which had been paining me was suddenly relieved. And suddenly I understood clearly and serenely that the feeling of that time had passed irrevocably, like time itself, and now it would be not only impossible, but even be hard and grievous, for it to return. Yes, and, after all, was that time, which had seemed to me so happy, was it really good? And it was already so long, long ago!

"Now let us have tea," said he, and we went to-

gether into the parlor. At the door we were met by the nurse, with Ványa. I took the child in my arms, covered up his bare, red legs, pressed him to my heart, and, scarcely touching him with my lips, kissed him. He, as in a troubled dream, waved his little hand, with its spreading, dimpled fingers, and opened his troubled eyes as though searching or trying to remember something. Suddenly those eyes rested on me, the spark of intelligence shone out in them, his chubby parted lips began to pucker and parted in a smile.

"Mine, mine, mine," I repeated to myself, with a happy sensation in all my being, and I pressed him to my heart so closely as almost to hurt him. And I began to kiss his cold feet, his little belly, his hands, and his head where the hair was just beginning to grow. My husband came to me; I quickly covered the child's face, and then uncovered it again.

"Iván Sergyéivitch!" exclaimed my husband, tickling him under his little chin with his finger. But I again quickly covered the little Iván's face. No one beside me had a right to look at him! I glanced at my husband, his eyes rested on me with a bantering expression, and for the first time for many days it was easy and pleasant to look into them.

From that day forth my romance with my husband was ended; the old feeling became a precious, irrevocable memory; but the new feeling of love to my children and to the father of my children formed the beginning of another life, happy indeed, but in an entirely different way, and this I have continued to live up to the present moment.

THE END.

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